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WOMEN OF THE INTERNET

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THE POSTFEMINIST, POSTMODERN MAN

SPECTACULAR SPRING PREVIEW ISSUE
WHAT TO DRIVE, BUY, WEAR AND DO THIS SEASON

A STARTLING INTERVIEW WITH SALMAN RUSHDIE

MUTUAL FUND MADNESS! HOW TO PICK THE WINNERS

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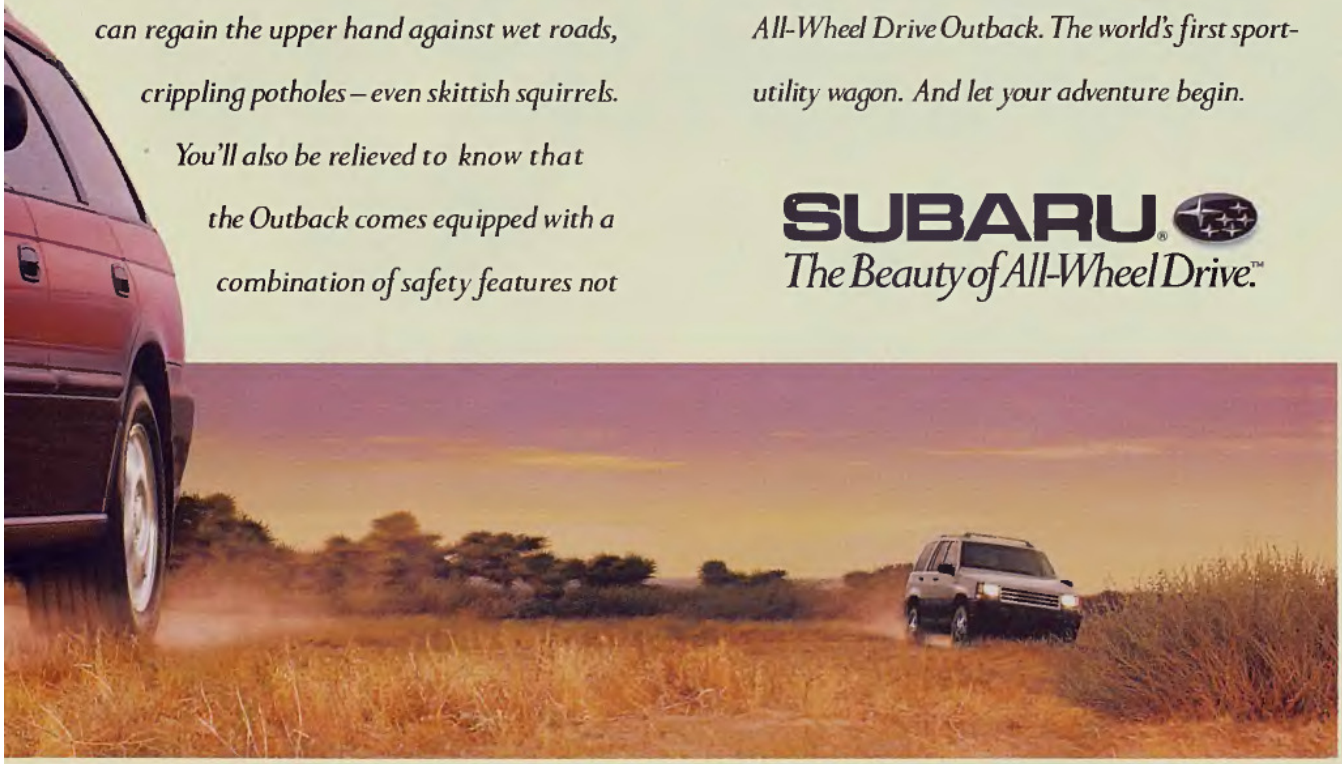

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COMPACT DISC. Cyberspace. VCR. HTML. Carbon fiber. Nafta. We live in a world that reinvents itself almost every day. We aren't afraid of change. In fact, we're responsible for it. We're the generation that rewrote the rules on sex, on play and fitness, on money and living well. We thrive on the new and innovative. As **Hef** writes in *Playboy 2000*, we perk up and take note when the walls come tumbling down. Hef, by the way, celebrates his own transition: This month he turns 70.

Our partial tribute to innovation is a special treat this issue: the first-ever *Playboy Spring Preview*. Starting off, **Jamie Malanowski** hails our fondness for creative chaos in *What's New*. One of the topics he touches upon is memetics, the hot pop craze by which critics trace the evolution of ideas that move cultures and shape the future. Malanowski is an old hand at imagining the unthinkable: He once wrote a play about what would happen if Michael Eisner were elected president.

For this preview issue, we assembled a crack team of memeticians. **Jonathan Takiff** looks at the spring lineup of hardware—split-screen TVs, digital video cameras, minisystems with maximum sound. In fashion, **Hollis Wayne** reveals that everything old is cool again. (Photographer **Chuck Baker** captured the incredible threads.) Elsewhere, **Donald Charles Richardson** gives the lowdown on grooming, and **David Standish** steers you toward hot new vacation spots. A man who traveled for nonvoluntary reasons is **Salman Rushdie**. Author of the acclaimed *Satanic Verses* and the recent *Moor's Last Sigh*, Rushdie was deemed to have blasphemed Islam. When Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini slapped a bounty on his head, the writer went into hiding. He emerged for a compelling interview with Contributing Editor **David Sheff**.

Want to sign on for a virtual-reality vacation? Sample *In the Upper Room* by **Terry Bisson,** who has won science fiction's highest awards, the Hugo and the Nebula. His story (illustrated by **Istvan Banyai**) follows a slacker ("I quit my job, not my vacation") on a search that includes a Victoria's Secret clone. If your taste runs more to the here and now, we offer our own probe of cybersensuality in *Women of the Internet*.

Not everyone thrives on change. **Jonathan Franklin** had a dose of virtual reality in the trenches of Pat Buchanan's presidential campaign, handing out bumper stickers, eating old pizzas and comparing notes with gun-toting volunteers. Read *Inside Buchanan's Bunker*. Mind you, we don't dislike conservatives. A conservative is often simply a guy who thinks he could put the money he earns to better use than Uncle Sam does. **Bill Maher**—who is covering the 1996 election for Comedy Central—describes the birth pangs of *The Reluctant Conservative* (illustrated by **Mark Ulriksen**). Maher's irreverent cable show, *Politically Incorrect*, is slated to follow *Nightline* on ABC next year.

In court, no one is more sincere than the buckskin barrister, **Gerry Spence.** If you're opposed to big government, Spence is your man. Randy Weaver's case was the latest to showcase Spence's talents—and ego. **Harry Jaffe** paid a memorable visit to the wild man of Wyoming. **Robert S. Wieder** just wants to live long and prosper, but if forced to pick one, he would opt for the latter. A professional skeptic and occasional stand-up comedian, Wieder reveals that—surprise—*Everything You've Heard About Mutual Funds Is Wrong*. (**Thomas Sciacca** did the art.) Contributing Editor **David Rensin,** meanwhile, gets answers for *20 Questions* from up-and-coming actor **Michael Madsen.**

By the time you finish this issue, the whole world may have shifted. One minute **Tammi Alexander** is Kelsey Grammer's fiancée, then they've split up, then they're back together. Isn't change great?

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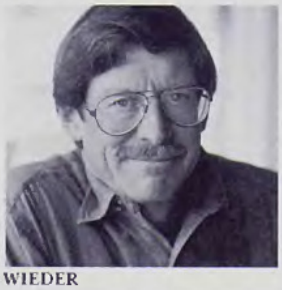
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PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

December 1995 Playmote Samontho Torres appears to be ready for the coming millennium. Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson produced our forward-looking cover, which was styled by Karen Lynn ond Violet Warzecho and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Waydo. Pot Tomlinson styled Samantha's hair ond makeup ond Associate Art Director Kristin Korjenek designed the cover.

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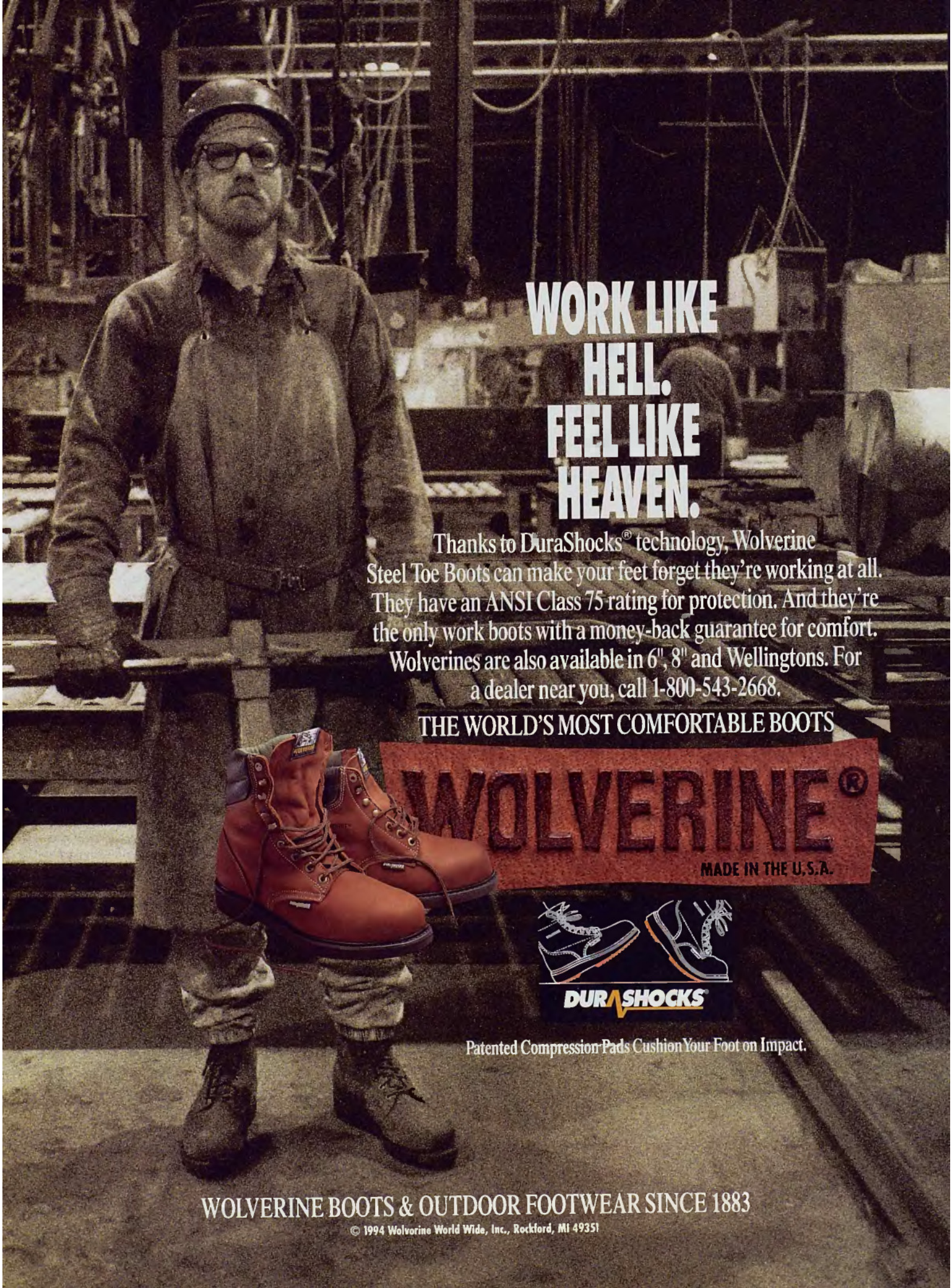
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❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs*. They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline*. Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the **American Gem Society**, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at **800-341-6214.**

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

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INTERVIEW

I loved your January interview with Johnny Depp. I once thought he was a shallow TV brat, but his smart, risky choices have changed my opinion. How can I not like someone who's afraid of John Davidson?

Chris Robinson
Oakland, California

Thanks a lot for the interview with Johnny Depp. He's as normal as the rest of us. It's unfortunate that the media have made him out to be such a bad guy.

Mark Allen
Missoula, Montana

Johnny Depp? It's more like Johnny Dipp.

Bobby Spaid
Capitola, California

I commend Mr. Depp for not allowing his head to swell and especially for retaining his sense of humor. He had me laughing so hard I actually fell out of my chair. Johnny, if you are reading this, next time you use a pseudonym, try using Mike Hunt. That gets a laugh or two when they page it. Stick to your principles and keep making the movies you want.

Neal Ross
Rimini, Italy

WOMEN

I am writing to lend my support to Cynthia Heimel, unwitting victim of the date rape graphically described in her *Women* column "Sex and How to Get It" (January). Although she initiated an encounter with the oafish Andrew, Heimel exercised her prerogative and said no. Despite repeated protestations, she was brutalized. Keep the faith, Cynthia, and someday you'll find a sensitive man who will respect your feelings.

Marc Andrews
Los Angeles, California

Cynthia Heimel exploded the feminist myth that when a woman says no she always means no.

David Senger
Toronto, Ontario

She never actually said no. She feigned a lack of interest in such an obvious way that Andrew got her real message.

Cynthia Heimel has a strong female voice. I want to know exactly what women want from us men and I'd like to thank her for being brave enough to give it to us straight.

Joshua Furr
<JFURR@indiana.edu
Bloomington, Indiana

Congratulations to Cynthia Heimel for telling the whole world she's getting laid a lot. I'm glad to see such activity has not compromised her usual whining. I sympathize with her night at the male revue, though. I used to perform in them, and it wasn't as much fun as I thought it would be, for exactly the reasons she described. Still, it was not so horrible, either. She just didn't belong there.

Mike Kimball
mkimball@xolotl.lib.utah.edu
Salt Lake City, Utah

VICTORIA FULLER

I vote for Playmate Victoria Fuller (*Art Throb*, January) and her views on recycling, old people and cool cars.

Keefa Malinowska
Pomona, New Jersey

THE WORM TURNS

I was reading my January issue when I turned the page to find, much to my dismay, a picture of Dennis Rodman naked (*Bad Boy of Basketball*). I'm not much of a sports fan, so I didn't read the profile, but even if I were a basketball fanatic, I wouldn't have been able to stomach nude photos of him.

Jim Corrigan
Wilmington, North Carolina

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Oh, yeah, now I remember why I started subscribing to PLAYBOY 12 years ago—to see Dennis Rodman's bare ass, not Pam Anderson's.

Paul Levesque
West Warwick, Rhode Island

Thanks for the wonderful article about a guy who has the guts to live life by his rules. Rodman plays hard and he's a great defender and rebounder. We should focus on his achievements on the court and not worry too much about the rest.

Brian Ruschli
Clemson, South Carolina

I find your presentation of Dennis Rodman and nude male movie stars distasteful. Give me the good old days when all the pictorials featured beautiful women.

Thomas Earl Wright
Camas, Washington

I'll bet you got a lot of grief for publishing nude pictures of Dennis Rodman. But you won't hear any complaints from me. It shows some guts and a sense of humor. And if objectors bothered to read the piece, they should have come away from it respecting Rodman's attitude.

Janice Kerr
New York, New York

PAMELA

PLAYBOY has made an art form out of showing the beauty of the woman next door. In my opinion, Pam Anderson's photos (*The Power of Pamela*, January) show a high-priced model who is simply

furthering her career. I think we have seen enough Pamela pictorials by now to cover her completely.

Patrick Gould
Lakewood, Colorado

Pamela Anderson is truly a goddess. As my husband always says, "Tommy Lee is a lucky bastard." We are anxiously awaiting covers number seven, eight, nine and so on.

Bridie Frescoln
Mountain Home, Idaho

PLAYBOY has done it again. One look at the Pam Anderson pictorial and I'm still panting. I would give anything to be Tommy.

D. Handy
Bakersfield, California

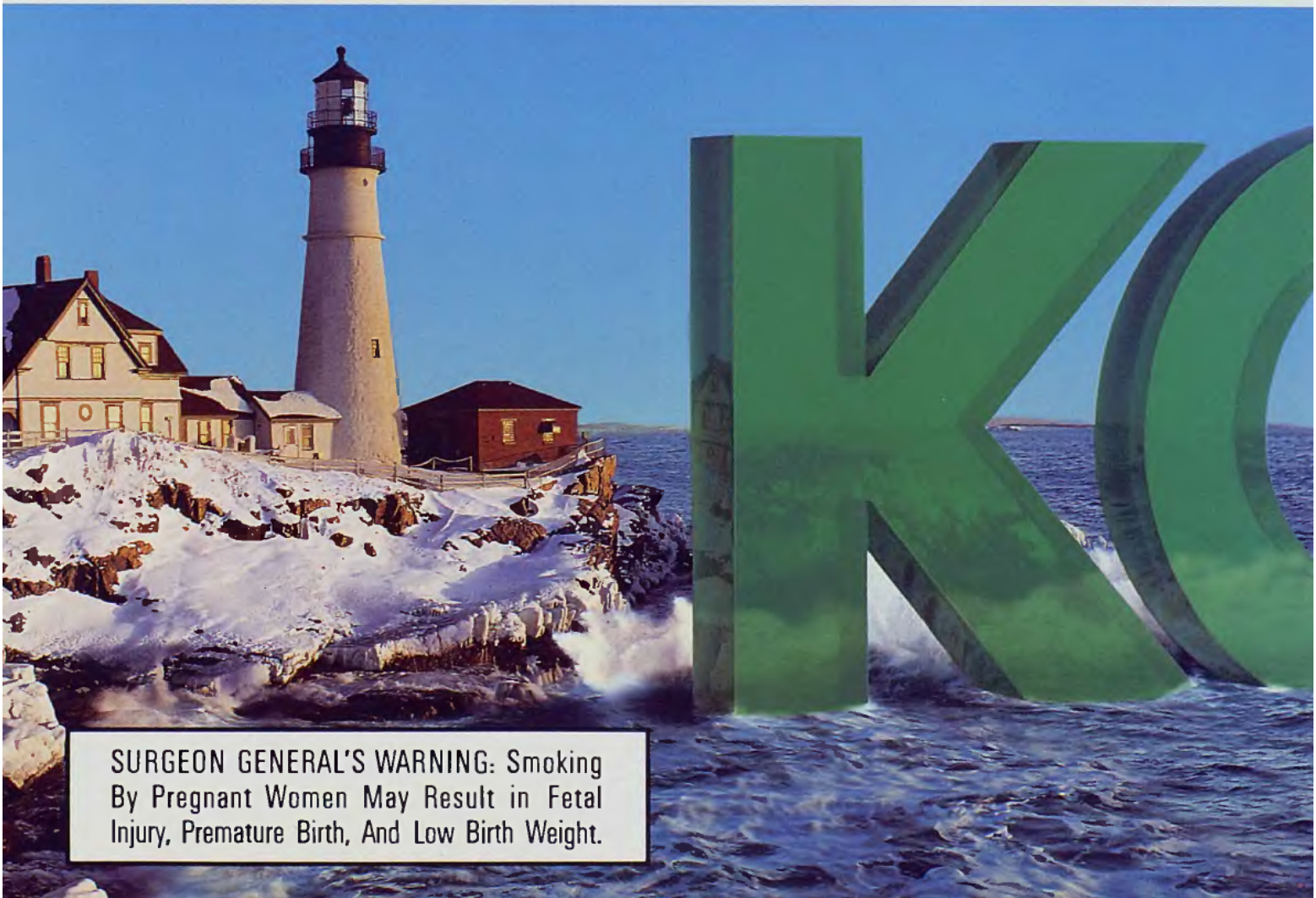
20 QUESTIONS

Robin Quivers is an attractive, hip and obviously smart woman (*20 Questions*, January). So what's she doing with Howard Stern? Laughing all the way to the bank.

Mike Smith
Chicago, Illinois

DICK CLINIC

I'm grateful to D. Keith Mano (*The Dick Clinic*, January) for having the guts to undergo the journalistic equivalent of appearing on *The Tonight Show* to discuss his erectile problems. I'm a guy who can relate. If I had made the same appointment, maybe I would have made it to the office, maybe a doctor would have



recommended similar treatment and maybe I'd have tried it. Then again, I might have kept right on putting it off. On behalf of 20 million affected Americans and their partners, I'd like to thank Mano for a helpful article.

Bill Roberts
Louisville, Kentucky

BASKETBALL PREVIEW

As a University of Cincinnati fan, I'm surprised you rank Michigan above the Bearcats (*College Basketball Preview,* January). Don't underestimate the ability of coach Bob Huggins to motivate his team.

Bill Wallace
Cincinnati, Ohio

Why is Kentucky Wildcat coach Rick Pitino rolling around in an Armani suit like a madman? Because once again he has failed to meet everyone's expectation of winning the national championship. No way should Kentucky be rated as the number one preseason team. You guys really goofed this time.

Richard Gomez
Denver, Colorado

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

Robert Scheer must have a giant crease on his ass from sitting on the fence. The real lesson, which Scheer completely missed in his essay ("What We Learned at Ruby Ridge," January), is that the government targets people with lethal force simply because of their politics. The crime is merely an excuse. But beware, because the next target may turn out to be you.

William Ross
Danby, Vermont

Randy Weaver may be a fascist, but he's also a father who loved his family and tried his best to support them. When Scheer compares Weaver to the likes of Timothy McVeigh and David Koresh, he steps way the hell out of line. I don't think that Weaver ever harmed a soul. Furthermore, no one has any reason to believe that he was holding his family hostage at Ruby Ridge. We should all be enraged by the federal government's conduct.

Zach Michaelis
Hammond, Oregon

Robert Scheer doesn't get it. The outrageous acts committed by the federal government didn't end with Randy Weaver and his family. The feds then tried to whitewash what had happened. Scheer should stop blaming the victims and demand that the federal agents responsible be brought to justice.

Mark Hoadley
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

After reading "What We Learned at Ruby Ridge," I am reminded of that great line from a Clint Eastwood movie: "Opinions are like assholes. Everybody has one."

Lee Heritier
Linwood, Michigan

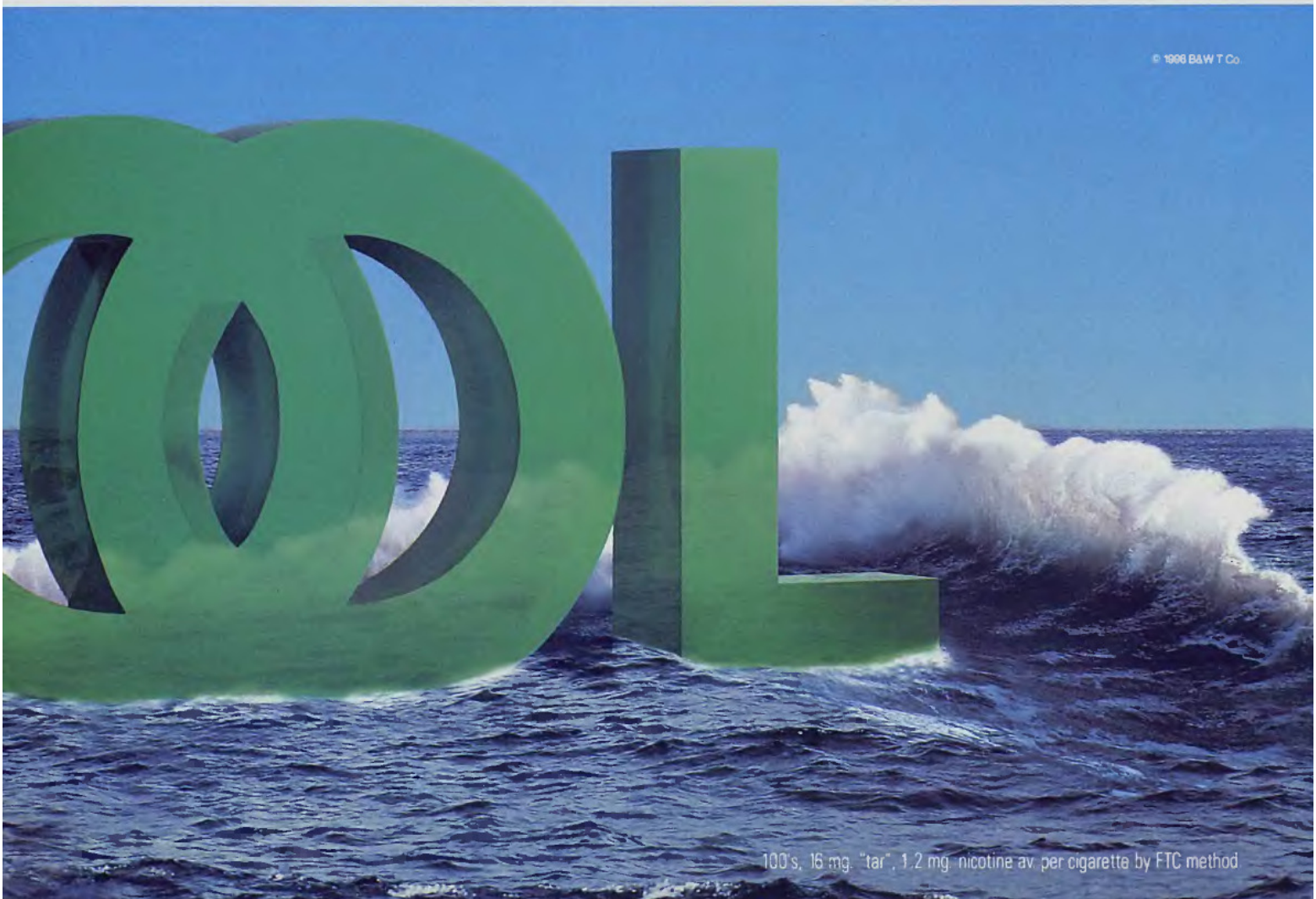
Your January *Raw Data* section says that 90 percent of Americans don't know anyone in a militia. Therefore, how can Weaver and Koresh be martyrs to a significant group of us? The vast majority of us abhor the beliefs of those two. But in our society, we can think what we want until we break the law. If we do break the law, we should be able to expect fair due process. The FBI and the ATF grossly overreacted.

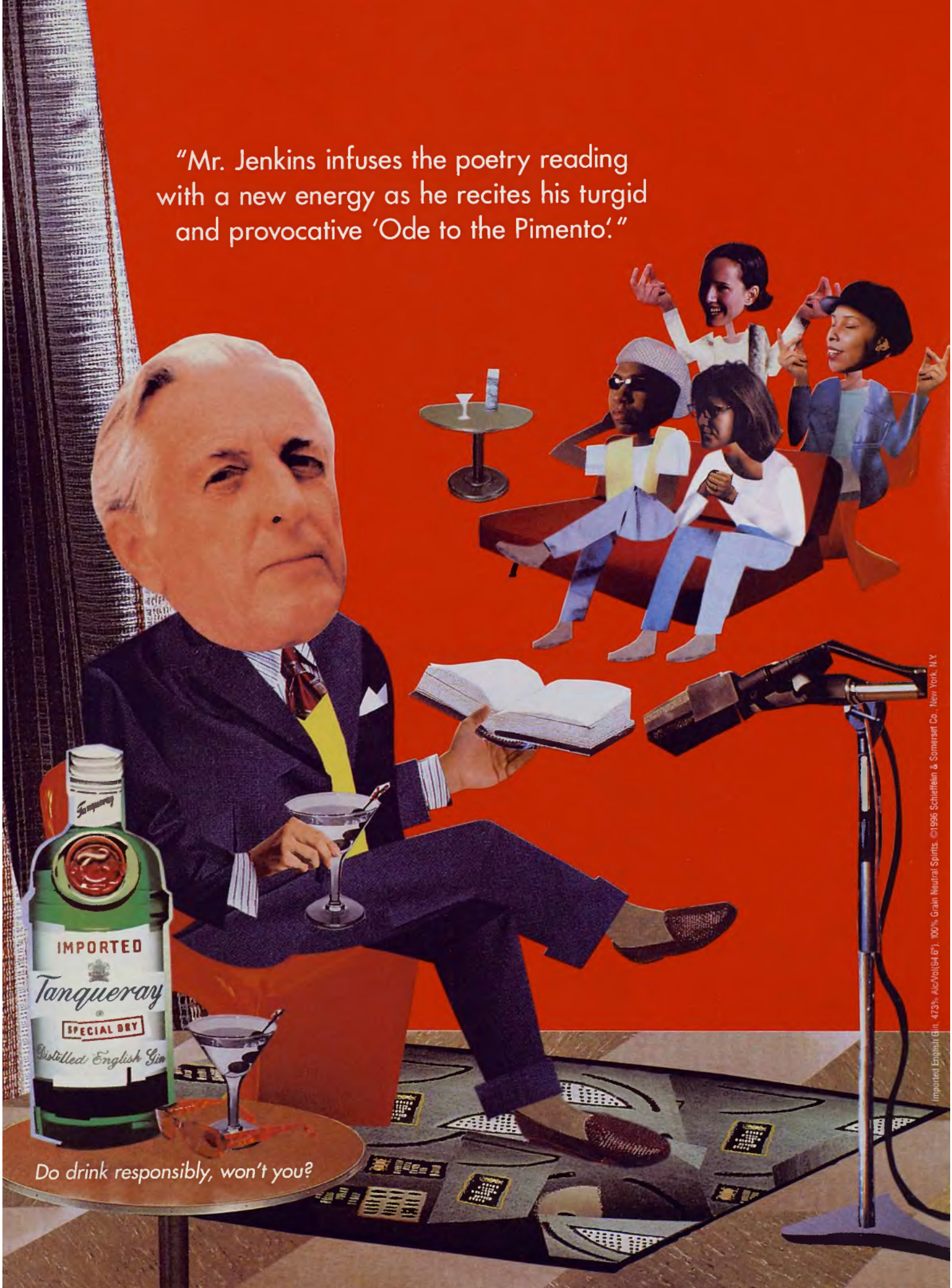
Craig Bertolett
Austin, Texas

LOYAL TO THE END

I just broke up with the woman in my life. We were a case of opposites attracting. She was conservative in almost every way and I am just to the right of a bleeding-heart liberal. The differences were exciting for a while. Then reality set in: She started to criticize my parenting, politics, cooking, clothes and automobile. But the last straw was when she criticized PLAYBOY. She's history and I'm renewing for another year.

Zack Hilliard
Fort Worth, Texas




"Mr. Jenkins infuses the poetry reading with a new energy as he recites his turgid and provocative 'Ode to the Pimento'."
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Do drink responsibly, won't you?
Imported English Gin. 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BUTTE NAKED

There will be goose bumps to match the moguls on the last day of the ski season at Crested Butte Mountain Resort in Colorado. That's when local residents indulge in a racy tradition for ski bums: nude skiing. In one of the largest displays of the sport, skiers shuck their clothes at the top of the lift before schussing down the mountain. Gina Kroft, Crested Butte's spokeswoman, said it was forced to establish no-nude areas a few years ago because of the number of revelers and complaints about them. Similarly, managers of the Moon Bus—which travels down Elk Avenue as skiers shove their butts out its windows—will try to make sure the vehicle doesn't become overloaded with asses. However, last year, radio jocks Fritz and Rico at the aptly named KBUT campaigned for the ultimate show of Crested booty with the cry "Let's overwhelm them with naked bodies!"

SHORT-TIMER

Republican Doris Allen relinquished her position as speaker of the California Assembly and her seat after members of her own party successfully organized a recall vote. Allen had alienated the party regulars by cutting a deal with Democrats and calling her colleagues "a group of power-mongering men with short penises."

MILLION MAN CALYPSO

Before Louis Farrakhan was Louis Farrakhan he was known as Gene Wolcott, musical pride of Boston's West Indian community. He started wowing crowds in 1949 as a violinist on radio's *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*, but it was his calypso songs that carried a message. Like rap, calypso relies on extemporaneous speaking and singing. According to *The Washington Post*, Farrakhan was good; so good, in fact, that he was known as Calypso Gene. The paper goes on to note that the song that best represents his style of political limbo, *A White Man's Heaven*, includes this lilting lyric: "Though you are pregnant, black woman, you pull the plow/Like a horse, like a mule, sweat from your brow/He filled your womb with his wicked seed/His half-white children you were made to breed/Ah, my friends, it's easy to tell/White man's heaven is black man's hell." OK, lower the bar again and we'll buy a round for everyone.

THE BIG SNORE

In a completely unrelated story, we note that Robert Mitchum—a man not without a sense of rhythm—recorded an album of his calypso favorites in the mid-Fifties called *Calypso Is Like So. . . .* The American public apparently wasn't ready for the big guy's ditties and the album bombed. However, Caroline Records, known for producing the first albums of such bands as Hole, has rereleased Mitchum's album and markets it to the alternative rock audience.

WHERE THE TOYS ARE

Vibrators and other sex toys, it turns out, aren't just the playthings of the young and promiscuous. According to a recent survey of 246 people, the typical sex-toy user is a married, middle-class, thirty-something, Christian, Republican, white woman. Even medical writer Michael Castleman, who authored the survey, conducted by the Lawrence Research Group, was surprised: "I thought the results would show [buyers] to be more liberal, for one thing, and somewhat less monogamous." Perhaps it's time to rethink some popular assumptions about married, middle-class, thirty-something, Christian, Republican, white women. If you're looking for action, consider a Dole for President fund-raiser.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

THE REAL MOLOTOV COCKTAIL

Under Communist rule, one of the most popular Czech exports was its plastic explosive Semtex. In the post-Communist era, one of the most successful consumer products is a high-energy beverage of the same name. Semtex, the drink, is loaded with sugar and caffeine and is especially appreciated by the younger crowd. A spokesman for the company says that the name inspires a feeling of "activity and motion." Yes, high-speed motion in every direction at once.

STEERING COMMITTEE

The South Carolina legislature recently considered whether to revise insurance rates for high-risk drivers even though 86 percent of licensed motorists in the state have clean ten-year driving records. Possible explanation: 75 percent of the legislators don't.

CALLING DENNIS RODMAN

This summer, six people representing the U.S. will compete in the World Championship of Hairstyling in Washington, D.C., which is expected to attract tens of thousands of hairstylists. Teams will compete in such grueling events as "business hair," "nighttime social hair" and the ever slippery "progressive hair." There is also a closely watched technical hairstyling event. In case you were wondering, the hairdressers parade in Olympic-style formation at the beginning of the competition and, after each

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I wish I could remember, but chances are it was something like, 'This is a test.' Engineers, most of the time, are not poets."—INTERNET PIONEER VINCENT CERF ON THE FIRST WORDS TRANSMITTED OVER THE NETWORK

BELLIES UP

According to an October 1995 article in *The Wall Street Journal*, the percentage increase in belly-button reconstructions—a surgical, cosmetic body modification that makes the navel more vertical, symmetrical, narrow and fashionable—in Japan during the past year: 375.

STACEY PREVIN

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *The Great Food Almanac*, 12 percent of all the cola beverages bought in the U.S. are consumed with, or instead of, breakfast.

SURGICAL SCRUBS

In an on-site study of 493 doctors at a convention of the Infectious Diseases Society of America, percentage of male physicians who washed their hands after using the rest room: 56. Percentage of female physicians who washed: 87.

TONE DEF

According to Northern Telecom, number of hours per year the average employee spends listening to voice mail and responding to pagers: 302. Number of hours each day the average employee spends away from his or her desk: 2.5.

PARIS SNATCH

Number of American tourists who reported their passports as stolen in 1993 in Milan: 190. In Florence: 418. In Amsterdam: 471. In Barcelona: 535. In Rome: 723. In Madrid: 946. In London: 988. In Paris: 1053.

FLY PAPER

According to a report commissioned by United Airlines, percentage of people who look out a plane window to try to spot their home: 45. Percentage of those who are successful: 29. Percentage who never visit the lavatory during a flight: 38. Percentage who say they visit the lavatory three times or more: 4. Ratio of passengers who prefer peanuts to pretzels as an in-flight snack: 2 to 1.

PALACE FOR PAGES

According to *American School & University* magazine, the median cost per student of building a residence hall for students: $22,600 in 1993. The amount spent per student by the U.S. Senate to build a 30-bed dormitory and school for Senate pages: $264,200.

TV MORALITY

According to *Electronic Media*, number of television stations nationwide that adopted a "family-sensitive news" format in 1994: 10. Number that lost viewers after they deleted sexual or violent footage from newscasts: 8.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

According to the National Taxpayers Union, the annual government pension received by Gerald Ford: $248,000. By George Bush: $158,000. By House Speaker Tom Foley: $123,800. By Representative Jim Wright: $137,274. By Representative Dan Rostenkowski: $96,462. By Senator George Mitchell: $84,595. By Senator Dennis DeConcini: $55,669. By Senator Robert Packwood: $88,922. By Representative Donald "Buz" Lukens: $38,670. By Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North: $28,188.

USA UNPLUGGED

According to a study by O'Reilly & Associates, percentage of Americans who do not have access to the Internet: 98.

—CHIP ROWE

event, the flag of the winning team's country is proudly hoisted as its national anthem is played.

BLUE-GREEN ANGEL

Marlene Dietrich embodied sexual desire in her time, which may explain why Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, felt particularly fond of her. He once sent her a gift of two petri dishes that reportedly held part of the blue-green mold from which he derived the drug. They were inscribed: A TRIBUTE TO THE ONE AND ONLY MARLENE, THE MOLD THAT FIRST BROUGHT PENICILLIN TO LIGHT. Well, it beats flowers. The mold recently was auctioned for $19,800.

CRYSTAL GLOBES

Seems like the Wizard of Orbs placed this ad in a New York City personal column: "PSYCHIC BREAST READER will reveal what the future holds! Now, for an unlimited time, this insightful SWM offers free, uplifting readings to qualified females. Your career, happiness and romance all brought out into the open and laid bare! Years of hands-on experience ensure your satisfaction."

SCRATCH AND STIFF

Hats off to St. Louis' Sigma Chemical Co., which has taken the fragrance business into an entirely new area. The company has analyzed decaying human bodies and isolated a series of discernible scents. Among them are Pseudo Corpse, Pseudo Drowned Victim and Pseudo Distressed Body. The scents are used to train search-and-rescue dogs to identify people in peril. The scents range in price from a dollar per capsule to $25 for an ampoule. Each smell, unlike the thing it imitates, is detectable only by dogs. Hmm, kind of like what Liz Taylor's peddling.

THE POPE OF DOPE

It had to happen department: The Associated Press reported that Jesus Malverde has become the patron saint of drug dealers in Culiacán, Mexico. Farmers have regularly worshiped icons of him in area buildings, bestowing him with the ability to help them grow and smuggle drugs.

HORSE AND BOOGIE BLUES

Noted with curiosity: Sure, we liked the movie *Witness*, but we were unprepared for the CD *Barn to Be Wild* by the Electric Amish, which arrived at our office a few weeks ago. It's packed with songs to spoon by, including *Come Together (and Build a Barn)*, *Mennonite Girl* and *Black Bonnet Girls* ("She can churn my butter any time"). You get the idea. The parody is affectionate, all right, but we would rather watch Kelly McGillis take a sponge bath any day.

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MUSIC

RAP

GANGSTA RAP has been attacked by reactionaries and media moguls. This is ominous politically, but musically it has served to undermine hip-hop as a pop phenomenon. On the one hand, we have Tha Dogg Pound's impotently defiant ***Dogg Food*** (Death Row), which consists of unrepentantly crude sexual boasts and hedonistic fantasies over pleasurable grooves. On the other hand, hip-hop also includes Genius/GZA's ***Liquid Swords*** (see below), the latest spinoff from Staten Island's Wu-Tang Clan. It's smart, strong, violent and hook-laden.

Actually, both are pretty decent records, but it would be unreasonable to expect novices to care. Coolio's ***Gangsta's Paradise*** (Tommy Boy) is not only a superior record, it also has some reach. Constructed around a glorious Stevie Wonder sample and propelled to the charts as part of the *Dangerous Minds* soundtrack, the title tune is a lament for the hood that stops safely this side of corny. Over likable beats, Coolio says believable stuff about love, family life and getting wasted every which way. And the video for *Too Hot*, a song about AIDS, is a most convincing condom commercial.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The Genius/GZA's solo effort, *Liquid Swords* (Geffen), possesses a maturity and political insight missing from efforts of younger members of the Clan. Backed by the resident producer of Wu-Tang, the Genius tempers his gangster tales with surprising references to God and retribution. —NELSON GEORGE

R&B

It's easy to identify the first must-have boxed set of 1996: ***People Get Ready: The Curtis Mayfield Story*** (Rhino), a three-disc extravaganza that rambles through Mayfield's performing career from his heyday in the Impressions to *Superfly* and after. A genius of soul, funk and falsetto and a fascinating guitar stylist, Mayfield ranks with Marvin Gaye, James Brown and Isaac Hayes among innovators who did the most to prepare today's soundscape.

Mayfield was also a first-rate record producer, as evidenced by ***Curtis Mayfield's Chicago Soul*** (Legacy), which includes tracks (not always hits) by Major Lance, Gene Chandler, Walter Jackson and other Chicago R&B acts of the Sixties. The best of it is solid soul almost as entrancing as Curtis' own work.

Mayfield was paralyzed in a 1990 stage accident. But others continue in his style, including the artists on ***Rock-a-Mole Records Presents Los Angeles Underground, Volume I*** (Rock-a-Mole). Kicking off with a statement of purpose in *African Drum Kick* by Strokely With Brother Bank, it is a living exhibition of the kind of black–Latino solidarity implicit in much of Mayfield's music. —DAVE MARSH

PAUL J. JACKSON

Coolio's *Paradise*.

Rap is more complex, the Stones are *Stripped* and Curtis Mayfield gets his propers.

The most enjoyable soundtrack in years is ***Get Shorty*** (Antilles). It comes from Lounge Lizard (and actor) John Lurie. Call it instrumental mood music with an R&B bent. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Soul Train 25th Anniversary Hall of Fame (MCA) is the perfect desert island boxed set for R&B lovers. Smart selections from Aretha, Al Green, Stevie Wonder, the O'Jays and Boyz II Men add up to an almost flawless compilation.

—VIC GARBARINI

WORLD

Any fans of funk or progressive R&B looking to expand their musical palates should try Salif Keita's ***Folon*** (Mango/Island). The Malian superstar has a light, plaintive voice that inspires empathy and emotion. His lyrics reflect a simple optimism—especially those of such songs as *Tekere* (about the pleasures of storytelling and music) and *Sumun* (a parable about a gathering of animals discussing the death of an elephant).

Much more compelling for Western listeners will be the intricate layers of rhythm and harmony that Keita creates with his band. The tracks *Mandjou*, *Nyanyama* and *Folon* have driving, insistent rhythms that are counterpointed with strong vocals. Overall, the disc displays a wonderful balance between traditional ideas and the strutting style of the best African American dance music.

—NELSON GEORGE

ROCK

Mick Jagger has spent the past 20 years playing Peter Pan. When you've become a caricature of yourself, where can you go? The clichéd answer is back to your roots, and it sure works on ***Stripped*** (Virgin), the most satisfying Stones album in more than two decades. It helps that these semiunplugged country blues numbers are mostly from *Beggars Banquet* and *Exile on Main Street*. Jagger sounds real. So is this a genuine rebirth? It's too soon to tell. But *Stripped*'s vibrant versions of *Wild Horses* and *Sweet Virginia* give you the hope that they may be able to carry this energy into the studio. —VIC GARBARINI

Stomp 442 by Anthrax (Elektra) is one of the most overpowering hard rock albums of recent years. These guys are remarkable. And a personnel change has brought new drive, as is best exemplified on the ferocious opener, *Random Acts of Senseless Violence*. They work in a supposedly dying style—heavy metal—and revitalize it. John Bush's vocals show how much he's learned from his association with hip-hop and especially with the stentorian explosions of Chuck D. (Public Enemy toured and recorded with Anthrax.) While some may call Anthrax decadent, the band epitomizes commitment and consciousness. —DAVE MARSH

With ***New Disease*** (RCA) the 1000 Mona Lisas take a hard approach that should definitely attract young men interested in slam dancing and showing off their bruises. But under all that testosterone-driven cacophony, you will find some unambiguous melodies and lyrics. It's hard to mistake the meaning of the song *I'd Rather Die Than Have to Touch You*. Be sure to stick around to the end, because the Mona Lisas have a habit of burying unlisted joke tracks. On their first release, *EP*, they hid a hilarious cover of Alanis Morissette's *You Oughta Know*. On this album, it's Paul McCartney's *Jet*. Just be patient for a minute after *Change & Decipher*.

Of all the teen idols in the late Fifties who couldn't decide whether to be Elvis Presley or Frank Sinatra (even Elvis was ambivalent on that one), Bobby Darin stands way above the crowd, for both his talent and his range. Writing much of

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Anthrax *Stomp 442*	6	7	7	9	6
Coolio *Gongsto's Parodise*	9	9	7	8	7
Salif Keita *Folon*	7	8	9	6	7
1000 Mona Lisas *New Disease*	6	9	8	5	8
Rolling Stones *Stripped*	8	8	7	8	9

FIRST LANDERS, NOW MCLAREN DEPARTMENT: **Ann Landers** got in trouble for taking an anti-Polish dig at the Pope. Now the government of Poland has hired former **Sex Pistols** manager **Malcolm McLaren** to help with a campaign to make Poland hipper. Will the laughter never cease?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Garth Brooks** is being paged to sing the national anthem in the new **Robert De Niro–Wesley Snipes** movie *The Fan*. . . . **Cher** will star in one of a trilogy of films for HBO called *If These Walls Could Talk*. She'll also make her debut as a director.

NEWSBREAKS: A **Wolfman Jack** Park and Museum is expected to open this summer in North Carolina. The park will also have an amphitheater, according to the Wolfman's widow, **Lou Smith**. . . . The **Bee Gees** are writing new songs for a theatrical production of *Saturday Night Fever* to open in Las Vegas this summer. . . . **Marianne Faithfull** will co-produce **Sandra Bernhard's** next CD. . . . **John Lee Hooker** is recording duets with his daughter **Zakiya** for her first album. . . . **Liz Phair** is working on her third CD in Los Angeles. . . . You may see **Mike Watt** playing bass with **Porno for Pyros** on their spring tour. . . . **John Entwistle's** limited-edition art is selling so well that he plans to release more, and tour North American galleries where the art is sold. . . . The Red Hot Organization has five releases in the works for 1996. *Red Hot & Rio* will have contributions by **Sting, Björk** and **Vanessa Williams.** There will be original music on *The Beat Experience*, released in conjunction with an art exhibit on Beat writers and poets. Other CDs are being planned for Latin rock, salsa and rap. Since 1990 and the first Red Hot CD, the organization has raised more than $5 million for AIDS awareness and research. . . . **Ruth Brown's** just-released autobiography, *Miss Rhythm*, details her ten-year battle to recover royalties from Atlantic Records. . . . Last year's benefit concert for Bosnian orphans, which brought together **Justin Hayward** of the **Moody Blues, Yes' Steve Howe, Gary Brooker** from **Procol Harum, Phoebe Snow** and members of **Cheap Trick,** will be released as a video and a CD. . . . **Bruce Springsteen** has fans in **John Steinbeck's** family, including Steinbeck's 81-year-old widow, **Elaine,** and the writer's son, who presented the Boss with a ring that belonged to his father. Even before she knew about his album *The Ghost of Tom Joad*, Elaine Steinbeck says, "I love Bruce Springsteen." . . . **Michael Wadleigh,** director of *Woodstock*, has presented the Smithsonian Institution with a copy of his $1500 *Rock n ROM*, a database that has 500 million music facts in it. . . . This is the 60th anniversary year of **Buddy Holly's** birth and the 40th anniversary of his first record. Both occasions will be observed with a tribute album, a new biography and a museum in his hometown, Lubbock, Texas. . . . Sting started a nine-month world tour in March and plans to arrive in North America during the summer. . . . Expect five CDs supporting the Olympic Games and the U.S. Olympic team. The first will be a country album, *One Voice*, and will include tracks by **Vince Gill, Allison Krauss, Belá Fleck** and **Chet Atkins.** . . . **Donovan** is working on material for a CD to be produced by **Rick Rubin.** . . . Lastly, **Sonic Youth** will headline Lollapalooza again, but this time in Springfield, hometown of the **Simpsons.** Homer is taking Bart and Lisa. Other artists from Lollapalooza have been approached by the producers, but they are probably waiting to see if Bart survives the mosh pit. —BARBARA NELLIS

his own best material, he was equally at home with rock and roll, pop and folk, which is how his boxed set ***As Long as I'm Singing: The Bobby Darin Collection*** (Rhino) is conveniently divided. He knew how to sing, and what else matters? *Splish Splash, Dream Lover, Mack the Knife, Beyond the Sea*—they're classics, and many of the 92 other cuts here should have been. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

JAZZ

The big bands made jazz and American pop music synonymous in the Thirties. The five-CD boxed set ***Big Band Renaissance*** (Smithsonian Collection) helps explain how the swing era liberated the jazz orchestra. Compiled by bandleader Bill Kirchner, the set is separated into categories. You'll get it all—Ellington, Basie and even Quincy Jones—with a big punch. —NEIL TESSER

CLASSICAL

The most significant development in recorded classical music in the past decade has been the advent of the Naxos label. Taking advantage of an abundance of skilled musicians and diminishing manufacturing costs for CDs, founder Klaus Heymann offers quality recordings of classic repertoire for $5 or $6 a disc. This spells trouble for prestigious labels that find themselves unable to rely on their expensive annual revampings of Beethoven symphonies or Chopin nocturnes.

Naxos has now captured a tenth of the world market for classical recordings, but it shouldn't be considered merely a budget label. Hungarian pianist Jenö Jandó's three CDs of Schubert's ***Piano Sonatas*** are remarkable, and his ten-CD boxed set of Beethoven's ***Piano Sonatas*** (which retails for about $50) is impeccably recorded and impressively performed. Raphael Wallfisch's four CDs of Vivaldi's ***Cello Concerti*** are truly formidable. And Naxos' recordings of Wagner's ***Flying Dutchman*** and Rossini's ***Tancredi*** are better than any other versions, regardless of price. Naxos' recent forays into 20th century and early music suggest that it may soon become the dominant classical label. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

BLUES

In the Sixties, two German promoters established the American Folk Blues Festival, concert tours that brought Willie Dixon and Muddy Waters to blues-hungry Europeans. Now the five-disc ***American Folk Blues Festival '62–'65*** (Evidence) brings a lot of previously unissued performances to CD. John Lee Hooker and Matt Murphy turn in refreshingly unadulterated sets. —NEIL TESSER

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STOP, THIEF!

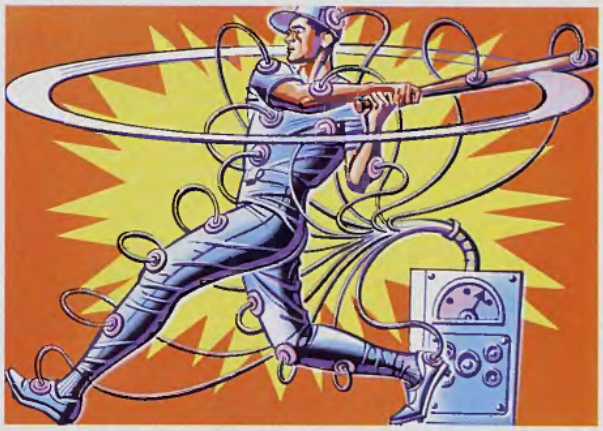
Everyone knows someone who's had his cellular phone number ripped off. According to phone companies, wireless bandits rack up $1.5 million a day in fraudulent calls. Fortunately, efforts are under way to limit the thieves. Leading the way, Motorola has teamed up with the Secret Service to develop Halt, a series of protections that kick in when you place a call. Besides offering an identification number that activates and disables your phone, Halt includes a service called Enhanced Clone Clear, which detects when multiple phones with the same number are making calls and then shuts them down. And a "postcall" precaution tracks your calling personality. That way,

AMY CREHORE

if anything unusual occurs, say $5000 worth of calls in a week, an investigation begins. Another promising fraud-prevention technology is the authentication key, or A-key. Essentially, it's a secret value unique to each phone and registered with the cellular service provider. Every time you place a call, that value is checked with a corresponding computer code. If the numbers don't match, the call is blocked. AT&T's 3740 is one of the first cellular phones to feature the A-key, but we expect it to be one of many clone busters soon to come.

BROADCAST NEWS

We thought it was cool when computer manufacturers started building TV tuners into new PCs. But they'll soon top that, with a new technology called Intercast. Created by Intel and supported by media companies such as NBC and CNN, Intercast allows those who watch TV on their PCs to access related information. While tuned in to a news story, for example, you could summon up historical and geographic facts that add perspective. Sports coverage will be enhanced with updated stats on athletes, games and league action. And you may even get some extra clues buried in a murder-mystery broadcast that could help you solve the crime before the on-screen detectives do. Look for Intercast-ready PCs from Packard Bell, Gateway 2000 and others to arrive later this year.



MITCH O'CONNELL

ALL THE RIGHT MOVES

If you want to play baseball like Frank Thomas or Ken Griffey Jr., pick up a copy of their latest video games, *Frank Thomas Big Hurt Baseball* and *Ken Griffey Jr. Major League Baseball 2*. Both titles were created using a technology called motion capture, in which actors (or athletes, in the cases of Thomas and Griffey) are outfitted with sensors and surrounded by special video cameras that record their movements for transfer to computer workstations. Once on computer, the digitized motion is used to render 3-D animated characters who run, jump, kick, pitch and swing like humans do. Acclaim Entertainment, the developer of the Thomas game, has a studio devoted to motion capture, as does Sega, which hired black belt–level martial artists to make the 1200 moves in its Saturn title *Virtua Fighter 2* appear true to form. But motion capture extends beyond video game entertainment. Hollywood is using it for movie special effects. (It made Woody of *Toy Story* seem more guy than doll and was used to create an animated caped crusader that stunt-doubled for Val Kilmer in *Batman Forever*.) Athletes are using it, too. Golfers, for example, can be wired with sensors to view their swings. There may even come a time when motion capture will enhance live performances. Imagine Janet Jackson dancing onstage with her cartoon twin in step on a video screen.

WILD THINGS

We're not sure which is wilder—the look of Nu Vision's Stereoscopic 3-D glasses (below) or the effects they create. The Windows 95–compatible PC peripheral has liquid crystal lenses that add realistic depth and dimension to games such as *Wolfenstein 3D* and *Descent*. The price: about $80. • If you're interested in adding a digital satellite system to your home theater but don't know whether you can pick up the signal, consider a DSS Starter Kit from Crutchfield. Included in the $5 offer is an information booklet that explains how DSS works and helps you determine—with the aid of a supplied compass—whether or not your location has access to the satellite. The booklet also provides easy-to-follow instructions on how to install the dish yourself, thus saving you about $100.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Take a murder. Mix it with money, sex, power and fame, and you have a trial worth watching—or better yet, playing. ***In the 1st Degree*** concocts a sensational revenge killing and lets you play the prosecutor trying to nail the celebrity artist who pulled it off. The game comes as close to an interactive movie as anything we've seen, with lots of filmed action shot in San Francisco. It has some respectable acting, too. You guide the investigation into the murder and then take over the trial. If you screw up—which is inevitable—you get to go through it again, delving deeper into the case until you get a guilty verdict. And the more you delve, the seamier the action gets. So take your time, because unlike in the real world, there are no multimillion-dollar movie deals at the close of this trial. (By Broderbund Software, for Mac and Windows, $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

Starhill Productions has a hole-in-one hit in its ***Golf's Greatest Collection,*** a CD-ROM package of eight golf simulation and reference titles. Among them are ***Links: The Challenge of Golf*** and ***Golf America,*** a guide to more than 14,000 courses across the country. The price is a bargain, about $40.

Look for directory assistance in cyberspace later this year. The service, which will help online users locate e-mail addresses by subject matter, name or business via a point-and-click interface, is being developed by Computer Concepts Carporation of Bohemia, New York. For more info, check out the company's Web site at http://www.pb.net/~dbexpress.

MTV's digital dorks

While loading ***Beavis and Butt-head in Virtual Stupidity*** into our CD-ROM drive, we promised ourselves we wouldn't laugh. After all, we've had enough of the mental midgets. It's time to return to semi-intelligent humor. But then the disc started humming and, of course, we cracked up, which is the way it goes with Beavis and Butt-head. Virtual Stupidity, the derelict duo's first computer-based misadventure, has you aiding them in their quest to join Todd's gang. Besides exploring the neighborhood, listening to Beavis' and Butt-head's wisecracking commentary and chatting it up with characters such as Daria and Mr. Buzzcut, you get to take part in several sophomoric bonus games. There's Hock-a-Loogie, in which you get to spit off the school roof, racking up points as you hit the principal, bicyclists, squirrels and more. Court Chaos has you firing a tennis-ball cannon at passing yuppies, earning extra points if you hit them in the 'nads. And Air Guitar lets you rock out, using your computer keyboard to make music or, in typical B and B humor, strange bodily noises. (By Viacom New Media, for Windows 95, $45.)

Virtua Cop: a killer app

Hollywood Body Double delivers beautiful women, slick graphics and a clever concept in an interactive game packed with glossy R-rated eroticism. The plot begins on your first day as a movie producer, with responsibilities that include filming sexy strip scenes and choosing images for the video boxes of your finished projects. If you shoot too little or too much footage, or if you select the wrong camera angles, you'll find yourself waiting tables. But if you manage to get everything right, you'll discover the perks of being a Tinseltown player—and that includes viewing a private strip show by Shelley Michelle, Julia Roberts' body double in *Pretty Woman*. But be forewarned: This game takes time (and luck) to master. You're at the mercy of a demanding and mercurial studio chief and, just like in the real movie business, you can never be sure of the right choices until you've already made the wrong ones. (By Future Rom, for Windows, about $60.)

Belly up to the PC with ***The Beer Hunter,*** an informative and entertaining look at microbreweries by drink maven and frequent PLAYBOY contributor Michael Jackson (the sipper, not the singer). Jackson explains the brewing process using audio and video imagery to define the style, region and characteristics of beers such as stout and pilsner. He also offers a list of his top 24 picks and includes a U.S. buyer's guide so you can sample them at home. If this doesn't quench your thirst for microbrews, a new ***World Beer Hunter*** is slated for release in September. (From Discovery Channel Multimedia, for Windows and Mac, $40.)

If you've been looking for a reason to buy a Sega Saturn, we offer two: ***Virtua Fighter 2*** and ***Virtua Cop.*** Both titles feature brilliant 3-D graphics and intense action. The first is a martial arts–style fighting game that allows one or two players to battle it out using more than 1200 moves. There are ten characters to choose from. Thanks to motion-capture technology, the characters have lifelike movement. (See "All the Right Moves" on page 20.) Virtua Cop, which is packaged with an arcade-style Stunner (a.k.a. a gun), pits you as a lawman against a gang of gunrunners. Maneuvering your way through three potentially deadly levels—a warehouse, an underground weapons-storage facility and Mob headquarters—you use an arsenal of ammo to blast the bad guys. Sega generously awards more points for disabling the villains with shots to the kneecaps versus bullets to the head. There's also a special bull's-eye bonus of 5000 points for shooting the weapon out of an enemy's hand. And to make sure you don't become a loose cannon, Sega has tossed in a bunch of terrified bystanders. Hit one with a bullet and your score drops faster than your enemies. And, for double-team action, try hooking up two Stunners. (By Sega of America, about $75 each.)

DIGITAL DUDS

CEO: When a company head disappears, you're charged with running the show. But with lackluster graphics and confusing game elements, this CD-ROM offers little incentive to get down to business.

Hot Dog Girls of Florida: Don't let the title fool you. This cyberweenie contains more distasteful ingredients per byte than the real thing.

See what's happening on Playboy's Web Page at http://www.playboy.com.

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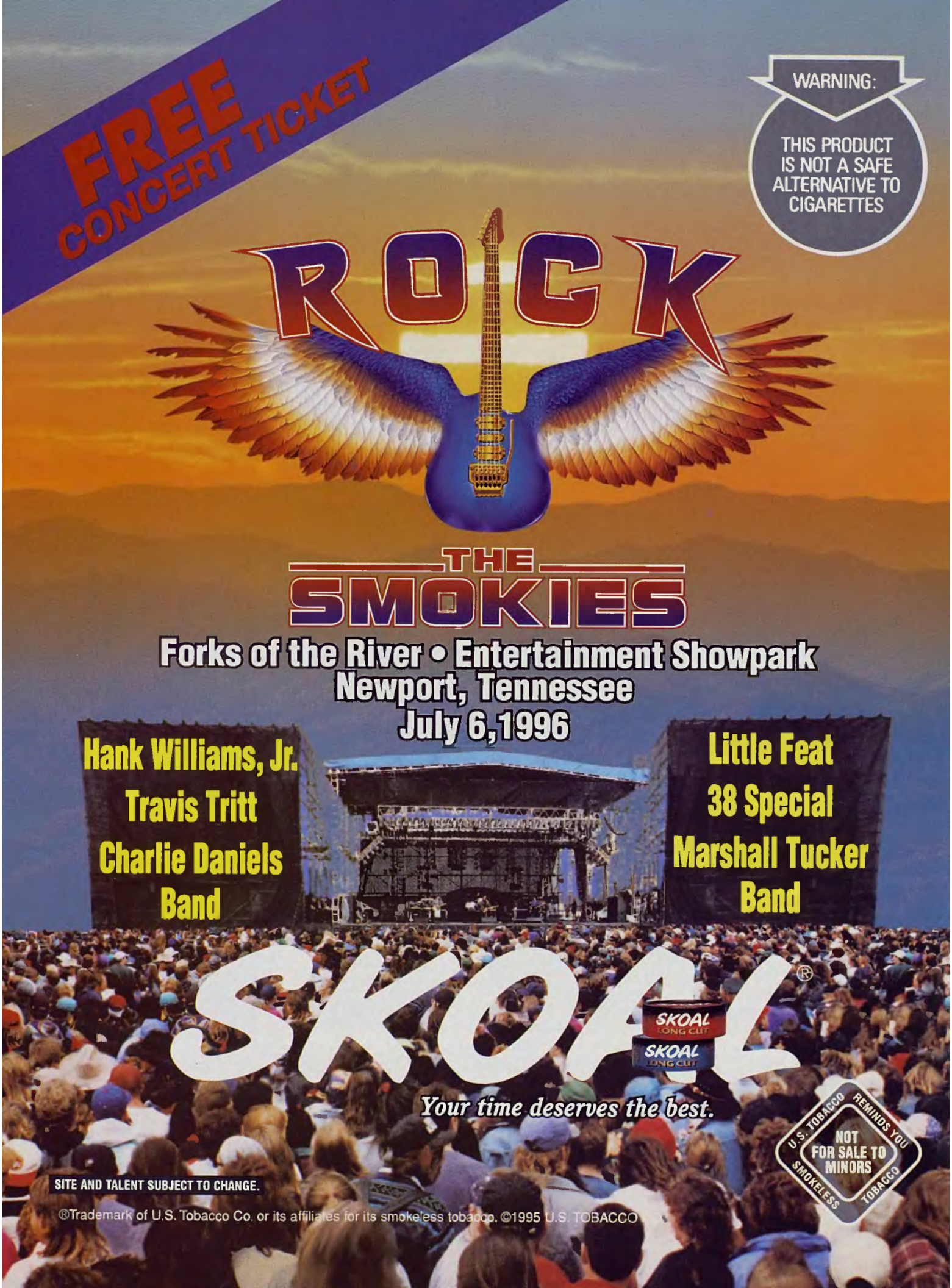
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AL PACINO is at the top of his game in ***City Hall*** (Columbia) as an ambitious, manipulative New York mayor named John Pappas. John Cusack is also strong as the mayor's deputy, an idealistic man from Louisiana who has a lot to learn about the devious ways of the movers and shakers he looks to as role models. The plot spins around the death of a child killed in a street shoot-out, and a subsequent official cover-up that raises sticky questions about ethics, cronyism and courtroom justice. Up to their ears in the unfolding intrigues are David Paymer as the mayor's chief of staff, Danny Aiello as a shady Brooklyn Democratic boss, Tony Franciosa as a mob capo and Martin Landau as a revered city judge. Bridget Fonda is the dogged attorney seeking truth and fairness for the dead child's family. Fortunately, little time is wasted on the inevitable attraction between Fonda and Cusack. *City Hall* (directed by Harold Becker, who guided Pacino through *Sea of Love*) is a resonant, intelligent thriller regarding the high moral price paid in urban politics. ¥¥¥½

•

Spanish filmmaker Pedro Almodovar's ***The Flower of My Secret*** (Sony Classics) is splendidly acted but far less sprightly than his earlier comedies. His heroine is Leo (Marisa Paredes), an unloved married woman and romance novelist who can't get her own husband, Paco (Imanol Arias), under the covers. He's a soldier who ignores her and is soon gone, on a peacemaking mission to Bosnia. Worse yet, he has been having an affair with her best friend. Leo rages, pleads, whines and attempts suicide—every possible expression of unrequited love—before she gets her act together. In this seriocomic cinematic close-up, Almodovar shows a passionate understanding for a woman scorned. ¥¥½

•

A spectacular "movie movie" based on the book by Vito Russo, ***The Celluloid Closet*** (Sony Classics) is a funny, pungent and socially relevant work about the treatment of homosexuality in film. A hundred clips from old movies are framed by the testimony of two dozen celebrities—including Lily Tomlin, Gore Vidal, Shirley MacLaine, Susan Sarandon and Tom Hanks. Rob Epstein, winner of two Oscars for best documentary (*The Times of Harvey Milk* in 1985 and *Common Threads: Stories From the Quilt* in 1990), co-authored, co-produced and co-directed with editor Jeffrey Friedman, his collaborator on *Common Threads*. Movies with gay themes have come a long way on the roads to public acceptance and freedom of expression. Here are Garbo and Dietrich in thinly veiled lesbian roles, Doris Day singing *My Secret Love* in manly attire, gay men such as Monty Clift and Rock Hudson playing it semistraight. With assistance and partial funding from several donors, including the Playboy Foundation, *Closet* airs out a big piece of cinematic history. ¥¥¥¥

Uma, just one of the *Girls*.

Urban power and politics, high jinks in the heartland and a reunion of friends.

•

Seven young New Yorkers sit at their phones or computers and socialize by leaving messages on friends' answering machines. These are the people subjected to wry scrutiny in ***Denise Calls Up*** (Sony Classics). Tim Daly, Aida Turturro, Dana Wheeler Nicholson and Alanna Ubach (as Denise) head the list of absentee intimates who live, die, flirt, fall in love and discuss parties they've missed without ever meeting face-to-face. Writer-director Hal Salwen's promising first feature is short on action but scores as a bright, incisive satire about the lack of closeness in an age of supercharged communication. ¥¥¥

•

The dead just won't stay dead in ***Cemetery Man*** (October Films). The living characters speak English in Italian director Michele Soavi's comically erotic horror show, with Rupert Everett clearly talking tongue in cheek in the title role as Francesco Dellamorte. His job is to shoot zombies or split open their heads before they become too frighteningly feisty. Sultry Italian actress-model Anna Falchi offers an agreeable antidote to the gore in her triple role as a mourning widow (making it with Everett atop a tombstone), a politician's assistant and a prostitute. While Falchi's campy stints call for something other than acting, there hasn't been a saucier Italian export since Sophia Loren. ¥¥

•

Quite a few young performers get their best roles in director Ted Demme's ***Beautiful Girls*** (Miramax). There's a deft edge of unexpectedness in the screenplay by Scott Rosenberg, and Demme (who made *The Ref*) once again shows his gift for showcasing actors. All of it happens in a small Massachusetts town during the winter week before some old friends gather for a high school reunion. Tim Hutton is especially fine as Willie, the one graduate who left town. (He winds up tickling the ivories in a New York piano bar.) Willie can't commit to his girlfriend (Annabeth Gish) back in Gotham but becomes intrigued by the precocious 13-year-old next door (played by Natalie Portman, a teenybopper with charisma to spare). Willie's local chums are a collection of guys who refuse to grow up (Matt Dillon, Noah Emmerich, Max Perlich, Michael Rapaport) and the women in their lives (Mira Sorvino, Lauren Holly and Rosie O'Donnell, plus Uma Thurman as a drop-dead beauty visiting from Chicago). The guys' wish list of female attributes dwindles to a desire for good looks and instant gratification, while most of the girls want more than a good bang from their bucks. *Beautiful Girls* brings them all together in a series of drinking bouts, confrontations, fights, seductions and second thoughts that add up to a winsome comedy for every age group. ¥¥¥

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There has never been a film quite like ***From the Journals of Jean Seberg*** (Planet Pictures), based on the life of the then unknown actress cast by Otto Preminger to play the lead in his 1957 flop *Saint Joan*. Hardly a true biography, writer-producer-director Mark Rappaport's essay stars Mary Beth Hurt speaking as if she were Seberg, the gorgeous teenager from Marshalltown, Iowa who was way out of her depth in her first part and seemed ill at ease in nearly every role that followed—on-screen and off. Only in Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* (1959) and in Robert Rossen's *Lilith* (1964) did Seberg's talent really register. Through her marriages and love affairs (once the wife of novelist Romain Gary, briefly

Russo and Travolta get *Shorty* good.

BRUCE'S TEN BEST

It's Oscar time. Which films pass our Rabbit test? Let the fur fly!

Apollo 13: Tom Hanks still in orbit in a space-age epic to remember.

The Brothers McMullen: A fine, fresh look at three lusty Irish siblings.

Burnt by the Sun: Russian drama about the Stalin era won last year's Oscar as best foreign film.

Dead Man Walking: Sarandon and Penn debate the nature of good and evil on death row.

Get Shorty: Elmore Leonard's yarn spoofs Hollywood in style, helped a lot by Travolta, Hackman & Co.

Leaving Las Vegas: Cage and Shue flame out flashily with two sure-fire performances.

Mighty Aphrodite: Backed by Woody Allen and a Greek chorus, Mira Sorvino takes Manhattan by storm.

Sense and Sensibility: The star is Emma Thompson, who also adapted this delicious Jane Austen comedy.

To Die For: Kidman is grand as a bitchy, murderous media darling.

The Usual Suspects: Twists and turns in a starry thriller deftly contrived to knock your socks off.

AND THE TEN WORST

Billy Madison: In a dreary crossover, *SNL*'s Adam Sandler looms small as a doltish nonachiever.

Blue in the Face: Celebrities improvise to no good purpose.

The Crossing Guard: This mishap has Nicholson misdirected by Penn.

Johnny Mnemonic: Bad news for fans of Keanu—it's not up to *Speed*.

Judge Dredd: Stallone saga even worse than *Assassins*.

A Pyromaniac's Love Story: A no-win romp for Billy Baldwin. Who green-lighted this obvious turkey?

The Scarlet Letter: How to foul up a classic, with Demi as exhibit A.

Showgirls: Witless and rife with tits, ass and attitude.

Tank Girl: Futuristic drivel stars Lori Petty as the canned cookie.

Waterworld: Costner's folly looks costly, indeed, but that's about all.

enthralled by Clint Eastwood while shooting *Paint Your Wagon*), Seberg searched in vain for an identity and committed suicide in 1979, when she was 40. But Rappaport's absorbing *Journals* is much more than the record of a starlet's decline and fall. The movie covers two decades of cinematic and social history, from the Marlon Brando period of sweaty superstardom to the politics of several controversial women in film, including Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave and Ingrid Bergman. Seberg herself was labeled a sex pervert by FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover for her involvement with the Black Panthers. This portrait of a lost soul puts Seberg in perspective as what narrator Hurt ruefully calls "a low-rent Marilyn Monroe." ¥¥¥½

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The flat Northern Plains accent used by practically everyone in ***Fargo*** (Gramercy Pictures) may sound a bit exaggerated for comic effect, but don't let excess keep you from the Coen brothers' earthy, brilliant crime saga based on the true story of a Minneapolis car dealer who paid two thugs to kidnap his wife. Director Joel Coen, co-writing as usual with sibling Ethan Coen, hands William Macy a plum role as errant husband Jerry, a wimpish loser with debts he can't pay. He promises the kidnappers (played in cold blood by Steve Buscemi and Peter Stormare) an even split of the ransom he is sure will be paid by his wife's wealthy, doting father. Then disasters pile up one after another. Stomping from clue to clue with single-minded tenacity is the key character in *Fargo*—a pregnant policewoman who is played by Frances McDormand. She is just a heavily armed Western housewife with a job to do, which includes supporting her husband, Norm (John Carroll Lynch), an affectionate weenie who loves to get up to cook her breakfast when she's called out on a murder case. Describing *Fargo*'s blend of local-hero humor and stark realistic drama isn't easy, but the Coens make it work—from a deadpan beginning to the goose-pimply end. ¥¥¥¥

•

A determined guy with his head in the clouds aspires to become a helicopter traffic reporter. He meets a girl who intends to be a dancer and may have a chance to study in Paris. What's to become of them? The fella, Josh Charles, first worms his way into the chopper of a drunken weatherman (John Goodman), then fools around with his mature, worldly landlady (Christine Lahti) before getting back to his true love (Anne Heche). That's all there is to ***Pie in the Sky*** (Fine Line), which goes exactly where you would expect it to go: Paris. Even so, writer-director Bryan Gordon manages to juice up this offbeat romantic comedy with effortless style and charm. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Angels & Insects (Reviewed 2/96) Victorians bugged by impropriety. ¥¥¥

Beautiful Girls (See review) Boys will be boys at a class reunion. ¥¥¥

Casino (Listed only) Overblown but fascinating tale about the end of the Mob in Vegas. ¥¥¥

The Celluloid Closet (See review) Gays in cinema—and how they grew. ¥¥¥¥

Cemetery Man (See review) Sexpot Anna Falchi sizzles through the gore. ¥¥

City Hall (See review) Power and Pacino in New York politics. ¥¥¥½

Cry, the Beloved Country (2/96) The classic on racist South Africa. ¥¥¥

Dead Man Walking (3/96) One of last year's Ten Best. ¥¥¥¥

Denise Calls Up (See review) Leaving messages as a modern way of life. ¥¥¥

Fargo (See review) The Coen brothers turn Americana upside down. ¥¥¥¥

The Flower of My Secret (See review) More strain in Spain. ¥¥½

French Twist (3/96) As a housewife who swings both ways, Abril is agile. ¥¥¥

From the Journals of Jean Seberg (See review) A star's tragic bio with an offbeat view. ¥¥¥½

Hate (Listed only) French-style look at hell-raisers in the hood. ¥¥½

Headless Body in Topless Bar (2/96) Grim take on a hostage standoff. ¥¥

Heat (Listed only) Pacino and De Niro in a dysfunctional buddy movie. ¥¥½

A Midwinter's Tale (3/96) Branagh's tribute to hams playing *Hamlet*. ¥¥½

Mr. Holland's Opus (3/96) A so-so music man but a memorable teacher. ¥¥¥½

Nixon (3/96) Set in Stone. ¥¥¥

Othello (3/96) Branagh bedevils Fishburne. The Moor is not merrier. ¥¥¥

Pie in the Sky (See review) Boy must choose—the girl or the chopper. ¥¥

Restoration (2/96) Rich saga about misbehavior and plague-besieged revelers in the court of Charles II. ¥¥½

Richard III (3/96) Thoroughly modern Shakespeare, with Ian McKellen as another wicked king. ¥¥

Sabrina (Listed only) Remaking a classic is always dangerous, but this one works. Romance is alive and well in 1996. ¥¥¥½

12 Monkeys (3/96) Willis, Stowe and Pitt launched on Gilliam's splashy but convoluted time trip. ¥¥½

Unforgettable (3/96) OK thriller, but not really one to remember. ¥¥

The Young Poisoner's Handbook (2/96) A proper English serial killer. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

For a hard-boiled TV cop, *N.Y.P.D. Blue*'s **Dennis Franz** takes his home viewing nice and easy. "Years ago I started an annual tradition of watching *Meet Me in St. Louis* with the family," he reports. "As a kid, I really lost my heart to Judy Garland on the trolley—even more than in *The Wizard of Oz*." The Franz clan—that's his longtime love and her two daughters—also enjoys video flashbacks to a "simpler, more peaceful lifestyle": *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *The Magnificent Ambersons* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Yet it's family fare à la Corleone that truly impresses Franz. "*The Godfather* is absolutely flawless," he notes, "except for one obviously faked punch before Caan smashes his brother-in-law's head with the trash can lid." Ouch. —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Surf's up. ***Brian Wilson: I Just Wasn't Made for These Times*** (Live, $19.98) zooms in on the storied career of the Beach Boys' creative center, chronicling his rise to fame, his often overlooked musical genius (some say his *Pet Sounds* LP was a *Sgt. Pepper* before its time) and his creepy descent into seclusion. The program includes interviews with friends Crosby, Nash and Ronstadt. It even checks in with Wilson himself at the keys. . . . Why settle for an Oliver Stone stand-in when you can watch Tricky Dick reinvent himself? Central Park Media's three-part ***The Real Richard Nixon*** ($49.95) is a safe, one-on-one grilling of Nixon by his own man, White House comrade Frank Gannon, over a ten-month period in 1983. Sure it's a whitewash, but the truth slips out in the archival clips, rare home movies and Dick's trademark tics and sweats. . . . Motorcyclist Jeremy McGrath won his third straight U.S. Supercross title in 1995. Now the 24-year-old's vid scrapbook, ***Winning Can Be Fun!*** (Musical Pictures, $24.95), shows you his championship style. Included is footage of McGrath's daredevil dexterity spun through an MTV-type soundtrack cycle and interlaced with intimate family chat. Definitely don't try this at home.

HOOP LOOPS

The splendid *Hoop Dreams* and less-than-splendid *Basketball Diaries* are only the most recent films to attempt to translate the thrill of basketball to the big screen. In time for March Madness, here are some other three-pointers, slam dunks and foul-outs:

Hoosiers (1986): From chumps to champions. A spellbinding story starring Gene Hackman as the desperate high school coach who finally puts the past out of bounds. Co-stars Dennis Hopper as the town drunk.

One on One (1977): College jock Robby Benson learns to be a team player and a good student. Underrated cheerer with Annette O'Toole as Benson's sexy tutor. (Surprise cameo: a baby-faced—but not baby-bodied—Melanie Griffith.)

The Harlem Globetrotters (1951): *Wide World of Sports* ain't what it used to be, so if you want to see these phenoms in their prime, here's the place to go. Of course, if you're in the mood to suffer, you can always try 1981's *The Harlem Globetrotters on Gilligan's Island*. No joke.

The Great Santini (1979): B-ball as power-play metaphor, with Marine Robert Duvall teaching son Michael O'Keefe the meaning of guts—and sadistic parenting. Wife Blythe Danner keeps score.

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh (1979): Jonathan Winters is the coach, Kareem and Dr. J. are on the team and Stockard Channing is the astrologer who saves the day by aligning everyone's auras. Somehow overlooked at Oscar time.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975): Not exactly a basketball flick, but who can forget the great patients-versus-orderlies matchup, with Chief Bromden as the lumbering eight-foot-tall goaltender?

Fast Break (1979): College coach beefs up his team with inner-city ringers in Gabe "Kotter" Kaplan's big-screen debut. We must have missed it. —DAVID LEFKOWITZ

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

The film may have left your neighborhood theater as soon as it arrived, but to enjoy William Friedkin's ***Jade***, forget the by-the-numbers murder plot (Eszterhas on autopilot) and the grumblings of Caruso and Palminteri. So what's left to like? Linda Fiorentino's scorching turn as a good girl moonlighting as a nympho. Brace yourself: This woman truly enjoys her bedtime.

LASER FARE

If Pioneer never does another thing, it's lived up to its name with a special-edition release of ***Amadeus*** ($160), Miloš Forman's 1984 adaptation of Peter Shaffer's Mozart-Salieri chronicle. Supplementing the epic's state-of-the-art laser transfer are audio commentary by Oscar winners Forman and Shaffer, *The Mozart Firmament* (a 50-page tour of the composer's life, complete with paintings and engravings), a copy of Shaffer's play, a making-of documentary featuring interviews with the stars and six previously deleted scenes, and a two-CD set (160 minutes) containing a 24-bit digital remaster of the film's soundtrack. And the packaging's gorgeous.—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
SUSPENSE	***Seven*** (serial killer with deadly-sins M.O. faces off against Pitt and Freeman; grisly but skillful), ***Devil in a Blue Dress*** (Denzel does Walter Mosley's Forties L.A. sleuth Easy Rallins; great atmosphere but weak plot).
COMEDY	***To Die For*** (weather gal Nicole Kidman has network dreams and homicidal schemes; deft satire by Gus Van Sant), ***Unstrung Heroes*** (dementos Michael Richards and John Turturro take young nephew under their wings; zany schmaltz).
ACTION	***Assassins*** (Banderas and Stallone shoot it out big time—often stylish, but *The Mechanic* did it better), ***The Street Fighter: The Collector's Edition*** (martial artist Sonny Chiba's Seventies chopfest; not exactly classic, but perfect for late night).
CULT	***Kids*** (they skateboard, gossip and screw perilously; the shocker that knocked Cannes on its can), ***The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love*** (pretend John Hughes made a funky lesbian flick—sweet, sexy, and oh so PC).
FOREIGN	***Messidor*** (Alain Tanner's 1979 road pic finds Swiss misses on cross-country crime spree—*Thelma & Louise* Do *the Alps*), ***Chasing Butterflies*** (old-timers protect quaint village from greedy intruders in 1993 French whimsy).

BOOKS

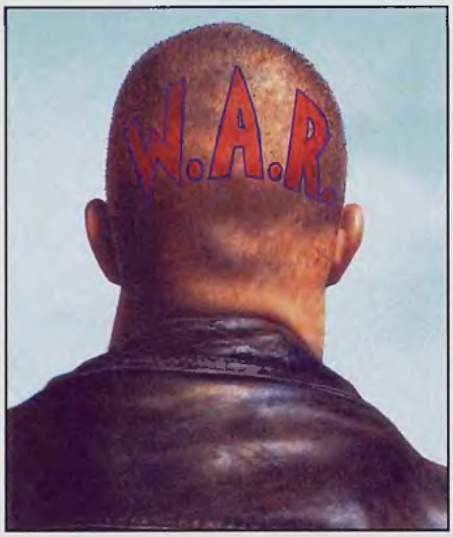
By DIGBY DIEHL

FEW WRITERS have stared so unflinchingly into the face of violence as has Philip Caputo. In his Pulitzer Prize–winning book *Rumor of War*, and in *Horn of Africa* and *Indian Country*, he tried to make sense of war and atrocities. Now, in the novel ***Equation for Evil*** (HarperCollins), he probes the psyche of a mass murderer. A lone gunman dressed in Army combat fatigues opens fire on a busload of Asian American children in San Joaquin, California. With cruel efficiency, he kills 14 and wounds four more, and then commits suicide. In the wake of this massacre, the search begins for some way to understand such a senseless act. Justice Department Special Agent Gabriel Chin joins forces with forensic psychiatrist Leander Heartwood to perform a psychological autopsy on the gunman, Duane Boggs. Their investigation takes them back through Boggs' life and his association with an underground racist group called WAR, the White Aryan Resistance. In a surprising development, they find indications that Boggs did not act alone. *Equation for Evil* is a terrifying look into the modern heart of darkness.

A writer who grappled with similar themes was Jerzy Kosinski. In James Park Sloan's biography of the novelist, ***Jerzy Kosinski: A Biography*** (Dutton), he tells the now-familiar story of how Kosinski hid from the Nazis as a child in his native Poland. As an adult, Kosinski became a literary celebrity with the publication in 1965 of *The Painted Bird*, a novel based on that grim childhood. He won the National Book Award for his next novel, *Steps*. *Being There* became a bestseller and a hit movie that starred Peter Sellers. Kosinski even appeared in Warren Beatty's movie *Reds*.

The bubble burst in 1982 with an article in *The Village Voice* that accused him of having accepted money from the CIA and using numerous ghostwriters and editors to compose his novels. Sloan reports the details of the charges, but, maddeningly, he never assesses the reliability of the accusations. No one else did, either. The controversy over that article may have contributed to the depression that drove Kosinski to suicide. Perhaps it is appropriate that this otherwise admirable biography leaves the enigmas in Kosinski's life unresolved.

Sue Grafton still leads the Sisters in Crime brigade, but there are new recruits of special interest coming up the ranks of female mystery writers. In Sparkle Hayter's ***Nice Girls Finish Last*** (Viking), TV reporter Robin Hudson is assigned to the trash-TV special reports division of ANN, the All News Network, where she covers "shoddy sperm banks, UFO abductees and the shady side of the hairpiece industry." Worse yet, someone is gunning for the men in her life, killing her gynecologist and terrorizing the on-air male talent at ANN. Just as her busybody born-again aunt arrives in Manhattan to save her and help her rediscover Jesus, Hudson is assigned to a behind-the-scenes investigation of an S&M sex club on the Lower East Side. Hayter has an insider's insight about the absurd goings-on in tabloid television.



JOANN DALEY

Caputo's *Equation for Evil*.

A dark psychological thriller, a Jerzy Kosinski biography and some terrific new mysteries.

Firestorm (Putnam) is Nevada Barr's fourth book featuring park ranger Anna Pigeon. This one finds her working as a medic in one of the forward camps on the front lines of a wildfire. A lightning storm ignites a fast-moving flash fire, forcing the firefighters to deploy individual silver shelters, dubbed "shake and bakes" by the crews. After the blaze passes over her, Pigeon emerges apprehensively to see who else is still alive. All are accounted for except the Bureau of Land Management supervisor, who has succumbed not to the fire but to a knife stuck in his back.

Barr, herself a park ranger, has a naturalist's unblinking eye for the wonders and tragedies of the open country. In the isolation of the forward camp, Barr has cleverly concocted a mystery.

The Secrets of the Hopewell Box (Times Books), by top newspaper editor and reporter James Squires, is the story of a friendship between a cop (the author's grandfather) and a politician named Garner Robinson. It is also a story of the ballot-box stuffing and corruption that ran rampant in Nashville, Tennessee from 1945 to 1962. Remarkably, the two stories run together effortlessly with plenty of material to justify the book's subtitle, *Stolen Elections, Southern Politics and a City's Coming of Age*. The sort of revelations about strong-arm politics that generally provoke outrage are charmingly told by Squires in his position as family member and journalist. His descriptions of the Old Hickory Gang rank with the tales of Damon Runyon. It's a nostalgic look back at an era when cigar smoke was a sure sign of a backroom deal.

Laurence Shames joins Elmore Leonard and Carl Hiaasen in finding Florida one of the funniest hotbeds of criminal activity on the face of the earth. His fourth novel, ***Tropical Depression,*** is a caper that begins when Murray Zemelman, a.k.a. the Bra King, decides to leave his trophy wife in New Jersey and drive to Key West. He gets himself in more trouble than he ever could have imagined, and it's hilarious.

BOOK BAG

Roger Ebert's Video Companion (Andrews and McMeel): When you run out of movies to rent, the 1996 edition of this video companion has 160 new reviews and interviews to keep you entertained.

Vietnam (Whereabouts Press), edited by John Balaban and Nguyen Qui Duc: From the jungles to Hanoi and the Saigon cafés, a traveler's literary companion of 17 short stories, many in English for the first time.

The Great Hot Sauce Book (Ten Speed Press), by Jennifer Trainer Thompson: Your guide to liquid fire, with jalapeños instead of stars. Try Dave's Insanity Sauce. It's a 911 call.

Carhops and Curb Service (Chronicle), by Jim Heimann: A history of American drive-in restaurants from the original Texas Pig Stand of 1921 through Bob's Big Boy years, with great photos.

Cracker Jack Collectibles (Schiffer Books), by Ravi Piña: A salute to the prize inside. Since 1912, more than 16 billion toys have nestled between the caramel corn and the nuts.

The Color of Water: A Black Man's Tribute to His White Mother (Riverhead Books), by James McBride: Ruth McBride began her extraordinary life in Poland as Rachel Shilsky. After her dysfunctional family emigrated to Virginia, she fled to Harlem and found Jesus. She married a black man, started a church and supported 12 children through college. This tribute is rendered in moving prose by one of her sons.

MEN

By ASA BABER

Your day begins in Hawaii. You love the islands and, because you are your own boss, you can live where you please. It is not for nothing that you have accumulated a huge net worth.

It is eight A.M. on the island of Oahu and you are dozing in your private six-room suite in the Kahala Oriental Hotel in Honolulu. Your phone rings. It is your broker in Hong Kong reporting that you have just made another $2 million overnight with your Pacific Rim investments. You tell him to buy land in Malaysia, sell wheat to China and lock up your lease for future development on Vietnam's China Beach.

At 8:28 A.M. there is a soft knock on your door. It is your masseuse, ready to give you your first massage of the day. She is a beautiful Asian woman with long black hair and a supple body. You move to the massage table, where she rubs your bodily parts with warm scented oil. She coos like a mourning dove and stares into your eyes with total devotion as her hands stroke your joy toy.

While your masseuse straddles your hips, your cell phone rings. It is the president of the U.S., asking for advice again. "Mr. President," you finally say, "I've already told you what I would do in Bosnia. The final decision is yours, sir." You eventually hang up on the guy. He chatters too much—talk is cheap and time is money.

After your massage, at 9:23 A.M., two intensely gorgeous 19-year-old Danish au pair girls bring you your breakfast of sashimi, rice and green tea. These beauties are twins, they are topless and they beg you to put ice on their nipples and coat their breasts with soy sauce while you eat. Then they pull you into the hot tub, where, joined by your masseuse, they rub your precious bodily parts and stare at you with total devotion.

It is now 10:45 A.M. Time flies when you are having fun, doesn't it? Your tee time at the hotel's golf course is in 15 minutes. Your three female companions help you dress, carry your golf shoes and clubs, open all doors and—a nice touch, this—always bow to you as you walk through public places.

There is a minor crisis in the hotel lobby as a protester from the National Organization for Women suddenly leaps from behind a potted palm and starts screaming "Pig! Pig! Pig!" at you. The twins, international karate champions, rip off her NOW button and send her flying into the carp pool with a few well-placed kicks. Still topless, still smiling like Scandinavian sunflowers, they lead the hotel employees and guests in spontaneous applause for you and everything you represent.

PETER PALOMBI

YOUR TYPICAL DAY

It is 11:05 A.M. Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Corey Pavin are waiting patiently for you to join them in a golfing foursome that has attracted coverage by reporters and photographers—including a Cindy Crawford look-alike, who wears a cute vest and short shorts and who licks her lips at you and moans your name as she takes your picture.

The front nine is tough. The crowd is huge, the distractions are plentiful and, Nicklaus, Palmer and Pavin keep asking you for golfing tips. You are driving a consistent 420 yards off the tee, your long irons are muscular and precise and your putting is outstanding. The raw truth is that you are a natural golfer and they are not. "Guys," you say to them, "please stop asking me questions. I can't explain my game. I never work at it. I just play it, OK?"

Palmer, Nicklaus and Pavin are appropriately humble. They bow their heads in modesty. The Cindy Crawford double picks up the cue and leads the spectators in applause for you and your incredible athleticism.

It is noon as you return to your hotel. You lunch on sushi and the Cindy look-alike. The twins come in as dessert. Your masseuse is the liqueur. But then it is time for you to go, much as that fact disappoints the women. "Sorry, babe," you say to each of them. They cling to you in tears but you move away gently. "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do," you say.

The afternoon and evening are jam-packed with excitement, and a rundown of the rest of your typical day reads like a fantasy:

2:00–5:30 P.M.: Pick up your Hobie Cat, sail around Diamond Head with Christie Brinkley. She wants to have dinner with you, but you're booked.

5:30–10:00 P.M.: Rendezvous with Paula Barbieri. O.J. calls from Brentwood and asks to speak with her, but you tell him to leave the two of you alone and mind his own business. Paula is awed by your courage: "Most guys are afraid of him," she says. "Not me," you say.

10:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M.: After-dinner drinks with Pamela Anderson at the Kaimana Beach Hotel. Your *Baywatch* babe embarrasses you by telling you she thinks you are the most perfect man she has ever met. It's frightening—can't these women see that you're human too, and that you have weaknesses and flaws?

1:45–2:30 A.M.: Several phone calls. Julia Roberts likes your screenplay and is optioning it; she begs you to play the lead opposite her and says that without you as her co-star, there will be no financing. Drew Barrymore calls and just wants to chat, but you're too tired and tell her to call back in the morning. Elizabeth Hurley calls from London. It's a bad connection but she surprises you with her direct and earthy conversation; you sense that Elizabeth's attempt over the past few years to bond with Hugh Grant so that she could forget you is failing. Like the rest of your women, she'll be back. Lucky for you, they all find you irresistible.

2:30–3:15 A.M.: A bedtime massage from your dragon lady; the twins try to join you, but you send them away. In a few hours, you will have another day like today, and you need some sleep.

8:30 A.M.: Time for your massage. Life goes on, but life also has its stresses, and you're not sure how much longer you can take this pressure.

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YAMAHA

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

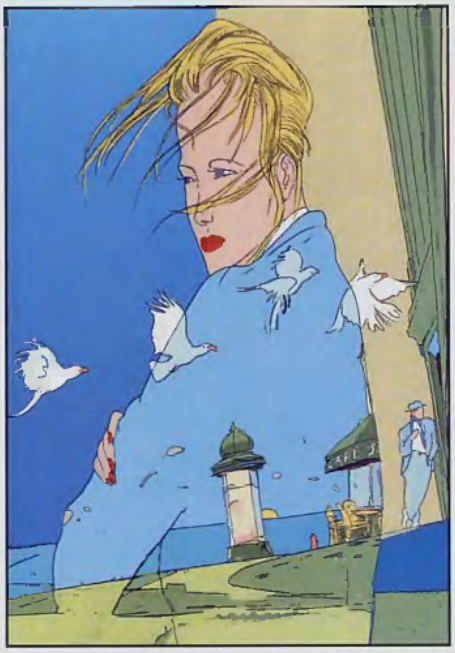
I've heard that exercising the vaginal muscles can increase a woman's pleasure during intercourse. I wondered if the principle applied to men, so I conducted a little experiment: After getting my boyfriend properly excited, I held my finger an inch above his erection and had him touch it with the tip of his penis 20 times. Could this workout improve our lovemaking?—A.S., Roanoke, Virginia.

How many sets is he doing? Done regularly, your boyfriend's dick-ups could strengthen his pubococcygeus muscle and increase his stamina. If he wants to know where the PC muscle is, tell him to attempt to stop the flow of urine when he pees—the tightening he feels between his balls and anus is the muscle at work. For variety, ask him to lift his erection to touch your clitoris, your nipples (left, right, left, right) or your tongue. Make sure he breaks a sweat, if not from the physical exertion then at least from whatever the hell else you're doing to him.

The sight of a woman smoking is incredibly sexy to me, and the photos of Tahnee Welch with a cigarette in your November issue really got me going. My girlfriend smokes, and although it made her a little uncomfortable at first to know that I find it so appealing, she has since learned to use it unmercifully to her advantage. Am I strange, or is this a fixation other men have?—W.R., Charlotte, North Carolina.

Why are we not surprised that you live in North Carolina? Justified or not, smoking has long been associated with seduction and intrigue. And Freud certainly wouldn't raise an eyebrow at the idea that a woman sucking on a smooth, elongated tube turns you on. Many men who share your enthusiasm say they're entranced by the devil-may-care attitude that comes from women who insist on lighting up in an increasingly smoke-free world. Others enjoy the sensual aspects of a long, slow exhale. Quite a few actresses have demonstrated that smoking can be downright sexy (think Marlene Dietrich). To satisfy your craving, check out the Internet discussion group alt.sex.fetish.smoking or get a copy of Smoke Signals ($5 from 500 Waterman Avenue, Suite 193P, E. Providence, Rhode Island 02914), an entertaining newsletter that includes reader letters, erotic stories and a list of female celebrities who light up on-screen.

I don't blame the person who was upset in the January *Advisor* because Adam & Eve does not ship explicit videos to Alabama. We regret not being able to send perfectly legal material to some states (mostly Southern states, as you pointed out). However, residents of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri may be unnecessarily worried because you stated



that Adam & Eve does not ship there. We do.—Phil Harvey, president, Adam & Eve, Hillsborough, North Carolina.

If only we could offer this correction: "We were completely wrong. You can buy anything you want anywhere in the U.S.!" Whether or not their fears of prosecution are justified, several video distributors other than Adam & Eve do refuse orders from those Midwestern states.

Recently my wife had her teeth whitened, a process that requires her to wear a plastic mold on her teeth overnight. My wife, who gives great head, has taken me to new heights. The mold allows for full use of tooth and jaw pressure, nibbling and other techniques. Hooray for modern dentistry! Have you heard of this?—T.E., Dallas, Texas.

Talk about a winning smile. To understand your heightened pleasure, you need to recognize the root of all anxiety in the fellated man: teeth. Subliminally, a man knows that to receive a blow job, he must place his erection in a potentially dangerous situation. The mold eliminates that fear, allowing you to relax like never before and focus on the wonderful thing happening to you.

I am a woman who spends several hours each evening on the Internet. I have been asked to participate in a few online affairs, but I have to this point declined because I'm not sure of the rules involved. Any tips for an Internet virgin?—T.S., San Diego, California.

A reader who describes himself as a former "virtual reality bouncer" in various online chat rooms recently wrote us with some valuable suggestions: "(1) Never give out your phone number. (2) Never give out your home address. (3) If your Internet account asks you to input your address and phone number during the initial sign-up, leave the spaces blank because people can 'finger' your e-mail account and may be able to obtain that information (check with your service provider). (4) If you're going to meet someone from the Net for the first or second time, take a friend. Let someone know about any get-togethers after that. Meet in public places. (5) You should know a person via the Net for at least four months (preferably longer) before meeting in person. (6) For best results, completely fulfill the criteria in tips 4 and 5 before disregarding 1 and 2. The saying 'You never know who is on the other end of the line' is still valid. People should have fun, but they also should play it safe." We couldn't have said it better.

My girlfriend loves Chinese food. I'd like to surprise her with an engagement ring and the message "Will you marry me?" inside her next fortune cookie. Is there any way to do this without breaking the cookie?—S.F., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Steam the cookie until it softens. Open it carefully, then replace the fortune with the ring. Reshape the cookie and allow it to cool. Skip the message—she'll get the idea.

We followed your suggestions for better cunnilingus in the December *Advisor* and they worked! My husband did one thing differently, though: You suggested the man extend the tip of his tongue to meet the clitoris, but he took my clitoris between his front teeth and gnawed gently. I actually screamed with pleasure! Tonight he gets the classic blow job.—B.M., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Don't wake the neighbors. See the next letter for another suggestion.

My lover and I have a sexual technique that we'd like to share. She lies on her back and I stimulate her vaginal lips and clitoris with my tongue. When she is well aroused, I begin blowing gently across her clitoris. Then I blow a little harder through closed lips (like blowing a trumpet) until her clitoris begins to vibrate. The frequency and intensity of her orgasms have superseded any self-consciousness we feel about the odd noises (they remind me of Bronx cheers) we make. By varying the tempo from andante to allegro, we can modulate and orchestrate her orgasms into multiple crescendos! We call it the Venusian kazoo.—B.V., Cleveland, Ohio.

Finally, a blow job women can enjoy. Before we get letters that scold us for not mentioning it, a word of caution: Teasing a woman's clitoris is perfectly safe, but you

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

should never blow directly with any force into the vagina.

Hotels seem to be a lot stingier when it comes to late cancellations. What's the story?—K.C., Phoenix, Arizona.

Rising occupancy rates during the past few years have emboldened hotel chains, many of which are experimenting with penalties to discourage fickle schedulers. Because your last-minute change of plans costs them money, large hotels now insist guests stay as many nights as they reserve or pay a $25 to $50 early-checkout fee. Another change is earlier cancellation deadlines. Typically, big-city hotels give you until six P.M. *the day of arrival to cancel a guaranteed reservation without having to pay a penalty. Some hotels in convention cities have tried moving that deadline up a few hours, to midafternoon or noon, but most retreated after customer complaints. Whenever you make hotel reservations, be sure to ask about cancellation fees and deadlines.*

When is a woman most fertile? My girlfriend makes me wear a condom when we have sex, but she can't possibly be able to get pregnant every day of the month.—T.R., Los Angeles, California.

According to a study published in the "New England Journal of Medicine," a woman has a window of about six days during her monthly menstrual cycle when she can be impregnated. Her hot zone is the day of ovulation, during which one of her ovaries releases an egg into one of her fallopian tubes to hook up with any available sperm. Your girlfriend's remaining fertile days occur during the week or so before ovulation, and in some cases a day after. That doesn't leave much room for error if you want unprotected sex without the possibility of pregnancy, especially because calculating when ovulation occurs can be tricky. Keep your condom on and leave the body temperature charts, hormone tests and guesswork to couples who are ready for the miracle of life. What you're looking for used to be called the rhythm method. It was very successful—at making babies.

Most articles I've read on skin care are written for women. Do you have any tips for men?—K.P., Elgin, Illinois.

The best advice we've heard is to imagine your skin belongs to someone you love. To that end, apply oil-free or low-oil moisturizer after you pat dry from the shower and your skin is still damp. Wash, don't scrub, and use only glycerin soap. Drink lots of water, then drink some more. Use sunscreen. And avoid aftershaves that contain alcohol, which can dry your skin.

I am engaged to a wonderful man. The problem is that nearly every time he spots an attractive woman, he cranes for a better view. He stops midsentence to stare, which makes me feel unattractive. What's your take? Am I being oversensitive, or is he being boorish?—F.A., New York, New York.

He's being boorish, and you can tell him we said so. We'll never condemn a guy for recognizing and soaking up the aura of a beautiful woman, even when he's already with one. But this sounds like a simple matter of manners. When his partner is talking, a gentleman listens. And no matter how gorgeous a female passerby may be, he doesn't crane his neck for anyone.

Last month my girlfriend and I decided to move in together. We figured that because many married couples make prenuptial agreements, we should put some things on paper too. Do you have any advice on our contract of living and love?—R.D., Duluth, Minnesota.

Before you morph your lives, browse through "The Living Together Kit," published by Nolo Press (800-992-6656), a book compiled by attorneys Toni Ihara and Ralph Warner that is now in its seventh edition. Ihara and Warner, who lived together for 19 years before getting hitched, start by noting that some states still outlaw cohabitation and sex unless you're married. Cops won't be knocking down your door, but it's a good thing to know. The lawyers also address issues such as whether you should keep separate financial accounts (yes), the fine print of joint ownership, what to do before you have children and smoothing the wrinkles if the grand experiment doesn't work out. This is a book filled with legal contracts, not romance. Be prepared to negotiate for more serious issues than who controls the remote. "Many people feel that filling out or creating a contract makes them deal with the very guts of their relationship," Ihara and Warner say. "This is healthy, but it can be trying. If you both feel you've given up a little more than you received, you're on the right track."

In January, you answered a letter from a woman whose husband has sex with her in his sleep. I can relate. About twice a year I wake in the middle of the night to find my husband kneeling by the side of the bed, ready to go. He whispers nasty things in my ear (I know he's asleep because he never says anything like that awake). In the morning, all he can say is "I don't know what happened" with a funny grin on his face. It makes me feel sexy, loved, wanted! All women should be so lucky.—S.N., Houston, Texas.

We're glad to hear you're having great sex, but we're not convinced that your husband is zonked. More likely he fakes sleep because he's turned on by having you take control (he's "asleep," after all, which puts you in command). Or perhaps he fears your reaction if he talks dirty without the excuse that he was unaware of what he was doing. Next time, whisper some nasty things back at him.

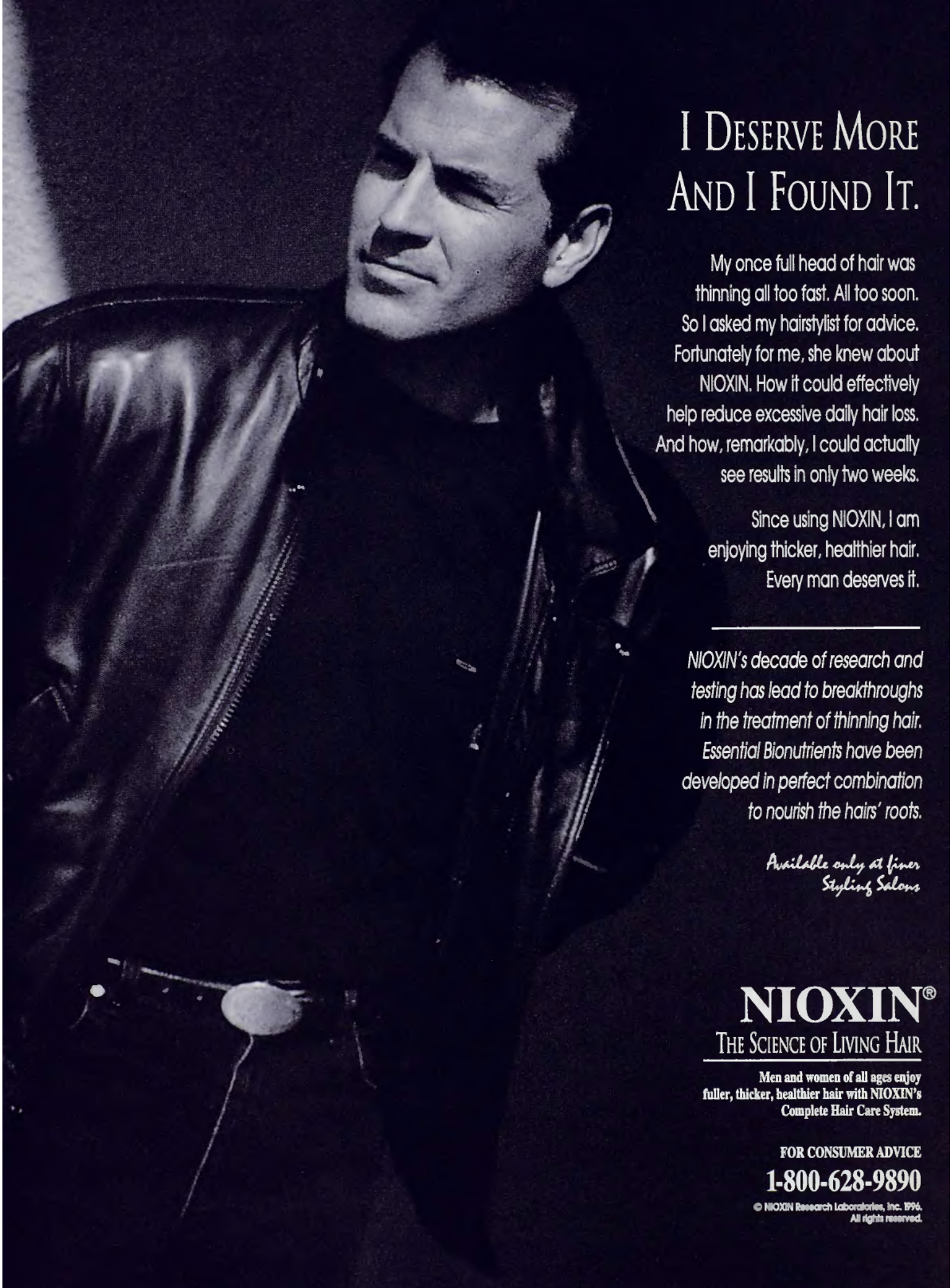
Your response in the January *Advisor* to the question about "the move" on *Seinfeld* made me laugh out loud. In a more recent episode, Elaine stockpiled Today contraceptive sponges because they had been taken off the market. Did that actually happen, or was it just a story line?—B.N., Providence, Rhode Island.

Unfortunately, it was based on fact. The Today sponge, available since 1983 and the only product of its kind, was discontinued in January 1995 by Whitehall-Robins Healthcare after a dispute with the Food and Drug Administration over the company's manufacturing process. The sponge's eight percent failure rate didn't make it one of the most effective birth control methods, but it did have advantages: It could be inserted up to 24 hours before sex, you didn't need to apply spermicide and there was no prescription or fitting required. The device worked by blocking the cervix, releasing spermicide over 30 hours and absorbing and destroying sperm. Each sponge was good for multiple acts of intercourse during a 24-hour period, so Elaine was being a bit fussy when she expressed concern that her new beau wasn't "sponge-worthy"—if the sex was timed right, one sponge could last much of a weekend.

Is it me or are women becoming "long dong" crazy? Wherever I look—from talk shows to Top 40 songs—women seem to complain about how men with average-size penises aren't enough for them anymore. Where can a guy find a woman who will be satisfied with his manhood?—M.R., Dallas, Texas.

They're everywhere, actually. But many Americans do seem obsessed with big things: meals, malls, cars, penises. Thankfully, most women are smarter than that. As we've said before, a large erection (defined by sex researchers as anything beyond the average of five to seven inches) doesn't make you a better lover. What does is dedication and experience. Besides, why judge yourself using a yardstick most people will never see? More important, for every woman who longs for a lover with a big penis, another complains that it makes intercourse uncomfortable. In a way, the fixation parallels the preoccupation some men have for women with large breasts. They lose sight of the fact that women, like men, come in all varieties. That's what keeps life interesting.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*



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STAND AND DELIVER

the internal revenue service has its own ideas on how to deal with critics

By JAMES BOVARD

You have to love the Internal Revenue Service. You have no choice.

In 1992 Lawrence McCormick, a Brooklyn retiree, wrote the words "under protest" beneath his signature on his tax return. The IRS promptly slapped a $500 penalty on him for filing a "frivolous return," implying that the two words invalidated all information on McCormick's return. (The IRS did not allege any inaccuracies in the return.)

McCormick sued. Federal judge Jack Weinstein issued a rare defeat for the IRS's expansionary view of its own power. In ruling that the agency had violated McCormick's constitutional rights, the judge insisted that the First Amendment "protects the right of protest to any branch of government. A taxpayer need not suffer in silent acquiescence to a perceived injustice."

The IRS response to this ruling? It announced that the judge's decision was wrong, and that it would impose the same $500 fine on any taxpayer who adds his or her two cents to a tax return. It's called nonacquiescence—the principle that no judiciary short of the Supreme Court can interfere with the IRS.

Over the past few years, Americans have started to call for deregulation of bureaucracies from OSHA to the EPA, citing anecdote after anecdote of power abuse. But the Internal Revenue Service—the one government agency that intrudes into every taxpaying citizen's life—appears beyond reform. With a staff of 112,000 and a budget of almost $7.5 billion, the IRS champions the idea that U.S. citizens pay taxes of their own free will. Its 1992 annual report declared: "Our system of taxation is based on the willingness of citizens to assess and pay their taxes voluntarily."

But as long as taxes are seized through withholding, most citizens have little opportunity to resist. The payroll tax system (imposed in 1942 as a temporary measure) has institutionalized the principle that politicians have first dibs on a worker's paycheck. When it comes to inspiring willingness, the IRS is unmatched. The IRS can seize property and attach liens without asking the taxpayer's permission, without giving the taxpayer a chance to refuse. Since 1954, the number of different penalties that the IRS can impose on taxpayers has increased from 13 to 150. It can fine you for failing to report your income accurately, for negligence, for failing to make a reasonable attempt to comply with the tax laws (all 17,000 pages of them), for being careless, reckless or frivolous. In 1994 the IRS imposed 34 million penalties on taxpayers. The dollar amount of penalties the IRS has assessed has risen from $1.3 billion in 1978 to $13.2 billion in 1994. The average fine amounts to 20 percent of what the IRS thinks you owe, with interest compounded daily. If the IRS suspects fraud, the penalty jumps to 75 percent.

The proliferation of tax penalties enables the IRS to threaten taxpayers with severe retaliation for the slightest error. Combine that with a tax code that almost guarantees error (one IRS agent told Congress he could find mistakes or misinterpretations in 99 percent of the returns) and you have a recipe for abuse. Senator David Pryor (D–Ark.) once complained on the floor of Congress that the IRS used penalties "as a weapon, as a whip over the innocent and the guilty taxpayer's head, and as a point of leverage."

While willing to pounce on a confused citizenry, the IRS refuses to correct its own record. Using IRS data, one analyst calculated that almost half of the IRS' annual penalty notices are erroneous. We are talking big bucks. In 1994 taxpayers willing to challenge the IRS forced the government to drop $5 billion in erroneous penalties. If a private bill-collection agency sent out millions of unjustified demands for payment, it would most likely be prosecuted for fraud or extortion.

Is the IRS overzealous, or malicious? Could the millions of inaccurate penalties actually be part of an exercise in mass intimidation—an effort to achieve a presence in people's personal lives?

That presence is not simply a brief audit, or a request for more information. IRS penalty notices are always presumed correct, regardless of lack of evidence. The burden rests with the taxpayer to prove otherwise. IRS officials have sweeping discretionary powers to penalize citizens and to drag them through years of legal hell.

Consider this example: In 1983 the IRS decided to investigate Melvin Powers for his 1978 and 1979 tax

returns (which he had filed late). Powers was a Houston builder and owner of five office buildings. The IRS had made no effort to examine Powers' tax returns during the three years of the statute of limitations. (In most cases, the agency cannot audit returns after three years of the filing date.) Six weeks before the limitations expired on his 1978 return, an IRS agent asked Powers to sign a waiver allowing the IRS to leave the matter open for another three years. Powers willingly agreed. In 1986 Powers notified the IRS of his intention to end the extension, for the IRS had made no effort to examine his records in the years since 1983. The IRS responded by disallowing almost all of Powers' business deductions for 1978 and 1979 and by demanding more than $7 million in back taxes, interest and penalties. Shortly after the assessment, a court seized Powers' operations, caused him to vacate his office and took possession of his books and records.

In early 1991 the IRS conceded that Powers actually had large losses in both 1978 and 1979 and thus owed no taxes.

Other IRS vendettas have not ended in such benign fashion. In 1979 Alex and Kay Council invested part of a $300,000 bonus in a tax shelter that their accountant advised them was legitimate. In October 1983, after the three-year statute of limitations for their tax liability expired, the IRS sent them a statement demanding $183,021 in tax, penalties and interest for their 1979 return.

The Councils' accountant requested a copy of the official assessment from the IRS and an explanation of the alleged tax deficiency. He also pointed out that the statute of limitations had already expired for 1979. The IRS furnished no explanation of the deficiency notice until February 1985, when it claimed it had mailed a certified letter that stated the tax deficiency to the Councils in early 1983, just before the statute of limitations expired. But the agency refused to provide the Councils with a copy of its certified mailing list. The mailing list would have shown that the IRS sent the tax notice to the wrong address, yet IRS lawyers refused to back down. In 1987 the IRS imposed a $284,718 lien on the Councils' property and assets. Alex Council had borrowed money to finance his construction business, but the IRS lien destroyed his credit. After Council's business collapsed, he committed suicide.

When the Councils' dispute finally made it to the courtroom, the judge threw the case out of court, ordering the agency to revoke its deficiency assessment and to remove its liens on Kay Council's property. Judge Frank Bullock further noted that "despite the Councils' notifying the IRS as early as October 1983 that they had received no notice of deficiency, and their continued request for information from the IRS, the IRS never consulted the one piece of information that might well have settled this dispute and avoided litigation, i.e., the Postal Service records regarding the delivery of the Councils' notice of deficiency."

IRS Commissioner Margaret Richardson, appearing before a congressional committee in March 1995, declared: "Contrary to what is often, in my experience, a very distorted stereotype, the vast majority of our employees care very deeply about providing good customer service and protecting taxpayers' rights. My hope is that the overwhelming number of taxpayers who come in contact with us will come to know us as a genteel, Gulliver-like giant."

James Bovard is the author of "Shakedown" and "Lost Rights."

THE TAX BITE

The tax level measures government's financial power over the individual. It is a precise gauge of the subjugation of the citizen to the financial demands of the state.

According to the Tax Foundation, a nonprofit research organization based in Washington, D.C., the average citizen had to work from January 1 through May 2 in 1992 to pay his taxes. In high-tax states, the citizen's tax sentence was even higher: In New York, the average citizen had to work until May 19 to pay his taxes. In Connecticut, the date of liberation was May 11. If the government were to announce a program of forced labor and conscript every taxpayer for more than a third of a year without any compensation, there would likely be a national revolt. The Tax Foundation puts the tax bite in personal terms: The median two-income family spends more on taxes than it does on housing, medical care, food and clothing.

The Office of Management and Budget estimated in January 1994 that males born between 1980 and 1992 will have to surrender more than half of their lifetime earnings to tax collectors. The average man born in 1952 will be forced to pay $171,000 more in taxes than he receives from the government, and the average man born in 1967 will pay in more than $200,000 more than he receives, according to the OMB. (In making this calculation, the OMB doesn't include such things as the value of government spending on education, highways, defense or other services. Is the OMB trying to tell us something?)

The average American family head will be forced to do 20 years' labor to pay taxes in his or her lifetime.

The Tax Foundation reported that total taxes collected by government at all levels in 1992 were 85 percent higher than total taxes collected in 1982. Taxes increased 50 percent faster than the inflation rate did during the same period.

The most important development in modern political thinking may be the shift in presumption as to who has the right to a dollar: the person who earned it or the politicians who control the machinery of state. The 16th Amendment to the Constitution gave Congress unlimited power to tax. In 1943 the Supreme Court declared that "an income tax deduction is a matter of legislative grace." This statement, quoted hundreds of times in subsequent decisions in various federal courts, confirms that Congress has acquired an unlimited right to any citizen's income simply by a legislative decree. "Grace" means "favor." That you are allowed to keep some of your income is simply a favor that politicians choose to give. Some favor.

—J.B.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS ON THE INTERNET

the playboy forum's favorite web sites

FIRST AMENDMENT CYBERTRIBUNE

http://w3.trib.com/FACT/

Charles Levendosky, editorial page editor of Casper, Wyoming's *Star-Tribune* and a past winner of a Playboy Foundation First Amendment Award, pays tribute to the first and best amendment. His site focuses on protecting religious liberty and free speech and includes weekly updates on the activities of the politicians, zealots and other clueless individuals who threaten those freedoms.

ELECTRONIC FRONTIER FOUNDATION

http://www.eff.org

If you're concerned about civil liberties online (particularly your right to write and view what you please), add EFF to your hot list. Its home page includes news about recent legislation and lawsuits (including congressional proposals to censor online discourse and efforts by the Church of Scientology to squash critics), a huge archive of files covering censorship issues and a collection of the "brightest and stupidest things ever said" about liberty and cyberspace. You can subscribe to EFF's free e-mail newsletter by sending the message "Subscribe effector-online" to listserv@eff.org.

ELECTRONIC PRIVACY INFORMATION CENTER

http://www.epic.org

Besides its well-organized guide to privacy issues, this site includes updates on the clipper chip, the digital telephony law and other bad ideas that make it easier for federal agents to snoop online. The Center for Democracy and Technology (http://www.cdt.org) offers similar resources.

THOMAS

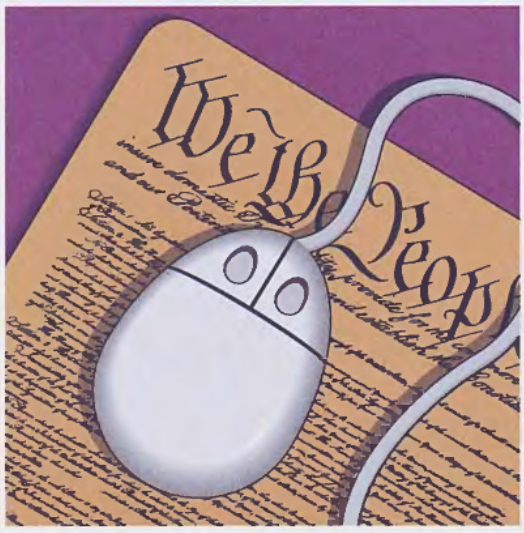
http://thomas.loc.gov

Created by the Library of Congress and named for Thomas Jefferson, this site includes the text of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, *The Congressional Record* and pending House and Senate bills, all searchable by keyword. Another useful archive, located at Cornell Law School (http://www.law.cornell.edu/supct/), contains U.S. Supreme Court decisions from 1990 to the present, arranged by topic.

THE REACTIONARY RIGHT

http://www.webcom.com/~albany/rr.html

One-stop shopping for anyone who gets a kick out of the antics of the right. It includes extensive links to sites that blast Rush Limbaugh, Holocaust revisionists, the Christian Coalition, Pat Robertson, the Promise Keepers, Focus on the Family, the National Rifle Association, militias, white supremacists and right-wing politicians such as Bob Dole, Newt Gingrich, Jesse Helms, Lyndon LaRouche and Ronald Reagan. Its major fault: too many recruiting pitches for the Democratic Party. You don't have to be a member of any party to dislike blowhards.



ABBE SENNETT

BANNED BOOKS ONLINE

http://www.cs.cmu.edu/Web/People/spok/banned-books.html

This site, an offshoot of the Online Books Page, includes links to the online text of books that have been censored at some time or another, including James Joyce's *Ulysses*, D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and works by Shakespeare. While reading these texts on a computer screen isn't very satisfying, it's reassuring to know that in digital form they can be reproduced and distributed throughout the world with a click of the mouse. Electrons also aren't flammable.

THE FILE ROOM

http://fileroom.aaup.uic.edu/FileRoom/documents/homepage.html

Launched by a group of Chicago artists, the File Room documents incidents of censorship from around the world, dating from before Christ and involving a wide variety of media. Browse by date, location, grounds for censorship (sexual, religious, racial, political) or medium (print, fashion, film, performance, online). Like Banned Books Online, the site allows you to see what bureaucrats or moralists would rather suppress by including photos of many of the works.

THE ELECTRONIC ACTIVIST

http://www.berkshire.net/~ifas/activist/

This Institute for First Amendment Studies site lists the e-mail addresses of hundreds of government officials and media outlets, complete with decorative red, white and blue dots. If you write Capitol Hill, be forewarned that e-mail from voters and special interest groups has overwhelmed its computers in the past, so you may not receive your form letter response any more quickly than if you had licked a stamp. Of course, it's the thought that counts.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

http://www.playboy.com/forum/forum.html

Be it ever so humble, our digital home includes highlights from the current issue, past *Forum* articles about Net censorship, selected passages from the *Playboy Philosophy* and a hypertext version of this hot list. Visit early, visit often. —CHIP ROWE

THE NAME GAME

Here are more responses to our "Name That Zealot" contest ("The Playboy Forum," December), in which we asked for a new name for the religious right, along with the results (see page 42).

Theidiots. It's a disparaging term, to be sure, but one that includes two basic elements of the religious right: theocrats, for its longing to turn America into a Christian nation, and idiots, founded on its narrow-minded lack of common sense. Another option might be Godmatics, an anagram of dogmatics but also a word that brings to mind the image of an automaton God.

George Scileppi
Glendale, California

Great American Heretics. They're great in ego, they're truly American because they have an opinion on everything whether they're informed or not and they're most certainly heretics because they ignore the tenets of every religion in the world, including their own.

Steven Wheelhouse
Wichita, Kansas

Glazed Doughnuts. Most religious right leaders have a permanent goofy smile. Just look at Randall Terry when he's defending some act of terrorism. He'll smile and cock his head through the whole thing. People who are severely indoctrinated all seem to have this glazed-doughnut look.

Dr. Jeff Appling
Six Mile, South Carolina

I'm still working on a name. I do have a title for your contest theme song, though: *We're All Made in God's Image, But I'm a Better Likeness Than You.*

Susan Eareckson
East Lansing, Michigan

Pipeliners, because the religious right believes it has a direct channel to God.

John Moritz
Holland, Michigan

FOR THE RECORD

TWO ON THE FLOOR

Justice David Souter: "Could she call the police and say, 'Look out for my car. I think it's going to be used in prostitution?' If we're going to have a negligence standard, we have to know, what could she do?"

Justice Department Attorney Richard Seamon: "She can still make a defense by showing she took all reasonable steps to prevent [her property from being used illegally]."

Justice Anthony Kennedy: "So, it's the position of the solicitor general's office that wives should call the police about their husbands if they know they're frequenting prostitutes?"

Seamon: "Not in every case."

—EXCHANGE DURING THE SUPREME COURT APPEAL OF A CASE IN WHICH POLICE ARRESTED A MAN FOR SOLICITING A PROSTITUTE AND SEIZED THE CAR HE WAS DRIVING. AS CO-OWNER OF THE CAR, HIS WIFE SUED THE STATE OF MICHIGAN FOR HALF ITS VALUE ON THE GROUNDS THAT SHE HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE CRIME

Pulpiteers.

Donald Dorr
Spencer, Massachusetts

Devolutionists.

Neil Beckenstein
Stevenson Ranch, California

How about Thumpers? It's short, easy to remember and can be used as a verb: "Someone thumped the Mapplethorpe exhibit."

Jeff LaMarche
Albany, New York

The Holy Dolers.

Michael Brasher Davis
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Bible Bullies.

Charles Sedley
Charlottesville, Virginia

Holy in the Head. As in, "We need them like a. . . ."

Floyd Caplow
Vacaville, California

Scourges of God. During the Spanish Inquisition, this is what the inquisitors proudly called themselves.

James Bragge
Clovis, New Mexico

Tomás de Torquemada, the ruthless grand inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition, once observed, "When you are sure you are right, you have a moral obligation to impose your will on anyone who disagrees with you." It's only fitting, then, that those who wish to champion his philosophy also bear his name: the Torquemadans.

Fred Leonard
Bethesda, Maryland

In *The True Believer*, Eric Hoffer correctly observes that the far right and the far left have more in common with each other than with the rest of us. So how about a name for everyone else? I suggest the 96 Percent Fanatic Free.

Dennis Williamson
White River Junction, Vermont

The Amen Corner. Twenty years ago, I did my share of Bible-thumping. On the pulpit you would rip all things ungodly, then ask, "Do you hear me, brothers and sisters?" You could always count on one group in the far corner to say "Amen!" over everyone else. They were also the first ones to cluck at someone's indiscretion.

John Truesdale
Paw Paw, West Virginia

RESPONSE

The Ebullitionists, borrowed from Attorney General Edward Bates, who wrote at the end of the Civil War: "When the public cauldron is heated into violent ebullition, it is sure to throw up from the bottom some of its dirtiest dregs. Once boiled up to the top they expand into foam and froth and dance frantically before the gaping crowd."

Jack Millis
Langlois, Oregon

Prigs ("a formal or narrow-minded person who assumes superior virtue, wisdom or learning").

John Richburg
Lancaster, South Carolina

The Divinely Deluded.

Max Behner
San Diego, California

I-theist. The I-theist believes there is a God, and I am he. It would be ironic if the winning entry came from Tulsa, the buckle of the Bible Belt. For years we have lived in the shadow of that 900-foot I-theist, Oral Roberts.

Mike Henley
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Jerks for Jesus.

Fred and Beth Stieg
Aurora, Colorado

Piously Dysfunctional. People who have an excessive concern for the morals of others make me wonder what it is they have to hide.

Gary Myers
Rancho Cordova, California

The Squirrel Rabble, because they not only bite the hand that feeds them, they bite any hand. They're also nuts.

H. Forest
Tempe, Arizona

The Religious Trite, because they're always using the same old, tired, dogmatic arguments.

Dennis Pasek
Ogden, Utah

Declinationist, or one who believes that society is in decline and that too many people exhibit a lack of morals. The word has potential because it can be misconstrued as a term describing someone who wants to "de-Clintonize" America.

Christopher Scherer
Austin, Texas

The Theocratic Edge, because it involves a dangerous, cutting movement.

Robert Hall
Palmyra, Pennsylvania

The Jellypreachers, because jellyfish are flabby, translucent and try to put their tentacles everywhere.

Michel Inkel
Sherbrooke, Quebec

Moral Materialists, because they use religion like an addict uses a drug.

Jon Runger
Hays, Kansas

Moreholies. Note that this entry describes the logic of most of the religious right's arguments: The more holy they claim to be, the more holes in their logic.

David Cohen
Shaker Heights, Ohio

The Constitutionally Unfit.

Michael Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

Tax-Exempt Twits.

Minesh Shah
New York, New York

Pious Projectionists, because they project their internal demons by perceiving them as external, and everywhere. Liars suspect they are being lied to, manipulators suspect they are being manipulated. We are all guilty of occasional projection. But nowhere is this behavior demonstrated so blatantly as under the cloak of piety.

Mark Hallinan
Tampa, Florida

F.Y.I.: THE FORUM BOOKSHELF

Thirty-five lesbian photographers contributed to "Nothing but the Girl," a remarkable collection of erotic lesbian images. Author Susie Bright and photographer Jill Posener have created a unique gallery. Men's fascination with women has created a multitude of images—all shaped by the male gaze. What do women see when they desire women? The female gaze invites intimacy that challenges standard definitions of erotica, capturing in stark detail different moments of relationships. Nothing stands between the subject and the viewer in "Girl"—no pedestals, no gauze, no soft focus, no ideal of beauty. These women aren't models. They are friends, lovers, collaborators and outlaws—an exquisite balance of sapphic reality and fantasy, unconventional in the hands of the women who live it.

Moral Supremacists. They're so arrogant they'll probably be flattered.
Lee Cole
Des Moines, Iowa

The Kooky Righteous. It's not a coincidence that when spoken fast, this sounds like *cucaracha*, the Spanish word for cockroach.
Gene Gardner
Fredericksburg, Virginia

The Holy Herd.
Ralph Kolby
Austin, Texas

The Morally Dyslexic. They see everything backward.
Douglas Curran
Chinle, Arizona

Godzown, because members of the religious right are supposedly among the select few who know what God is thinking.
Don Woodard
Cooper City, Florida

Let's call them "God's Little Earwigs," since they claim to be inside God's head. Unfortunately, they don't seem to possess much of the wisdom that must be stored there.
Vic Pestrak
Goodlettsville, Tennessee

With the religious right focusing on ridding the Internet of "indecency," how about a slogan from someone who feels that these herds of Religious Sheep should get the flock out of cyberspace?
John Pritchett
San Diego, California

Your contest reflects the same concern I felt when a fundamentalist church in San Diego decided to "witness" in lesbian and gay neighborhoods by carrying signs proclaiming that GOD HATES FAGS and AIDS IS GOD'S PEST CONTROL. I responded with posters that read THIS NEIGHBORHOOD HAS BEEN INFESTED BY BIBLE-THUMPERS WHO THRIVE ON ANGER AND MEDIA ATTENTION. PLEASE DON'T FEED THE FUNDIES. Local gay newspapers now use that name to refer to any group that attempts to impose its will upon others.
M.L. San Blise
San Diego, California

I live on the front lines of the New Inquisition. The school board has a majority of religious right members. Ignoring the protests of parents, it has passed several resolutions to introduce a religious agenda into the schools. Any depiction of homosexuality as a positive lifestyle has been banned everywhere on school property, for instance. The idea of a morning prayer brought such heated opposition that the board backed down and called it a "moment of silence." The list goes on.

While the idea of stirring up a hornet's nest by bringing a Playmate to a church social has some attraction, I think a better idea would be to have her distribute fact sheets about candidates near the polls on election day. That would sure get the "apathetic" 18-to-24-year-old vote out!
Scott Babb
Merrimack, New Hampshire

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com. (Please include city and state.)*

And the winner is...

It was a task of biblical proportions. After sorting through the nearly 1500 entries to our Religious Right Name Game that arrived by mail, over the Internet and through the fax machine, we began the process of elimination. As much as we appreciate the creativity of our readers, we started by setting aside the artwork, photographs, job applications, poetry, discourses on the nature of man and religion, and toe-tapping music (the drum-machine opus *False Utopian Teachers in La-la Earth* was a favorite). We discarded many entries because they overlooked our suggestions not to use profanity and to be prudent with words such as Christian or religious. Others went overboard with alluring alliterations (one reader sent a three-word entry for every letter of the alphabet except X) or composed complicated OATLUSTS—Overcooked Acronyms That Left Us Speaking in Tongues.

In the end, we chose six finalists who had pulled their entries from the hat of simplicity. They rolled off the tongue. They were witty. They displayed outrage rather than outrageousness. After much soul-searching and heated debate, we awarded honorable mentions and a personal Easter card from Playmate Gillian Bonner to George Scileppi (Theidiots), Rick Fox (the Wee Right), Bob Kimmel (Moralistas), Rocky Frisco (the Religious Reich) and Patrick Prescott (the Chosen Frozen). That left us with . . .

THE MORAL MAFIA

The name caught our attention because it reflects the strong-arm tactics of the group formerly known as the religious right. Like a traditional Mafia, its members operate in secrecy and demand unquestioning loyalty. They condemn anyone who crosses them and possess political power based mostly on the specter of what they might do. Finally, they strike decisively, causing a lot of commotion. We'd also seen the moniker used sporadically on newspaper editorial pages before our contest began, making it a strong candidate for widespread acceptance among reporters and politicians. The first of several readers who submitted the entry, Craig Hill, has been offered the opportunity to attend a church social with a chaperoned Playmate in his hometown of Dayton, Ohio. To everyone who entered but didn't win: You should have prayed harder. —THE EDITORS

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NOSY SPERM

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—*Duke University researchers have discovered that sperm cells have noses—or at least the same molecules that the nose uses to detect*

odors. Their findings could lead to the development of new contraceptives. If spermatozoa sniff out eggs instead of blunder into them, then it might be possible to develop a drug that blocks their ability to pick up the egg scent. The next step, says one of the researchers, is to track down the "perfume" emitted by the egg.

AIDS PREVENTION

SEATTLE—*Researchers at the University of Washington have found a drug that seems to prevent transmission of AIDS among monkeys. An article in the journal "Science" reports that a group of primates exposed to SIV (the simian equivalent of HIV) failed to contract the disease when treated, either before or after exposure (up to 24 hours), with a drug called PMPA. Every primate in a control group tested positive. If anything, researchers say, the monkey version of AIDS is more transmissible than HIV. So far, PMPA appears to be much less toxic than AZT and potentially much more effective.*

TWO-TIMERS

SAN MARCOS—*A Texas district attorney determined that more than 100 prosecutions for drug possession are in jeopardy because defendants paid a state drug tax after their arrests. The tax, passed in 1989, was designed to fatten law enforcement coffers and discourage would-be offenders. But a court ruled recently that to both prosecute a defendant and collect the tax results in double jeopardy, which is a constitutional violation.*

AUSSIE ANTICS

SYDNEY—*Sex educators in Australia distributed miniature training condoms to schoolboys between the ages of eight and 12, hoping they would get the hang of putting them on before becoming sexually active. The head of Australia's Public Safety Advisory Group made the minirubbers all the more appealing with bright colors, pictures of rock stars and positive messages about safe sex. A majority of teachers and parents support the campaign, assured that the boys will be more likely to use condoms when they actually begin having sex. The project's promoter remarked, "The boys really like the condoms because they make them feel grown up."*

CLEARLY CONFLICTED

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA—*Despite the fact that free condom distribution lowered the number of syphilis cases from 162 to 12 in three years, the county council nixed approval of a health department plan to use a budget surplus to replenish its depleted condom supply. (The money came from a grant issued to assist in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases.) Skittish council members questioned government involvement in condom distribution, an issue debated three years ago when the council insisted that the health department stop handing out flavored condoms instead of plain ones.*

LAUGH TAX

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*Political cartoonists have long enjoyed the privilege of other journalists who deal in ideas. They sell a cartoon the way a journalist sells a manuscript, and they pay income tax on their earnings. But now, cash-strapped California has hatched a plan to impose a 7.25 percent sales tax on comic strips and editorial cartoons—treating them not as ideas but as things. Tax authorities claim that cartoons sold to publishers are as taxable as the pen, ink and paper used to create them. Syndicators, newspapers and artists have to cough up the new sales tax. Critics contend that the tax is a violation of the First Amendment.*

DRESS CODE

SOUTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS—*When a student who had just been elected drum major of the school band went to class wearing a T-shirt that read* COED NAKED BAND: DO IT TO THE RHYTHM, *a gym instructor objected. A school committee supported the instructor and banned all shirts that were vulgar, profane or demeaning. In protest, the student went to school wearing a T-shirt that proclaimed* COED NAKED CIVIL LIBERTIES: DO IT TO THE AMENDMENTS. *The ACLU has since filed suit for the family, claiming the decision violated the student's freedom of expression.*

WHIPS AND GRAVY

BELFAST, IRELAND—*A judge rejected plans for a restaurant called School Dinners, which intended to outfit its waitresses as schoolgirls with short skirts, black lace stockings and whips to punish anyone who didn't finish his meal. Belfast's lord mayor declared, "This is not fun, this is filth." A local councilman said, "Our lord mayor is*

a fuddy-duddy," and posed for pictures while being spanked by a waitress. The restaurant manager is scouting for another location, presumably one that is zoned for dining, spanking or both.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

DICKHEADS, INC.

have lies, will lobby

By Robert S. Wieder

Let's say you want to do something resoundingly unpopular, such as market rare animals as gourmet food. For openers, you'll need a PR front organization to promote the idea. But what to call it? The Exotic Dining Society? The Committee To Kill and Eat All Pandas? Wrong! Here's your name: the Endangered Creatures Protective Guild.

If this seems shamefully misleading, not to fret. It's called "astroturf lobbying"—a phrase that was coined by former senator Lloyd Bentsen to denote artificial grassroots movements that are staged by money-eyed interests using deceptively named populist groups. Feel better? It's not only clever, it is the current vogue in political lobbying.

Astroturfers want to create an image of ordinary folks banding together to fight for ordinary folks' just causes. In reality, however, these sorts of groups are made up largely of lobbyists and industry reps whose only contact with ordinary folks is when one of them comes over to clean the pool. Their true agendas are precisely the opposite of those implied by their cover names.

Consider the following Rolodex from hell:

The Environmental Conservation Organization does not, in fact, represent Smokey Bear and every rock-and-roller who has read Thoreau's *On Walden Pond*. It is a property-rights group that basically seeks to conserve one's right to log, pave or quarry as much of the environment as one can acquire title to.

The Sea Lion Defense Fund represents Alaska's fishing industry, working to prevent laws that stop it from catching more pollack, a major food source for sea lions.

The National Wetlands Coalition is a front for developers, mining firms and more oil companies than you can shake a dead otter at, who never met a wetland that couldn't be improved by a mall and several drilling rigs.

The Coalition for Equal Access to Medicines is financed by pharmaceutical companies to oppose government-mandated group discounts that would make medicines more widely accessible.

The Citizens for the Environment are not, as you might think, liberal backpackers who subscribe to *Outside* magazine. No, these lobbyists for the oil, timber, chemical and automobile industries are dedicated to environmental deregulation. Don't let the guys in Washington tell the people in the field how to do their work.

They must do lunch with the Endangered Species Reform Coalition, a group funded by various corporations whose goal is to eviscerate the Endangered Species Act. How does the spotted owl look today, chef?

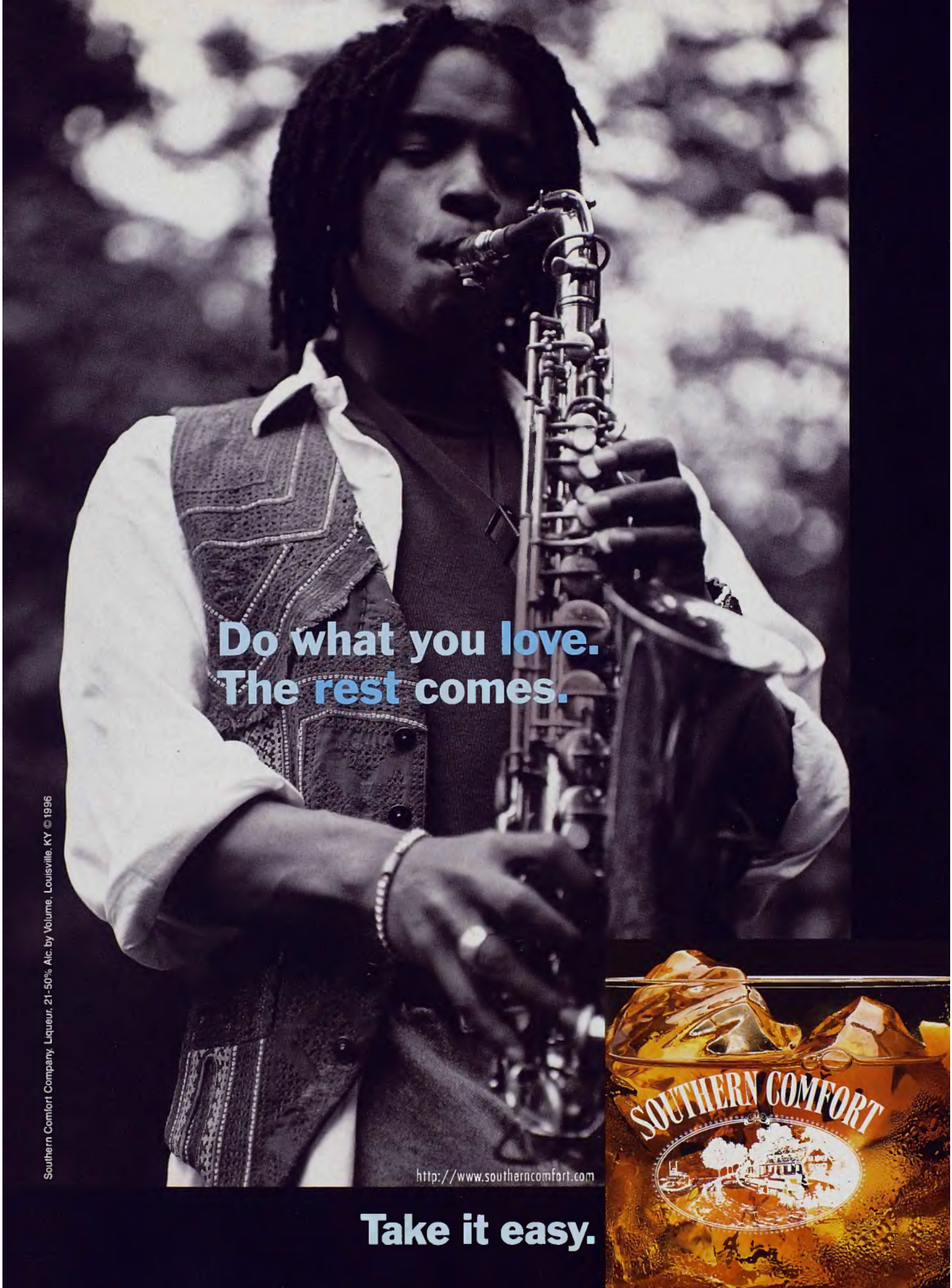
And then there are the People for the West. Sounds like a bunch of old cowpokes who've seen too many reruns of *Lonesome Dove*. You can almost see the logo painted on a covered wagon. Guess again. People for the West is made up of corporations and landowners campaigning to open public lands to mining and commercial development.

Are you tired of the Cuyahoga catching fire every spring? Looking for like-minded souls? Don't try the Clean Water Industry Coalition, which is funded by some of the biggest polluters in the country and devoted to freeing them from pollution-control prohibitions.

The list goes on. *PR Watch*, a newsletter fond of outing these poseurs, published a partial list of the groups that oppose popular environmental, consumer and social initiatives from behind Naderesque facades: Consumer Alert, Global Climate Coalition, Alliance for America Wilderness Impact Research Foundation, Keep America Beautiful, *ad deceptum*.

Doublespeak is certainly too charitable a term for this sort of subterfuge, which probably has George Orwell whirling like a lathe in his grave. Calculated deceit is closer, and blatant fraud has a particularly satisfying ring.

Bottom line: Take nothing at face value. If it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck and calls itself a duck, it may just be a duck hunter.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PLAYBOY 2000

a celebration of the postfeminist, postmodern man

By HUGH M. HEFNER

EVERYTHING old is new again. Is the retro craze a fad or the start of something more significant?

As we approach the end of the 20th century and the dawn of a new millennium, it helps to look at where we've been to better decide what we want for the future. This century will be remembered as the beginning of modern times. The Victorian repression and colonialism of the past are disappearing. A global culture has emerged, shaped by mass production, consumption, transportation and communication. The automobile and airplane, the space shuttle, motion pictures, radio, television, computers and the Internet are all 20th century phenomena. Space exploration and cyberspace are the new frontiers.

The walls are coming down. With technological advances and the change in political climate, the world has truly become a global village with the promise of a new universal mythology.

This century has given us the best of times and the worst of times. What have we learned from it? We have the science and the technology to improve our lives, but will they be better? We have the capacity to improve communication, but will it continue to improve between nations, races, religions and the sexes?

Will men and women be happier in this new postfeminist, postmodern world? Will love conquer all? Or have we lost something—some romantic interconnection that defines who we are and who we want to be?

To find answers for the future, we need to look to the past. It is time to reaffirm the dreams and ideals that inspired us in the beginning—as a nation and as a people. The American dream is now a dream of democracy shared around the world—the dream of personal, political and economic freedom. It is the dream that this publication was founded on.

In an early issue, we defined the PLAYBOY man as one who sees life not as a vale of tears, but as a happy time. A man who takes joy in his work, without regarding it as the end-all of living. An alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, a man who—without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante—can live life to the hilt. That attitude has more than survived—it has prevailed.

It should come as no surprise that with the end of the Cold War, one of the first American magazines to be published in previously communist Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Russia was PLAYBOY. The hottest new upscale line of men's clothing and accessories on the mainland of China carries the familiar Rabbit Head trademark. Playboy TV has just launched its own networks in the U.K. and Japan. Playboy Video dominates the charts, beating most major movie studios. And PLAYBOY has the most popular entertainment site on the World Wide Web.

As the century comes to a close, the PLAYBOY man—his view of himself and the world—seems more real than ever before. His mark and his image are everywhere. With the return of James Bond, the Beatles and the Playboy Bunny, the new millennium holds great promise for us all.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SALMAN RUSHDIE

a candid conversation with islam's least-favorite writer about fighting the fatwa, the heroics of stephen king and the art of living with a price on your head

It reads like a scene out of an Ian Fleming novel: First, there's a phone call. "When you arrive in London," the voice at the other end warns, "an agent of the special branch will contact you. He will instruct you where and when the meeting will take place."

Then, in London, there's a second call. It's the special agent from Scotland Yard. "Please be at this address at two P.M. tomorrow," he says, adding with typical British understatement, "We presume you will be alone."

At the designated address, the special agent, dressed in a nondescript gray sports coat, asks for identification and does a quick search for weapons. "I'm sure you understand," he says. "We can't be too careful."

But this isn't fiction. This is real life—Salman Rushdie's real life. For the past seven years, it's been Scotland Yard's job to keep Rushdie alive, as the result of a $5 million bounty that was placed on his head by fanatic Muslims.

Rushdie has been a marked man since the publication of his 1988 novel "The Satanic Verses." The novel attracted praise and prizes (including Britain's Whitbread award as the year's best novel), but two chapters, in which Rushdie re-creates seminal events in the history of the Muslim religion, incurred the wrath of Islamic leaders around the world. Those chapters involve the prophet Muhammad. Included with the retelling of sacred history are extravagant splashes of sex and fantasy. Pious Muslims believe the Koran to be the word of God as dictated by the archangel Gabriel through Muhammad. It's believed to have been written, perfect and unaltered, by the prophet's scribes. But in the dreams of one of Rushdie's characters, a scribe makes a deliberate mistake in the transcription in order to determine how divine Muhammad is. When the prophet reads over the text, the mistake goes unnoticed. The book was banned in India, Pakistan, Egypt and South Africa.

In January 1989 an angry Muslim crowd in Bradford, England burned a copy of the book. A month later, six people were killed in anti-Rushdie riots in Islamabad, Pakistan. The British Embassy in Karachi was bombed (and a Pakistani guard killed) and more than 100 were injured during a demonstration in Dacca, Bangladesh. It was on Valentine's Day 1989 that Rushdie learned Iran's Ayatollah Ruholla Khomeini had ordered him killed. The book's publisher tried to diffuse the death sentence (called a fatwa) with a statement that the author had not meant to insult the Muslim people. But the ayatollah responded with his own announcement: "It is incumbent on every Muslim to employ everything he has got, his life and his wealth, to send Rushdie to hell." A price was put on his head: $1 million, which has been upped to more than $5 million.

Rushdie went into hiding and the book was pulled from shelves—even, at first, in America. More violence followed. Two bookstores in Berkeley, California were firebombed. An Arab terrorist accidentally blew himself up in a Paddington hotel before he was able to attack Rushdie. There were a series of expulsions from Britain of other Iranians who were suspected of plotting against the author. Finally, Rushdie's Japanese translator was murdered, his Italian translator was injured by a knife-wielding assailant at his Milan apartment and his Norwegian publisher, a close friend, barely survived a shooting.

Scotland Yard, called in to protect him, moved Rushdie from one safe house to another. At first he wasn't allowed to see anyone, including family and friends. His wife, the writer Marianne Wiggins, who had originally gone into hiding with him, left. A year later they were divorced. Rushdie was devastated by his new situation. As a writer, he says he was used to solitude, but he missed his freedom and ordinary life: "walking down a street, browsing in a bookshop, going to a grocery store or a movie." He couldn't leave the house without making elaborate preparations and he couldn't travel. (British Airways and other carriers refused to allow

"If we get a deal with the Iranians tomorrow, I will not feel victorious. I have lost seven years of my life. I have lost the opportunity to share a lot of my son's childhood. I will never get that back. That time is forever lost."

"So much attention has been paid to me while other writers have been in danger. All over the world, writers are thrown in jail. They mysteriously die in police custody. It is open season on writers and it must stop."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRY LATEGAN

"There was one ridiculous occasion when they offered me a wig. I decided to try it out on a London street. I got out of a car in the wig and there were all these stares and comments: 'There is Salman Rushdie in a wig.'"

him on their planes because, they claimed, their employees and passengers would be endangered.)

Meanwhile, most writers and many politicians supported him, but some prominent voices dissented, even if they were critical of the death sentence. Novelist John le Carré criticized Rushdie for inviting more bloodshed by his refusal to withdraw the book. Roald Dahl denounced Rushdie as "a dangerous opportunist" and Germaine Greer reportedly called him "a megalomaniac." Wiggins, Rushdie's then estranged wife, told the "Sunday Times," "All of us who love him, who were devoted to him, who were friends of his, wish that the man had been as great as the event. He's not." (Wiggins later denied the interview ever took place.) New York's John Cardinal O'Connor and Britain's then chief rabbi, Lord Immanuel Jakobovits, deplored what they saw as an insult to Islam. Far more surprising, former president Jimmy Carter wrote in "The New York Times" that, although he condemned the fatwa, Western leaders should let the world know that "there is no endorsement of the insult to the sacred belief of our Muslim friends."

Most writers, however, supported Rushdie and his right to free speech. Norman Mailer, Milan Kundera, William Styron and Czeslaw Milosz were among those who appealed to world leaders to pressure Iran. Even clerks in American bookstores rallied to his defense, insisting that their employers carry "The Satanic Verses" despite the fact that it put them at risk.

Meanwhile, in hiding, Rushdie became desperate. At one point, in 1990, he attempted to make peace by announcing he had become a believing Muslim, but his conversion was short-lived.

When Rushdie made a secret trip to the U.S. in 1992, he was shunned by President George Bush. He fared far better in 1993 when President Bill Clinton hosted him at the White House.

The historic meeting came about after a full-court press by higher-ups in the Clinton administration, including George Stephanopoulos, and pressure from Mailer, Styron and Arthur Miller. Other advisors felt a meeting would be a mistake, and members of the National Security Council expressed concern that Rushdie's visit could radicalize anti-American sentiment and jeopardize the Middle East peace process. At the final hour, the president was convinced to meet with Rushdie, who was ushered into the White House for a brief huddle.

The fallout began immediately. The head of Iran's judiciary announced that President Clinton had become "the most hated person before all Muslims of the world." Clinton, reportedly surprised by the intensity of the response, attempted to placate his critics, saying he "meant no disrespect" to Muslims.

Regardless, Clinton's support (and support from Britain's John Major) helped Rushdie push other leaders to pressure Iran with sanctions and negotiations. Now the European Union has taken up the cause. Rushdie's case has been brought up at many levels of meetings with Iranian officials, and its peaceful resolution is a condition for normalizing relationships between Western nations and Iran. There have been signs that the fatwa may be revoked, though the Iranians have refused to rescind it officially.

After his first two years in hiding, Rushdie began to write again, saying, "If I can't write, then, in a way, the attack has been successful." He has published "East, West," a book of short stories, and a children's book called "Haroun and the Sea of Stories," which received excellent reviews. In this fanciful story, imagination is the enemy of authoritarian rulers.

Besides writing, Rushdie began to use his unique position to fight for free speech and to champion other writers who have been targeted because of their ideas. Showing up unannounced at events, he has spoken out about Turkish, Nigerian, Chinese and Algerian writers who have been imprisoned or otherwise persecuted for their views. He has supported Taslima Nasrin, a Bangladeshi physician, newspaper columnist and author, who is under death threats from Muslim clerics and faces criminal charges from the government for allegedly criticizing the Koran.

One journalist said, "Oh, don't worry about this Khomeini character. He condemns people to death every Friday. Forget it."

Rushdie began work on an epic new novel set in India. It's a country he knows well—he was born in Bombay in 1947, just a few months before India won its independence and the subcontinent was partitioned into India and Pakistan. Despite that backdrop, Rushdie says he had an uneventful childhood until he reached 14, when he was sent to school in England and first encountered racism.

Like his businessman father, Rushdie attended King's College, Cambridge, where he majored in history and was involved in theater. He graduated in 1968 and joined his parents, who, as Muslims, had emigrated to Karachi, Pakistan. He wrote a teleplay adaptation of Edward Albee's "Zoo Story" for the new government-operated television station, but it was censored for containing the word pork. Feeling stifled, he returned to England.

Back in England he wrote ad copy and dabbled in experimental theater. He completed his first novel, "Grimus," in 1973. It received good reviews, but it was his next novel that brought him international acclaim. "Midnight's Children" won the 1981 Booker McConnell Prize, Britain's most prestigious literary award. It is an epic story that focuses on the hopes born with Indian independence. That book was followed by "Shame," a satire based on Pakistan, which further established Rushdie as one of the reigning "world storytellers," as "The New York Times" described him.

Rushdie's first marriage ended in divorce in 1987. He has a son from that marriage, Zafar, now 15. His marriage to Wiggins was reportedly in trouble even before the fatwa.

Recently, Rushdie has taken the first steps toward coming out of seclusion with several advertised appearances. "It's been seven years since I have been able to tell my readers where I would be and where they could come to talk to me. It's nice to be back," he says. Still, Scotland Yard's presence is always apparent—there are metal detectors, guards and bomb specialists at all of Rushdie's public appearances.

True to Rushdie's history, his latest novel, "The Moor's Last Sigh," has already caused headlines. This time, members of Shiv Sena, a militant right-wing Hindu group based in Bombay, have called for the book to be banned because of a character who is an obvious parody of their leader, political cartoonist–turned–Hindu nationalist Balasaheb Thackeray. While the book has been withheld in most of India, its publisher has managed to forestall an official ban. None of this has stopped the book from climbing bestseller lists in every country where it has been released (it arrived in bookstores in America in January).

PLAYBOY *tapped Contributing Editor* **David Sheff,** *who has conducted dozens of "Playboy Interviews," to speak with Rushdie. Here is Sheff's report:*

"Despite the cloak-and-dagger routine required to meet him, Rushdie didn't appear the least bit nervous or concerned. He cares deeply about many issues—besides his fiction, he has written essays on many topics—but his foremost concern, for obvious reasons, is the right of writers to express themselves without repression or the fear of reprisals. While we were speaking about these issues, there was a knock on the door. An associate told Rushdie the news that Ken Saro-Wiwa, a Nigerian writer and dissident who had been arrested and sentenced to death for a trumped-up murder charge, had been executed. It was a bitterly sad moment. Rushdie, who had that week written a speech imploring world leaders to do whatever was required to save Saro-Wiwa, was near tears. After some time passed, he spoke with palpable anger. 'What must we do before no writer will be able to be murdered for writing?' he asked. 'What must we do so that this never happens again?'"

PLAYBOY: How have these years in hiding changed you?

RUSHDIE: When I was younger, I was quite excitable. I waved my arms a lot and talked too much. I was more argumentative. I feel calmer because of a sense of who I am, a sense of what is in

my heart. It comes from facing the big stuff—facing the great realities of life and death, and who you are and why you did what you did. You find out what you think about yourself when your innermost core is under attack. The worst moment came in 1990 when I lost who I was.

PLAYBOY: That was the time you announced you had converted to Islam. Had you actually converted or were you trying to placate those who were threatening your life?

RUSHDIE: Not so much to placate them, but to show to the people who viewed me as some kind of terrible enemy that I wasn't one. It mostly had to do with despair and disorientation. I had lost my strength and felt completely bereft. Many of my friends pointed out that it was the stupidest thing I had ever done in my life. But I had hit bottom, and maybe it was necessary to hit bottom.

PLAYBOY: Was hitting bottom brought on by the fear of being killed?

RUSHDIE: No. It was brought on by having done something I didn't believe in. I had given up who I was. I could no longer speak if I had been converted. I was supposed to be reverent, but didn't know how to be. I didn't know how to be devout, for God's sake. But by depriving myself of what was, in fact, my nature, I showed myself what my nature was.

PLAYBOY: And so you therefore recanted your conversion.

RUSHDIE: Yes. I made strenuous steps to get out of the false position and immediately felt clearer about everything. From that point on, I felt that I would fight for what I believed, and what I believed was what I was.

PLAYBOY: Had you initially been reluctant to fight back against the fatwa?

RUSHDIE: It's hard to exaggerate the extent of the political and public pressure put on me not to fight back. That's one thing that had brought me to such a low point. I had listened to the purveyors of public opinion. Every time I tried to defend my work, I was accused of making trouble again. The only thing I was ever supposed to say in those days was that I was sorry. But I didn't feel sorry. I felt as if the crime was being committed against me, not by me. And so it was. I decided I would speak out and fight, and I decided I would not convince everyone. It was a great liberation to realize you don't have to convince everyone—in fact, you cannot. I decided I would not apologize and would write what I write. If you don't like it, the hell with you.

PLAYBOY: Before the announcement of the death sentence, there was the banning of the book and other protests. Did you feel in danger?

RUSHDIE: No, but things began to change when the book was burned. Something exploded in my head. I've never been so angry in my life. The image of that burning book enraged me in my deepest

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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places. They nailed it to a post, then set fire to it. They crucified and then burned it. Standing next to the burning book in a famous photograph was this little man looking so proud of himself, so smug, so righteous. I had rarely seen so ugly a photograph. Until that point I felt that my best defense was the normal arguments—to explain the book, to get people to read it. For a long time I took that position: The book—i.e., the work of art—speaks for itself. But when the work of art was nailed to a post and set on fire, it occurred to me that maybe I should speak for the work of art. That is when I began to argue and to confront various Muslims involved in the attack on the book. But although I was angry as hell, I had no sense of danger.

PLAYBOY: When did you first hear about the fatwa?

RUSHDIE: I got a call on my way out the door one morning. I had arranged previously to do an interview on CBS television. Journalists asked me about it and I was bewildered. One journalist said, "Oh, don't worry about this Khomeini character. He condemns people to death all the time. He condemns the president to death every Friday. Forget it." And I thought, Oh well. Maybe that's right. Maybe this is just hot air and it will blow away by tomorrow. But it didn't blow away. It became clear that it wasn't some rhetorical flourish.

PLAYBOY: You quickly issued an apology.

RUSHDIE: Yes, but I didn't write it. At that point, people involved with the British government—I won't say who—informed me that they were talking with the Iranian government. I was given to understand the situation would be resolved if I would sign a statement they wrote. It was constructed to get a quick fix. At that point everybody desired the quickest fix possible. Remember, I had never been in any position like this before. When the government says to you, "OK, here is the deal: You make this statement and the death sentence will be canceled tomorrow and everything will go back to normal," you do it. Especially if the alternative is that you cannot go home or see your child. You have no idea what the hell is going on. You think you might be dead in a day or two. So this statement was put out in my name.

PLAYBOY: But Khomeini refused to reverse the order and a price was put on your head.

RUSHDIE: Yes. It's an odd thing to have a price on your head. At the same time, though, the reward has never been a real problem. The real threat has never come from people who are trying to claim the money.

PLAYBOY: Does the real threat come from Muslim fanatics?

RUSHDIE: Not them, either. The only real threat has come from the Iranian government itself, and it is the Iranian government that remains the danger. It

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would be foolish not to recognize that there is a small risk from a fanatic. But there has been no evidence, over this whole period, of any real threat from anyone other than the government.

PLAYBOY: Yet Khomeini said that "it is incumbent on every Muslim" to kill you.

RUSHDIE: Nobody was interested. Iranians have tried to get other Muslim countries involved, but nobody else wants to. Even the hard-line Islamic states such as Sudan are not interested. The Islamic leader there, Turabi, made explicit statements to the general public that the fatwa is against Islam. I mean, it's not that they like me, but they don't believe I should be killed.

PLAYBOY: Who in the Iranian government is behind the attacks?

RUSHDIE: People under the direction of the Iranian intelligence ministry.

PLAYBOY: Why was the fatwa continued after the ayatollah died?

RUSHDIE: It was political. Partly, Iran wanted an easier target after its defeat by Saddam Hussein—though I didn't turn out to be an easy enough target, apparently. Most of all, the Iranian leaders thought they would strengthen their position as leaders of the Muslim world if they killed this enemy of their people. Yet now many Muslim intellectuals and academics have changed their opinions of the book; they no longer view it as blasphemous. The fact is, the reason I did so much arguing in the beginning is because the book, considered properly, would not even have been banned. The book was banned and the fatwa was ordered because of rumors.

PLAYBOY: What did you mean when you said, early after the fatwa, that you wished you had written a book more critical of Islam?

RUSHDIE: It struck me that a religious leader who arbitrarily condemns people to death and is willing to resort to international terrorism to carry out the sentences probably merits a little criticism.

PLAYBOY: When the death sentence was announced, did you go into complete isolation?

RUSHDIE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: We read that you became a television addict—watching endless *Dynasty* reruns.

RUSHDIE: You say things to journalists as a joke and they become part of the myth. It's true that it was very difficult to see anybody for the first couple years. Later I was told by people who came into Scotland Yard that the degree to which my freedom was circumscribed at the beginning was completely unnecessary.

PLAYBOY: Why was it unnecessary?

RUSHDIE: They don't believe that I needed to be so sequestered in order to be kept safe. There is a difference between protecting people and concealing them. For a long time I was offered concealment rather then protection. This has slowly changed, partly because of my argument that if I am seen to have been locked away for the rest of my life, the aggressors have won—the fatwa has worked. They didn't have to kill me if they succeeded in silencing me. It was a guarantee that the technique would be used again. Make a threat and get the other side to shut up their own people. That would be dreadful.

PLAYBOY: When you did go out, were you paranoid, looking over your shoulder?

RUSHDIE: The opposite, really. I have spent a great deal of time reassuring other people. I can't tell you how many newspaper articles there are about me in which the journalist gets very upset when a nearby car backfires. The backfiring car is a kind of motif for these people.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever jump when you heard one?

RUSHDIE: No. In the stories about these backfiring cars, it's always mentioned that I did not twitch. One of the writers called this denial. It was not. It was knowing the sound of a backfiring car. So I spent a lot of my time telling other people that there was nothing to worry about.

PLAYBOY: Yet there was something to worry about.

RUSHDIE: When you know what there is to worry about, you also know what there isn't to worry about. If you're talking about a professional hit, you know you are safe in certain situations. I came to understand what was risky and what wasn't. It was not risky to be eating in a café, because terrorists know that the risk of being identified and captured is great. We are safe in this room, because even if there were a guy with a submachine gun standing in the street outside, he would not enter this building to attack me, because he doesn't know what he would meet. There is zero risk here.

PLAYBOY: Did you have nightmares?

RUSHDIE: No. I did think in the beginning that I probably would die quite soon. You live with that. Yet the question of fear was not an issue. There was initially shock, which was followed by bewilderment and by a kind of loss of balance. Then this was replaced by a kind of single-mindedness, resolve and determination. Fear has not been relevant.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider changing your identity?

RUSHDIE: It was never offered and I would not have been interested.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever use a disguise?

RUSHDIE: There was one ridiculous occasion when they offered me a wig. I looked ridiculous, but I decided to try it out on a London street. I got out of a car in the wig and there were all these stares and comments: "There is Salman Rushdie in a wig." It was so ludicrous that I determined I would never succumb to that kind of thing again. I wore a hat and occasionally dark glasses and I began to venture out a bit more.

PLAYBOY: British Airways and some other airlines would not allow you to fly on their planes. Is that still true?

RUSHDIE: It's getting better. The fact is, I've flown all over the world on all sorts of airlines and nobody has ever had the faintest bit of trouble as a result.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand their fears that there would perhaps be some nervous passengers?

RUSHDIE: Well, nothing has happened on the 17 different airlines I've flown, so I don't understand it, no. When people recognize me on airplanes they are incredibly friendly. They have their picture taken with me and ask me to sign their menus. The fact is, airlines are supposed to have good security precautions and either they do or they don't. When I get on a plane, just like when any other person gets on a plane, it is made certain that proper precautions are taken. So actually it's safer on planes.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when your translators and publishers were attacked?

RUSHDIE: I was devastated. It was appalling and tragic. It happened long after the initial declaration of the fatwa, too, so there had been a sense that surely it was safe now. These attacks showed that to be untrue. It was terrible and so senseless. In each case, the book was already published. It wasn't that they were going to shoot the translator and stop him from translating the book; it was finished. So what was it for?

PLAYBOY: Did you feel responsible?

RUSHDIE: I did—I knew I was the one who was meant to be murdered. It was such a tragedy, such a waste. At the same time, when they attacked William Nygaard, my publisher in Norway of 15 years who had become a good friend, I was able to call him in the hospital. The first thing he said was that he didn't want me to feel responsible. He wanted me to know he was extremely proud to be the publisher of *The Satanic Verses* and he would publish it again if given the choice. But you cannot help but feel responsible. He hates to be called heroic, because he says he was just doing his job. So were the other publishers and many other individuals. Immediately after this began, some of the bookstore chains in America pulled the book off their shelves, claiming they were protecting their staffs. But their staffs refused to be protected in that way. That act of heroism got the book back on the shelves. So did the actions of the writer Stephen King, which people don't know about. A lot of literary writers received credit for the way they stood up for me—the Susan Sontags and Don DeLillos and Julian Barneses. But King has not. According to people inside the book chains, he was incensed and did a great deal of arguing on behalf of *The Satanic Verses*. He went so far as to threaten the chains that he would pull his books off their shelves if

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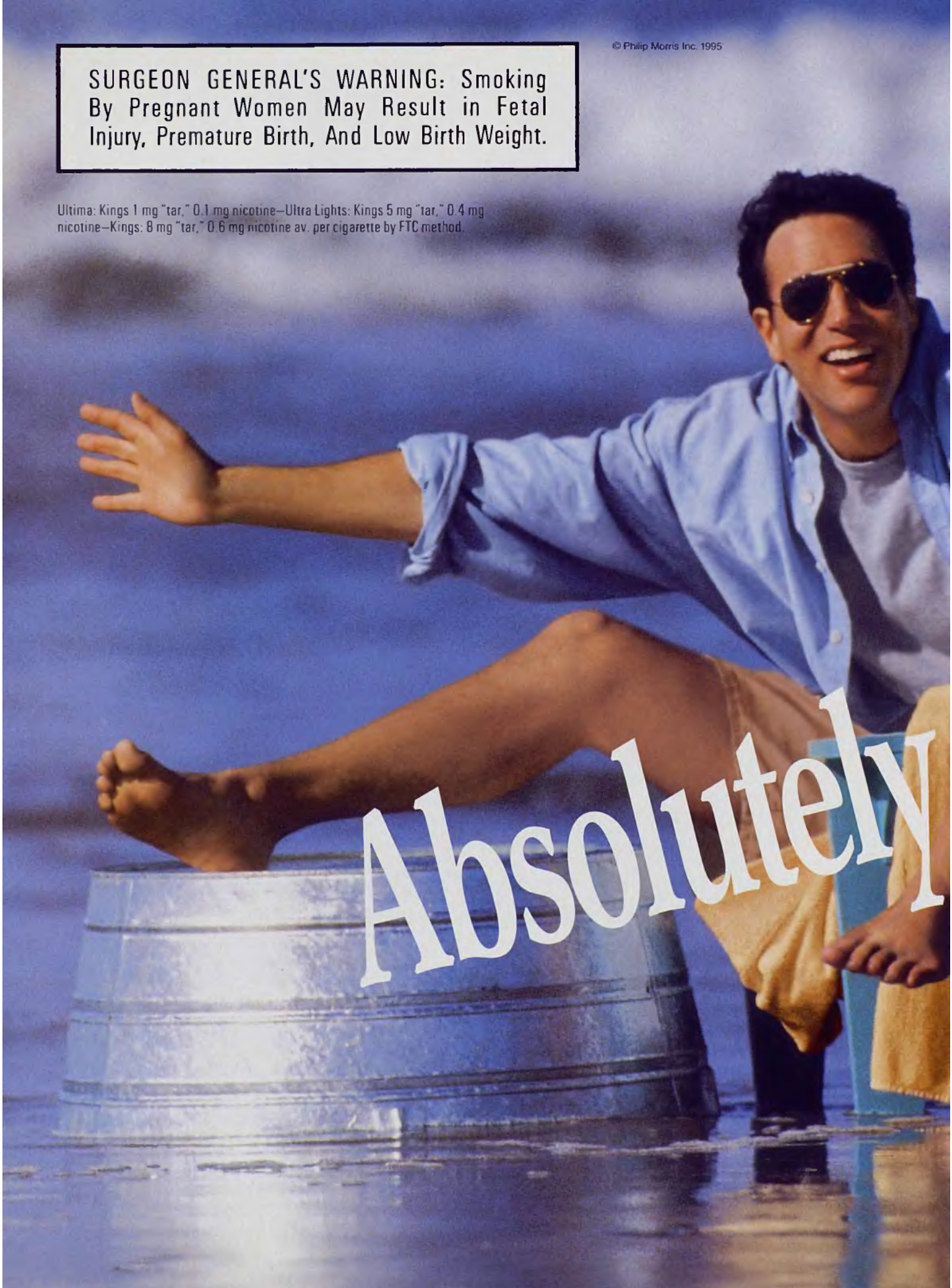

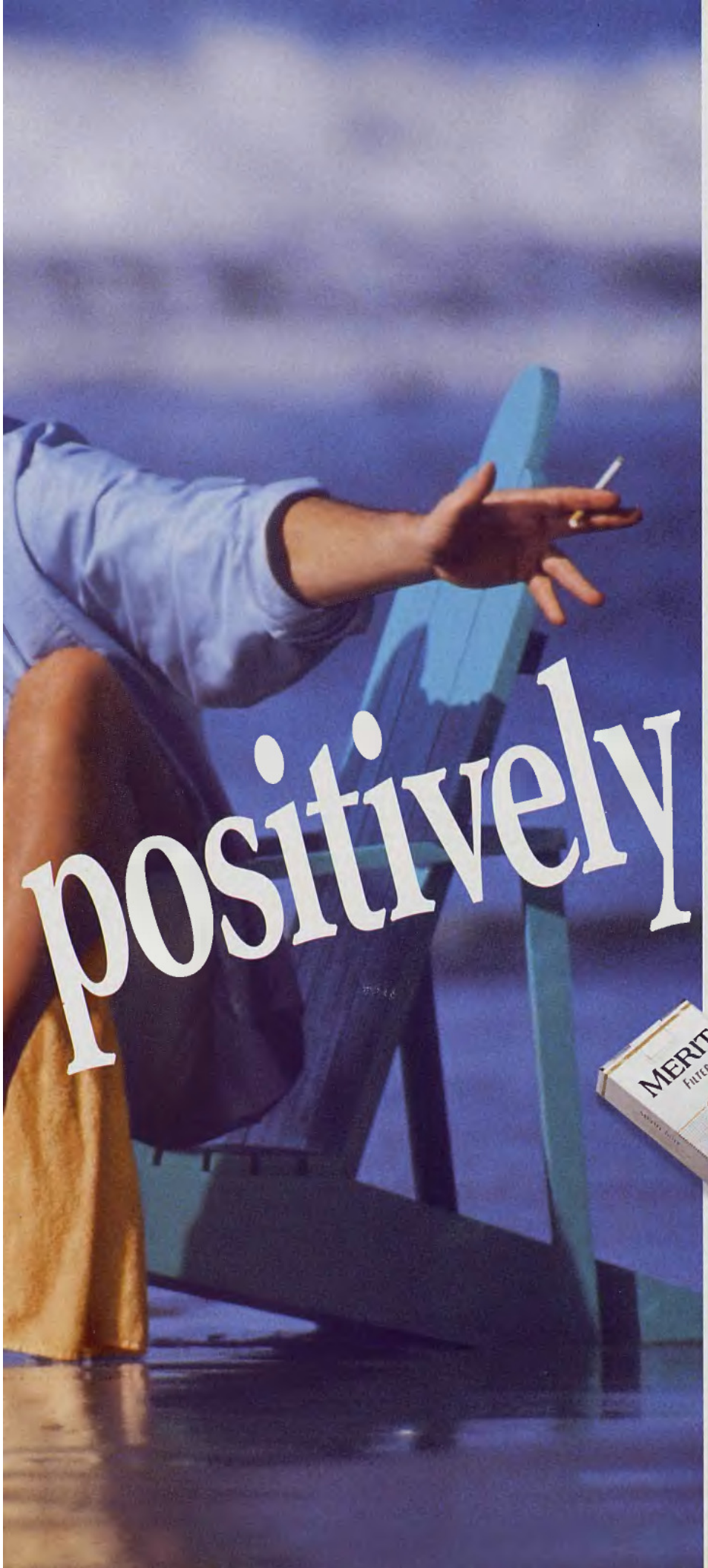

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my book was not on them. He also apparently talked to other best-selling writers to get their support.

PLAYBOY: Was King a friend?

RUSHDIE: I have never met him. But I certainly owe him one.

PLAYBOY: Amid your many supporters, there were also some surprising critics. How do you respond to them?

RUSHDIE: Whom are you referring to?

PLAYBOY: John le Carré, Roald Dahl, Germaine Greer.

RUSHDIE: That's quite a roll call, isn't it? If those people were all together in a room, I'd prefer to be in a different one, OK? But there were so many supporters. It's worth emphasizing that had it not been for their extraordinary campaign and support, I would very possibly not have found the strength to face this thing. People rose to the occasion in extraordinary ways. Some were my friends, but many were not. I didn't know Arthur Miller when he spoke up. I didn't know Don DeLillo. I didn't know Norman Mailer. Some of the ones who were old friends of mine, including Julian Barnes, did more for me personally than I can ever say. So had it not been for this army of people getting it right, I might be more upset about the small handful who got it wrong. It may be wrong to speak ill of the dead, but Roald Dahl, for one, was a bastard. He was a dreadful, horrible old man, a racist somewhere to the right of Hitler. The only thing worse than being attacked by Dahl would be to be his friend.

PLAYBOY: What about le Carré?

RUSHDIE: Somehow I wasn't upset about le Carré, and I think it's because he's not a writer I cared enough about. I have a terrible feeling he may have reacted the way he did because of a review I once wrote of one of his books—a bad review.

PLAYBOY: And Germaine Greer?

RUSHDIE: Well, Greer has made a lifetime habit of stabbing her friends in the back, so why would she stop now? She has since claimed to have been misquoted and misunderstood, but Germaine has spent her life claiming she was misquoted and misunderstood.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the attacks from the right-wing English press?

RUSHDIE: I must say I have been more surprised by the venom in the attacks against me from non-Islamic sources than from Islamic ones. Fanatics behave like fanatics; they are acting in character. But I never expected that other people, even those whose politics were unlike mine, would take this opportunity to kick so hard when I was down. It has been a harsh lesson. I used to get upset, but I learned to take them with a grain of salt. The fact is, despite this extraordinary vendetta, my detractors have failed to convince the British public that I am a bad fellow. Whenever I go anywhere, I am invariably recognized, and people are fantastically supportive.

PLAYBOY: One writer said that it's too bad you weren't a nice guy like John Updike. It would have been much easier to defend you.

RUSHDIE: But I am a nice guy like John Updike. It was just easier for some people to pretend that I was not. So there was an extraordinary attempt to destroy my character, and like all the other attempts, it didn't work.

PLAYBOY: Among the political leaders who criticized you was Jimmy Carter. Did that surprise you?

RUSHDIE: I was shocked about Carter. However, he's since sort of made an attempt to back off that stand. I know people who asked him about it. He told them that he's a little sheepish about what was said. I never saw the text, and there is a problem of reporting that gets skewered. In this case, I am disposed to let it slide.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that President Bush and his administration refused to meet with you or take a firm stand in your support?

RUSHDIE: Yes. I don't know why. Somebody suggested that it might have been because at that stage the Iranians knew where all the bodies were buried in the Iran-contra business. Maybe people didn't want to upset that too much.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect a change when Clinton became president?

RUSHDIE: There was a great change. However, it was disappointing that the Republicans viewed this through partisan eyes. Republicans as well as Democrats should be able to agree that we don't kill people because we don't like what they write.

PLAYBOY: How difficult was it to meet Clinton?

RUSHDIE: It took a lot of lobbying on the part of my supporters in America. John Major also helped pave the way. He believed it would be helpful if I could meet Clinton.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed when Clinton seemed to waffle in his support after the meeting, almost apologizing for it?

RUSHDIE: There was a kind of wobble, yes, but I have to say that the administration has remained very helpful. The meeting with Clinton was of enormous political consequence in Europe. It immediately unlocked all the gates to power here. Because of Clinton, seeing me stopped being uncool. Suddenly they were all queuing up to meet me—all the prime ministers and presidents. There has been a dramatic change in the position of the Iranians.

PLAYBOY: How has it changed?

RUSHDIE: In continuing conversations between the European Union and Iran, Iran keeps putting up straws in the wind. They have said the fatwa will not be carried out, though they refuse to put it in writing. But the tide has changed. They have woken up to the fact that they're broke, they have no friends in the world and they need help. This issue gets in their way wherever they go. Wherever they go for meetings, they spend two thirds of the time being asked about me. And it's a pain in the neck. So they want to end this crisis, but have so far refused to sign a formal agreement.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps they're just trying to get out of this quietly, while saving face.

RUSHDIE: But the European Union has said that a minimum requirement to end such a large crisis is a formal agreement. I agree, because assurances from Iran mean nothing. We need a document that they can be held accountable to, not something they can deny tomorrow. I have a feeling that we may be only two or three steps away from that. Meanwhile, the situation has changed. I've been much more open recently. I've deliberately tried to prove that the situation has changed by doing ordinary things such as book signings that are announced in advance.

PLAYBOY: There still has been heavy security at such events.

RUSHDIE: Not by the standards of what it was a year ago. Scotland Yard is still careful, because it has to be until it's actually settled. It is not only my safety that's an issue. If it were, I would dispense with the security precautions at this point. I am tired of being hemmed in. But Scotland Yard continues to respond to what it considers to be the worst possible case, even if the threat has lessened. And now that there have been a few successful events, its attitude has relaxed even more.

PLAYBOY: So you feel your campaign has been successful?

RUSHDIE: Successful, though if we get a deal with the Iranians tomorrow, I will not feel victorious. I have lost seven years of my life. I have lost the opportunity to share a lot of my son's childhood. I will never get that back. When most fathers were out in the park throwing a ball around with their children, I was not. That time is forever lost. So I won't feel victorious. I feel pleased to have been able to stand up for things I believe in. And I'm pleased this horrendous attack, which attempted to dictate what people can write and read, didn't work.

PLAYBOY: When you were in hiding, how long did it take to begin writing again?

RUSHDIE: I soon wrote a few book reviews as a way of showing that I'm still here, folks. Then I wrote *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* and then the book of short stories.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to begin writing again?

RUSHDIE: It was difficult to concentrate. There was also a great sadness in me because of what had happened to my book. I spent five years writing in the most serious way, and then had the book reduced to a series of slogans, insulted and vilified and reduced and burned. I felt, for a while, if this is what you get, it's not

worth it. Thank you very much, I'd rather be a plumber. Of course that was simply an expression of misery, nothing else. Eventually I realized that I have to write; it doesn't matter what people think or say.

PLAYBOY: Did you actually write *Haroun* for your son, Zafar?

RUSHDIE: It's true that I wrote it for him. But, in the end, if you're a writer, you have to find out what your own connection to material is, why you're interested in writing it. So it became for us both—to write again, for me, and to speak to him. There was virtually nothing I could do with him then, but at least I could tell him stories.

PLAYBOY: Was he brought to you in hiding?

RUSHDIE: He never was. We had to protect him from the knowledge of where I was.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you begin *The Moor's Last Sigh*?

RUSHDIE: Some aspects of it have been with me for a long time—the setting of Granada, for instance. Also, the character of Aurora, the mother, had gradually grown in my head. The idea of inventing a painter was interesting to me, partly because it has been done so rarely in literature. I came around to Aurora after becoming friendly with a whole bunch of contemporary Indian painters. In them, I found affinities to my own ideas and work. It became easy for me to imagine myself in the skin of such a painter.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that the central theme in the novel is love—getting it and, most of all, losing it?

RUSHDIE: Yes, love. The love of nation, love of parents, love of child, erotic love, romantic love. In fact, this is the first time I have ever actually written sex scenes. I've always been shy about them in the past.

PLAYBOY: Why have you been reluctant to write sex scenes?

RUSHDIE: I think it may have to do with some kind of cultural embarrassment. Sex was something done in private. I found that when I would get to a point in a novel where the next natural moment would be sex, I would tend to have a fade-out. It was rather like that wonderful scene in Woody Allen's movie *The Purple Rose of Cairo* where the romantic lead comes off the cinema screen and falls in love with Mia Farrow. They kiss and she wants to proceed, but he becomes increasingly confused. She asks, "What's the matter?" and he says, "There should be a fade-out now." He doesn't know what to do next; he's never had to do it. In the world of the films that he inhabits, there are no sex scenes, only fade-outs. I recognized that problem and I decided I would actually set out to overcome that inhibition, so there are lots of sex scenes.

PLAYBOY: Yet the sex in the book is still fairly oblique.

RUSHDIE: I wanted to find an interesting way to do it. I find most sex scenes very boring, whether in books or movies, because you know exactly what's going to happen. At least in cinema you can look at beautiful bodies. So here the challenge was to find an interesting way to write about sex. I deliberately wrote the first sex scene comically, about somebody who can't write a sex scene. He's inhibited when he is trying to describe his parents making love, as one might be. He gradually does work his way around to describing it, and so does his author, I guess. At recent appearances, I have read aloud the sequences in which Abraham and Aurora fall in love. I read the scene in which they have sex on the pepper sacks and arrive at church smelling of sex, scandalizing old ladies and perplexing and annoying the priest. I must say that it was a great pleasure to discover that people found it sexy and extremely erotic. Particularly women. To be able to speak to women about lust and sex in a way they find truthful at this moment in history—when the whole area of communication between the sexes is so fucked up—is a particular pleasure.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that love is the central issue in most people's lives?

RUSHDIE: Love and death. That's not an original thing to say, but yes. I'm enough of an old hippie really to believe that all you need is love. The central story of Aurora and Abraham in the book is a story of what happens when love dies. When it goes away it leaves this dreadful vortex.

PLAYBOY: Does it have to go away?

RUSHDIE: Passionate love, the sledgehammer love, isn't the one that usually lasts. Then, when it goes, one can be disoriented. That kind of love takes a lot of recovering from and it's easy to tumble out of control.

PLAYBOY: Did you find your marriage to be an object lesson?

RUSHDIE: Not necessarily my marriage—either marriage—but I have been through it. The most all-consuming love affair I ever had was not with a woman I've married. But like everyone else, I have had my experiences in love gone wrong. It would be very difficult to write about if I hadn't been through it.

PLAYBOY: Of all of those who have attacked you, it was your wife, who had initially gone into hiding with you, who became your most bitter critic. Why?

RUSHDIE: I think she had to invent me as a person worth leaving. Otherwise there would be a tendency to believe that she should have stood by her man in that old-fashioned way. She tried to create an image of me as being worthless, which then made it possible for her to leave with dignity.

PLAYBOY: Otherwise it would have seemed she was abandoning ship.

RUSHDIE: Yeah. There are a number of fictions about this period that I haven't talked about before now, but I think I just will say it. First of all, to be strictly accurate, she did not leave me. I asked her to leave. The reason I asked her to leave was that her behavior had become upsetting in ways I don't want to comment on. I preferred to be by myself, which is a mark of how upsetting it was. The idea that Marianne could not live with me because I was unable to live up to history is not true. I asked her to go away because I couldn't stand having her around. There was an enormous amount of

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dishonesty. There were actions that, in my view, were positively dangerous. So I ended the marriage. Since then she has attempted to construct the view that she decided to leave me, because no doubt it seems nobler. But the fact is that I discovered many things about her that were extraordinarily shocking and distasteful. I'm very glad to have seen the last of her. I feel foolish is all I can say. It is the problem of falling in love with the wrong person. Your friends tell you, but you don't see it until it is too late.

PLAYBOY: Did that experience disenchant you with love?

RUSHDIE: It certainly shook me. I don't deny it. There was so much dishonesty involved and I'm not a dishonest man.

PLAYBOY: You were in particularly bizarre circumstances to be single.

RUSHDIE: Yes. I remember going on *60 Minutes* shortly after my marriage broke up. Mike Wallace rather courageously asked me what I did for sex.

PLAYBOY: Well?

RUSHDIE: As I told him, I was rather glad to have a break, actually. He seemed shocked by that answer. But life goes on, and I am not afraid to tell you that my sex life since then has been fine.

PLAYBOY: How do you manage to date and have relationships?

RUSHDIE: Let's put it like this: People should not feel sorry for me.

PLAYBOY: There was a report that your friends were supplying you with women.

RUSHDIE: I sued when that was printed. The paper that printed it had to pay and I gave the money to a free-speech organization. It's ludicrous, this idea that my friends were running some kind of pimping service.

PLAYBOY: In your book, the character Aurora needs to express on canvas everything in her life. Is that how you use writing?

RUSHDIE: It's inevitably the case that when a writer creates another creative artist, something of the writer seeps into that creation. Why do it, otherwise? But I also hope she's more than just a writer in disguise—what Tom Wolfe called a painted word. I hope she's not just a series of painted words, because I was genuinely interested in the kind of painter she was. By the time I came to write the book, I actually knew her pictures very well—I had a clear sense of what they looked like. I just can't paint them.

PLAYBOY: How religious was your family?

RUSHDIE: Not very. I was brought up more or less without God. Although we were Muslim, religion was worn very lightly. I think my father would take me to the mosque twice a year, the equivalent of going to church at Christmas. We did not eat the flesh of swine, but that was about it.

PLAYBOY: The religious people in your books are not very admirable. Conversely, secularists are generally the more moral. Is that your view?

RUSHDIE: It is. I object particularly to fundamentalism, whether it's Hindu, Muslim or Christian. It's completely barren on any intellectual level. Fundamentalism purports to defend culture, but it doesn't know about the culture that it's defending. If religion is supposed to be a repository of a certain kind of truth, fundamentalism seems to me to be a denial of the truth. It is about the creation of falsehoods and goes after the worst sides of people. I'm alarmed by what's happening wherever fundamentalists rise—such as the rise of the American religious right. It is at least as dangerous as anything happening in the Third World—with more weapons, probably. I don't think Americans can afford any longer to see this as something happening to other people. It's important to understand that fundamentalism does not even pretend to be a religious movement. It is a political movement. It's about power. So watch out.

PLAYBOY: Do you view all religion as dangerous, even the less extremist forms?

RUSHDIE: No. I'm perfectly able to see the ability of religious systems to provide identity, a sense of community and belonging, a sense of hope and comfort and even a kind of moral structure in people's lives. But these past years I've been given an object lesson in the ability of religion to do some other things, which are not so likable. I've experienced the capacity of religion to do harm. So while I am completely fascinated, even mesmerized by the history of religion and religious myths, I can't stand the system of rules. This inevitably filters into my books, though I have never seen myself as a religious novelist. There are others for whom religion is the central issue. I am instead a writer of memories, a playful writer, a writer who tries to look at history, a writer with some kind of central linguistic ambition. And I see myself as one who wrestles with his times and tries to make sense of them. Even *The Satanic Verses* isn't a novel about religion, but about migration.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about being sent to England at the age of 14? You've said it was the first time you were aware of being Indian.

RUSHDIE: Yes. Before that, speaking English and knowing the culture quite well, I never expected to feel foreign in England. When I arrived, however, I couldn't quite work out why I was meant to feel foreign. There was racism from some of the boys, though not from the staff at the school. I had three things against me, as far as the students were concerned: I was foreign, intelligent and bad at games. It was a triple whammy.

PLAYBOY: Did you know you wanted to be a writer by then?

RUSHDIE: I knew I wanted to write when I was very young.

PLAYBOY: After college, while writing your first novels, you worked as an ad copywriter. What were some of your advertisements?

RUSHDIE: The slogan that people hang most around my neck is one used for cream cakes: naughty but nice. There was also a campaign for a chocolate bar called Aero, which is full of bubbles, for which I invented a whole series of bubble words: Adorabubble, delectabubble, incredibubble, etc.

PLAYBOY: From the outset, did you plan to write political novels?

RUSHDIE: Only indirectly. The thing that made me a writer was the fact that I came from over there—that is, India—and I ended up over here, in England, and I had to make sense of that. I had a bundle of stories I brought with me, my literary baggage, and I wanted to tell those stories, and have those stories lead to other stories. Part of the stories is the way history and people's lives rub up together. We find ourselves in a position in which public life often determines our fates in ways that have nothing to do with what sort of people we are. Economics is destiny, politics is destiny, terrorism is destiny.

PLAYBOY: What's it like to write about India from exile?

RUSHDIE: There's no doubt that one of the great losses in my life was having to stay away. It's the only passage of seven years in my life in which I have not been in India. It feels like losing a limb. So writing the new book was a journey home, the only way of going. Writing from exile is emotionally charged, however. I was conscious of the trap, which is sentimentalization on the one hand, or exaggeration on the other. I was desperately anxious not to commit those crimes. The consequence of being removed from India allowed or released in me the flood of feelings that shapes this novel. There is also a sense of personal loss. And sadness, which I think is a constant of what happened.

PLAYBOY: Is it just too dangerous for you to travel to India?

RUSHDIE: India is not Iran. It's not a fundamentalist country. I'm quite popular in India. If I just turned up in Bombay, more people would be pleased than not pleased. The reason I haven't been back has to do with my worries about being politically exploited. There are a small number of Muslim politicians who might see it as a way to get some more mileage out of the situation. Frankly, speaking as a political football, I've been kicked around enough. I just couldn't bear going there and suddenly encountering a new round of demonstrations, etc. Any Indian politician can create a demonstration on the street in five minutes.

PLAYBOY: Are you convinced they would?

RUSHDIE: They would. Perhaps when the dust settles after the election year, we'll see. I feel quite optimistic about going back to India.

PLAYBOY: But not to Iran, we imagine.

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RUSHDIE: I've been to Iran. I don't need to go again.

PLAYBOY: Did you find it difficult to write about modern India while being away?

RUSHDIE: I carry India around with me. I can't escape India. I know how people think and talk and feel. If I read in the newspaper about a political event, I know how people will react. I know how all different classes of the country, all different communities, will react. In that sense I don't feel disconnected, because I can immediately play the scenario in my head. At least so far I've felt that.

PLAYBOY: Are you optimistic about the current state of India?

RUSHDIE: There were three pillars of independent India. The first was democracy—the commitment to a democratic political system despite the incredible difficulties of having a democracy in a country of that size. The second was the protectionist economy—the government nationalizing everything in sight and putting up tariff barriers against the imported rival goods, and so on. The third pillar was secularism, which grew out of the great violence of the partition period. It was quite clear to the founding generation of politicians that, in order to prevent a repetition of the violence, it was important to separate church and state so that no religion, no matter how numerically superior it might be, could have a constitutional advantage over others. Broadly speaking, that is the India that people of my generation, the generation of independence, were sold. We grew up buying that India and liking it and feeling its air free to breathe. But now I feel that all those pillars are tottering. The secularist principle is being strongly opposed by increasingly powerful political parties that talk about rewriting the constitution. The second pillar is gone—the socialist-protectionist economic pillar has been replaced by a free-market economy, which is transporting India at a most extraordinary speed. Now the pillar of democracy itself has been shaken. There has been an arrival of political leaders who overtly act democratic but who set themselves up as more or less absolute fascistic leaders in their states. People are disillusioned with public life. This has become so extreme that there seems to be an appeal of more authoritarian forms of leadership, which seem to promise more discipline, less crookery and so on. So this is the historical climate that has replaced the India I grew up in. Let's say I'm worried.

PLAYBOY: Is your latest book banned in India?

RUSHDIE: What has happened is something more Indian than a straightforward ban. A couple of members of the right in Bombay got annoyed on behalf of Bal Thackeray, the leader of the Shiv Sena Party. He himself hasn't uttered a word other than to allege that he has not read it. As a result of it all, however, some parts of customs apparently have imposed a block on importing further copies. They say they're doing this because a ban is being considered, though they don't say by whom. When they're asked why it's under consideration, they don't answer the letters. At the moment this is an informal stoppage, which is not being called a ban. This is the Indian technique, to wrap things up in red tape. But we are cutting through this. The Indian publishers, along with the booksellers' association, have taken the government to court. The government must show cause why it is doing this. If it cannot, and the general view is that it cannot, it will have to lift the blockade. India is still enough of a free society that it has an independent judiciary that is impatient with government bans on novels. Especially when the only reason for the blockade is that an opposition politician doesn't like it.

PLAYBOY: You were, of course, satirizing Thackeray, right?

RUSHDIE: If you are going to write about a Bombay-based Hindu extremist party, then inevitably the Shiv Sena comes to mind, and Thackeray is the leader of that party, so obviously the character in the book has something to do with Thackeray. But it's not all Thackeray. Another model for the character was Russia's Vladimir Zhirinovsky. If I had wanted to write about Thackeray specifically, I would have included him in the book. In *Midnight's Children*, when I wanted to criticize some deeds of Indira Gandhi's, I introduced a character called Indira Gandhi in the book.

PLAYBOY: And, indeed, Gandhi sued you for it.

RUSHDIE: Yes. There was one sentence in the book where I repeated something that was often repeated about her: that she was responsible for her father's death. She sued about that sentence. But then she died and the suit became moot.

PLAYBOY: In *Moor's*, you have Aurora, though she loathes Indira Gandhi, very upset when she died.

RUSHDIE: I was upset. Since the emergency I was a strong opponent of Mrs. Gandhi, but on the day she was shot, I was bereft. It was such a hideous thing to have happened. In a piece I wrote about it, I said that everybody who loved India would be in mourning that day. And Mrs. Gandhi was a remarkable individual with great personal charm, great political and personal courage. It so happened that she went down a political road that I objected to. Like Margaret Thatcher—I've been a lifelong political opponent of hers in a passionate way, but that doesn't mean that I can't respect her. And, clearly, no matter how you feel about someone's politics, you must be horrified in the face of an assassination.

PLAYBOY: How were you affected when you heard about the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin?

RUSHDIE: It reminded me of what my parents had told me about learning the news of the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. At the time there was a very heightened tension between Hindu and Muslim communities in India. They said that the instant fear was learning the name of the assassin. By learning the name, you would know which community the person came from. They would know if it were a Muslim name. If it were, the consequences would be absolutely horrible. So they went home and locked the doors and waited. And when the name of the killer was released, and it was a Hindu name, their first reaction was a sense of relief. It didn't lessen their sense of the tragedy, but they were relieved that it wasn't a Muslim. Similarly, when I heard that Rabin had been shot, as horrified as I was, my first thought was, What's the name of the killer? Had it been an Arab name, goodness knows what would have happened. When we heard it was a Jewish name, that, of course, unleashed another kind of horror. But I can't deny that my first reaction was relief, because it would have harmed the peace process immeasurably if the murderer had been an Arab.

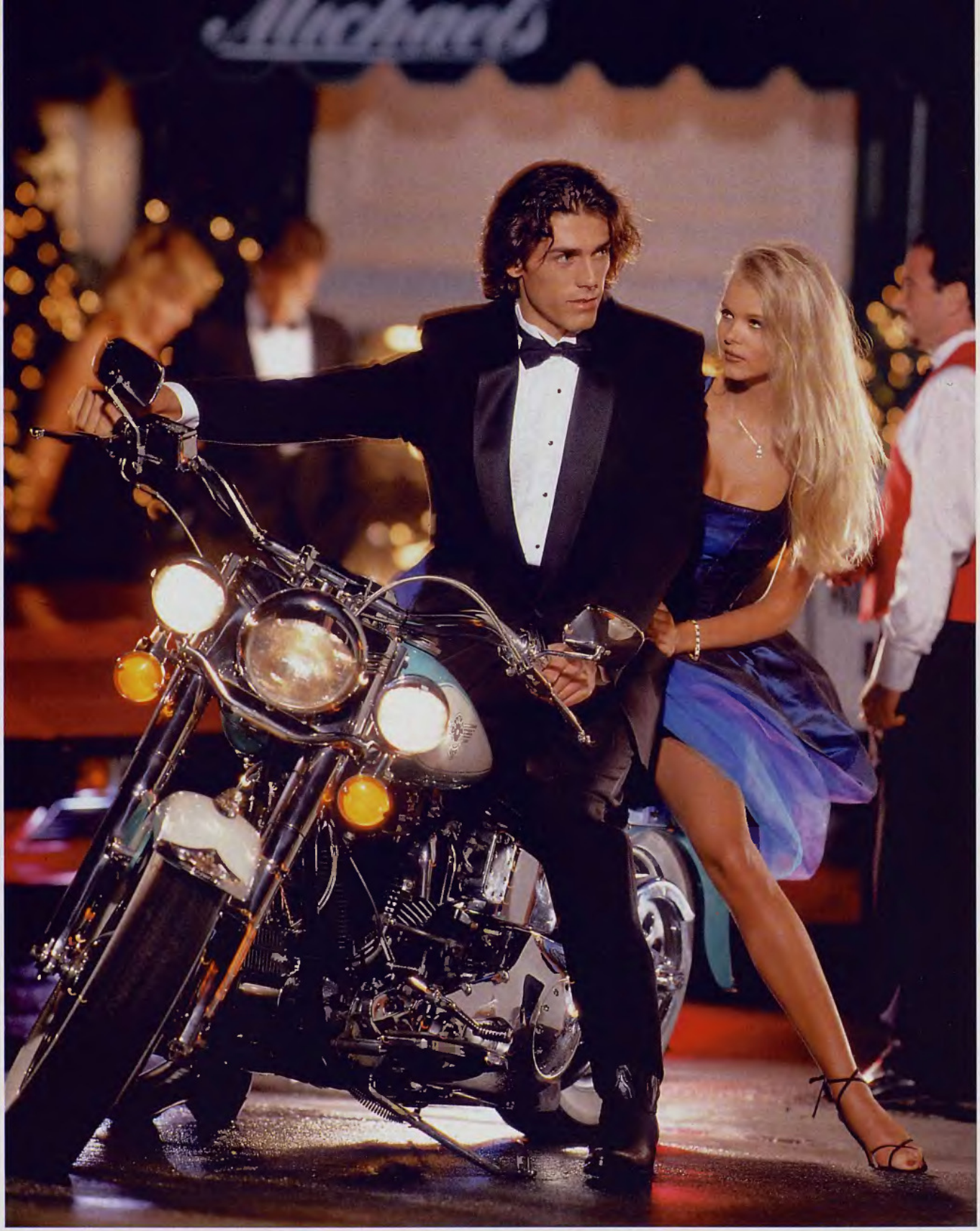
PLAYBOY: How do you feel about having become a symbol of freedom of speech?

RUSHDIE: I have no interest in being a symbol. I want to be a writer, and that's all. I do want to be a good writer and one who engages in public themes, as well as private ones. I wanted to have my say—to be part of that conversation. But I didn't want to become some kind of statue.

PLAYBOY: But isn't there, in your work, an intent to stir up trouble, to incite?

RUSHDIE: It depends on what you mean. I think all good art is provocative. I don't particularly like the idea of demonstrations in foreign cities—that wasn't something I wanted—but I do want art to stir you up, to make you think and feel. I think the reason for being a creative artist of any sort is that you want to be a part of the conversation: I see this. What do you think? Here's how I feel. Do you feel it? That's what the work of art does to you. If it doesn't, it's inert. If it does, it's provocative. Certainly I would hope that everything I wrote provoked people. But that doesn't mean provoke them to anger or violence. It can mean provoke their sense of duty or their sense of horror or their sense of justice or injustice or their sense of humor. It's true that I have a fairly emphatic view of the world and I express it. Inevitably it means a lot of people don't like it. That just comes with the territory. *Midnight's Children* was written in the aftermath of the Bangladesh war, in which mass genocide was committed by the Pakistani army. Immediately afterward, everybody denied the genocide had

(concluded on page 165)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He knows how to make an entrance, and which new club is worth the show. For him, transport is the best part of transportation, and nothing goes better with a tux than a bike. One of every nine PLAYBOY readers owns a motorcycle. All told, PLAYBOY readers own more than 2.6 million cycles, sports coupes and convertibles—the stuff that sizzles on America's highways. That's why he reads PLAYBOY. Month after month, it's the magazine that sizzles. (Source: Fall 1995 MRI.)

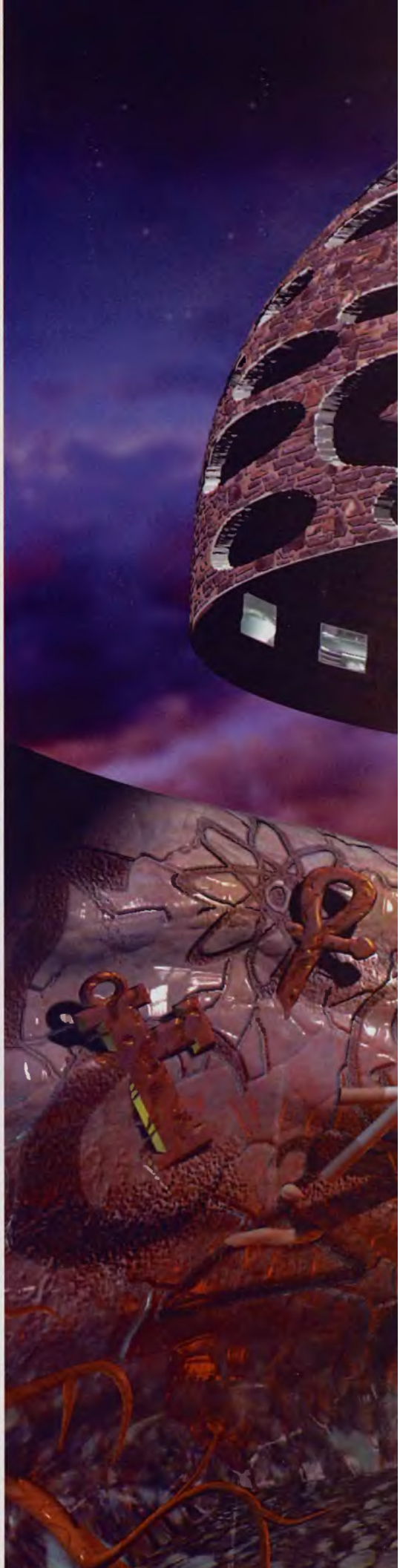
TODAY WE ARE bombarded by newness. The new movie. The new star. The new show on the new network. The new song by the new group. The new style by the new designer as worn by the new supermodel. The latest development. The latest craze. The hot restaurant, the hot car, the hot computer. The new lingo. The news. Newt. So rapidly and irrepressibly do phenomena appear that they compete for attention in our poor minds. New science has even come up with the field of memetics to study how cultural ideas—memes—rip like viruses through the media and into our consciousness.

Memetics. The hot new science. For now, anyway. While it may be advantageous to be a certified memetician (memeticist? memetier?), when it comes to predicting new trends and figuring out the meanings beneath their meanings, it's probably enough to be mere magazine writers and editors, like us. After all, we know predicting is hot. We have been sitting on a vaultful of new stuff for years and have waited for just the right moment to let you in on what you'll be talking about for the next few months. We hope it will be enough to prevent you from being the guy who smacks his forehead and shrieks, "Why didn't I know about that?" the first time he sees something like no-lick stamps.

Let's begin with an eternal verity: The best hot new thing you can be is old. Not old like Senator Strom Thurmond (ancient, bordering on decrepit), nor old the way mattresses or screen doors are old (once hot new inventions, now routine), but old in the sense of being so old that you can be rediscovered—in other words, retro. This explains why the hot new star is John Travolta and the hot new band is the Beatles and

WHAT'S NEW

RETRO THIS AND POST THAT. THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE COULD SURPRISE YOU



BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION BY JIM LUDTKE

the hot new action hero is James Bond and the hot new look is from the Sixties. Not surprisingly, then, the hot new subjects for cinematic auteurs to capture on film are Richard Nixon (Oliver Stone) and Jack Kerouac (Francis Coppola). Even though some owners in the NFL think the hot new move is to put a team in a weird midsize city (Jacksonville, Charlotte, Nashville), the point spread favors retro. The real hot new move is to head for an old NFL city (Oakland, Baltimore, St. Louis and, before long, Los Angeles). Retro also explains why the hot new peace dividend (freedom) in eastern Europe is allowing voters in fledgling democracies to elect ex-Communists. Finally, it prepares us for our own political parties' hot new approaches to government—Clinton's Great Society Lite versus Gingrich's Ike Plus! By the way, retro can happen only to people or things worthy of rediscovery. When they aren't worthy but get rediscovered anyway, we call them camp. Or gasoline crises.

Closer to home, the hot new gender to be is male. This has been true before (see *History of the World, Most of*), though during the past few years Hillary Clinton and lipstick lesbians sent the title the other way. Despite the mixed blessings inherent in the crown, old-fashioned patriarchy (the hot new fundamentalist practice) is on a roll. Louis Farrakhan didn't invite women to the Million Man March, the Promise Keepers don't invite women to their rallies and the Pope still says women can't be priests. Traditional Republican men such as Bob Dole say their wives won't have much desk space in the Oval Office. Traditional Republican women such as Congresswoman Enid Waldholz even let their husbands handle their finances—and all the right-brained, manly manipulations thereof. It's getting to the point that being an old throwback is so in, the sensitive New Age man is the butt of ridicule. ("I love you, man" from the Bud Light ad, 1995's hot new commercial tag line, is the one to beat in 1996.)

Being a guy is good, being an old-fashioned guy is better, but being a big old-fashioned guy may be best of all. Big guys are finding it easier to drive. They are buying up the Humvee, the hot new military-vehicle-turned-suburban-runabout. It's easier for big guys to eat hearty—not only is beef back, wild game is the hot new entree. (Chicago, apparently, is nutty about ostrich—the sandwich, not the shoe.) It's easier to dress. Big and tall, now at ten percent of the menswear market and growing, is the hot new size. But, then, everybody is finding it easier to dress. Casual Friday has caught on, and dressing down every day is the hot new fashion statement. (Given that a lot of companies will always be unenthusiastic about jeans, the future appears to belong to Dockers men.)

Being big and tall could explain how big and tall Michael Eisner and (just) tall Ted Turner have come out so well in the media merger game (the hot new corporate pastime), while the rather smaller Larry Tisch has not.

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Undoubtedly, the inexorable sales of Humvees—along with Explorers and Jeep Cherokees—are part of something larger. Owned by suburbanites who seldom drive them to places more treacherous than the pitted parking lot of a Wal-Mart, Range Rovers and such belong to the same trend that has leggy models wearing Doc Martens to fashionable restaurants and soft-bellied attorneys sporting Timberlands to rake leaves. They all share the hot new perception that life is hard and dangerous and that we ought to prepare ourselves for a difficult and perilous journey. If we can't do it by girding our loins like ancient Israelites, then at least we should get ourselves a roomy four-wheel-drive vehicle and a canvas vest with lots of pockets for such important survival tools as grocery coupons and credit cards. Of course, life isn't getting physically harder, just psychologically harder. Owning a lot of rugged gear won't help many people—except, perhaps, those who relieve their stress by shopping.

That means all this stress must find other ways to manifest itself. Often it ends up producing the hot new emotion, which now is anger. It's everywhere: in Internet flaming, in the Michigan Militia, in the inner city, in post-O.J. hostility, in the Oklahoma City bombing, in European soccer–style brawls in American sports, in the Marlin Fitzwater–Mike Wallace snarlfest in the greenroom of *Politically Incorrect*, in Roseanne telling *The New Yorker*: "I think more women should be more violent, kill more of their husbands," in Gordon Liddy saying, "Head shots. Head shots." Even though Roseanne and Liddy are not the hot new avatars of nuttiness—unlike challengers Courtney Love and Pat Buchanan, they are longtime, consistent performers—we are reaching new and increasingly unhealthy depths. During last fall's government shutdown, one congressman walked into the members-only cafeteria on Capitol Hill and, for the first time in his career, saw Democrats sitting only with Democrats and Republicans only with Republicans.

In at least one respect, all this anger is a good thing, because anger that isn't expressed turns into depression. When people are depressed, they are either withdrawn, uncommunicative and abusive or they participate in the hot new baby-boomer trend of dysfunctionality. Like anger, which has its own economy built on class-action lawsuits, dysfunction is big business. Consider the market for new, better antidepressants (watch out, Prozac, here comes Zoloft), the big bucks for tell-all memoirs about crazy families (*Quivers: A Life*, by Robin Quivers, and *The Liar's Club*, by Mary Karr) and the high ratings for talk shows.

Unfortunately, people are angry and depressed about something a fractured Washington and a little blue pill can do nothing about: their future prospects, which have become the hot new subject over which to develop anxiety. Today, with the rich at work to build their self-esteem, with the nouveau riche at work because they aren't good at anything else, with everyone else at work to keep the wolf away from the door and with downsizing the current corporate religion, employment prospects are growing scarce. This means that the hot new status symbol of now and the future is not a Lexus or a Rolex. It's just a good job.

Anyone involved with professional athletics ought to pay particular attention to indulging in their anxieties about future prospects. The people in pro sports, owners as well as players, are swiftly becoming the hot new victims of their own successes—replacing the most recent titleholder, Mike Milken. There's no need to go into their innumerable self-inflicted wounds, but to those who argue that the popularity of sports is just too ingrained to go away, consider this: People once went to church every Sunday. They once went to the theater a lot. Boxing was once big. The speaker of the house was a Democrat. Disco ruled the airwaves. Things change. Things go away.

Of course, they can always come back. Moving on to another capital of memetic America, Hollywood, the hot new concept is regurgitation (retro of a particularly pernicious strain—call it Ebola retro). Deciding that previous visits to atomic-era television worked well (*The Addams Family*), or at least well enough (*The Brady Bunch*), studio executives are poised to release *Mission: Impossible*, *Flipper*, *The Saint*, *Flash Gordon* (again), *Sergeant Bilko*, *McHale's Navy* and *The Love Boat*. Underlying these releases is Hollywood's hot new motivation, which is actually the same as Hollywood's old motivation, namely, fear. The marketeers who run the studios get nervous when confronted with

"I'm on a quest of sorts. I'm looking to get laid!"

anything they don't know how to advertise. They save their enthusiasm for sequels or remakes or big-screen versions of anything that comes ABE—Already Been Enjoyed. This is true of Highbrow Hollywood as well. One of the most anticipated movies is a remake of Nabokov's *Lolita*. Then there are the new version of *Othello* (or *O.J.: The Prequel*, as it's known), a new version of *Hamlet* and two new versions of *Richard III*. The Bard notwithstanding, the hot new writer is the author of *Sense and Sensibility*, *Persuasion* and *Emma* (the inspiration for *Clueless*), Jane Austen. (There are so many classy costume productions, they have spawned their own hot new lingo. For example, Kate Winslet, the hot new actress who stars in *Sense and Sensibility* and *Hamlet*, is described as a Period Babe.)

The current situation is dramatically different from the way Hollywood functioned during the Seventies, when bold and intelligent movies such as *The Godfather*, *Nashville* and *Taxi Driver* led people to call movies the hot new art form. Today, the hot new art form is television. (Unless you happen to be Damien Hirst, the controversial Brit artist whose work includes animals split by a chain saw and a sheep immersed in formaldehyde. In that case, your hot new art form may be goat.) *The Larry Sanders Show* and *Seinfeld* are routinely funnier and more sophisticated than any screen comedy. Shows such as *E.R.*, *NYPD Blue* and *Homicide* are causing critics to say that TV has replaced the novel as middlebrow entertainment.

It may not last long. Some of us whose art once involved sitting in front of a television are answering a higher calling by riding the Internet. The Internet, as most primates now know, is really the hot new way to do everything. The decision by Associated Press to distribute stories over the Net has made it the hot new way to get news. NBC Desktop is the hot new way to get financial information. Cyberbrothel experiments involving Brandy's Babes and NetMate (also called ScrewU–ScrewMe, thanks to CU–SeeMe two-way software) have made it the hot new way to have sex and have ensured that at least some of us will greet the new millennium by masturbating. (Oh, all right, there's no point in denying it—all of us will greet the millennium by masturbating.) With video compression that makes CD-ROMs more like TV and with the arrival of Java, the new World Wide Web software that will replace current versions of HTML, the hot new future is here.

So much so that we have a hot new disorder. Virtual reality is still only virtual, but people who insist on wearing VR goggles are getting real headaches and blurred vision, a condition doctors call binocular dysphoria. Hurry—there still may be time to be the first kid on the block to catch it.

By the way, we certainly don't mean to give short shrift to masturbation, which even outside cyberbrothels is staking a respectable claim as the hot new way to have safe sex. It's also, for nearly anyone out of puberty, an amusingly retro way to have sex. Around the country, aficionados of the swingers network are singing the praises of masturbation parties to attract new, clean blood, while in New York, businessmen seem to have acquired a taste for Korean massage parlors. (The harried executive can get a relaxing back rub and hand job while waiting for his new Big and Tall suit to be cleaned and pressed.) Meanwhile, fetishists are flourishing, thanks—again—to the Internet (the hot new home of the fetishistic). Whereas once they might have dwelt in loneliness and fear, S&M devotees, foot worshipers, amputee buffs and other enthusiasts of the esoteric now find one another online, where they exchange equipment and techniques and organize support groups and bake sales and defense funds and God knows what else. (Just so you know, the hot old ways of having sex continue to have their adherents.)

One offshoot of the cyberrevolution (or perhaps just an offshoot of the Sandra Bullock revolution) is that the hot new property for nearly anything to have is speed. Souped-up computers were just the beginning; then came Rollerblades, longer tennis rackets that add zip to serves, the Republican mania for cutting red tape, higher speed limits and the continuing rise in the popularity of Dale Earnhardt.

There are plenty of other ways to partake in the 21st century. You could go to Saigon, a very retro town—so retro, it's once again being called Ho City (with good reason). It's rapidly replacing Prague as the hot new Goa, which, you'll certainly recall, was for a long time the hot new place for disaffected Gen X–patriates to live a sybaritic, bohemian and somehow more authentic existence than was otherwise possible. If you can't get it together to go to Saigon, wait awhile and take a shorter trip to Havana. One day Fidel (essay question: When Castro is rediscovered, will he be retro or camp, and why?) will no longer reign. An explosion of freedom, joy, avarice and greed will fuel an unimaginable number of enterprises. And if you can't get to Cuba, go to Los Angeles, where earthquakes, fires, mudslides, gang wars and riots have turned the old utopia into the hot new dystopia.

If you can't go anywhere, stay home and work on developing a hot new lifestyle. Get rid of your glasses. The hot new elective surgery is about to be photorefractive keratotomy, which is laser surgery to correct nearsightedness. More and more doctors are being trained in the technique. Laser manufacturers have planned a market blitz, and they project that 500,000 people will opt for this surgery in 1996. Soon glasses will become a thing of the past. Or, from time to time, merely the hot new fashion accessory.

Or take up gardening, which is the hot new hobby. Even urbanites whose gardens are limited to fire escapes and roofs are getting green. If you have a yard, play croquet, which is the hot new weekend lawn diversion.

Or go to the hot new beverage bars and drink the hot new liquids—tea and water. This may sound blasphemous, but there's only so much Starbucks you can consume.

Or maybe there's not. Maybe you can drink the same thing in the same joint for years, wear the same clothes, listen to the same music, drive the same car, live in the same place, work at the same job, believe in the same God, date the same person and let the same people call you Dad. People will admire you for your consistency. They'll say, "Hey, there's a guy who really knows who he is." Then, when you die, they'll plant you and you'll stay in the same box in the same damn plot for eternity.

Wait—there's hope. Put some money into the hot new franchise chain, which, as hard as it is for some New Yorkers to believe, is bagels. Fat-free, low-cal and limitless in their variety, bagels are the food of the future and taste much better than soylent green. Or you could start munching tomatoes, the hot new health food blessed with such miraculous properties that eating up to ten a week is supposed to ward off prostate cancer. Or get into the hot new racket, telenetting, by which you make a long-distance digital phone call by modem for the price of a call to a local network. Or watch *Hercules*, the hot new so-bad-it's-great TV show. Or listen to a pirate radio station (the hot new illicit pleasure) or swing music (the hot new revived genre taking over one night a week at Los Angeles' Viper Room). Or you could become an extropian and learn to believe that technology will relieve us of all our troubles (the hot new delusion), or have a kid and name him Baxter or her Mathilda or some other uncommon and sort of weird name (the hot new inside joke), or have a conversation about the hot new subject:

The weather. And how crazy it is.

TAMMI AND THE BACHELOR

what's a nice girl to do when her grammer's just so bad?

AS ANYONE who taps into the Hollywood gossip pipeline can tell you, Kelsey Grammer isn't exactly the sweet, dweebish shrink he plays on TV. In fact, according to those who spend their time trailing the Emmy-winning actor off the set of his hit show *Frasier*, Grammer's a walking soap opera—primarily in the romance department. If we're to believe the tabloids—and, hey, who doesn't?—Grammer's love life has been a string of disasters that has included a first wife who scooped up their infant daughter and jetted off to the Bahamas with another man, a jealous actress he dropped, an ex-skater who lost his best friend (a dog named Goose) and an ex-stripper whom he married—a woman, he says, who made his life hell.

Did such a parade turn Grammer off women for life? Hardly. It's 1993—and enter Tammi Alexander, a corn-fed Kansas beauty who had arrived in California from Las Vegas to try her luck as a model. The fated couple reportedly first locked eyes when Tammi (fresh from a spirituality seminar) breezed into Harry O's of Los Angeles, where Grammer was drowning his marital sorrows. Tammi was friendly, pretty and sexy, so Grammer invited her to a barbecue

Kelsey Grammer had two reasons to smile at last September's Emmy awards (above): The complicated-but-lovable TV shrink not only took home the coveted statuette but also had Tammi to warm up his nights. At right: Tammi in 1990—then known as Tammi Baliszewski—during quieter, pre-Grammer days.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

at his Valley digs the next evening ("I was thinking that he was my destiny," Tammi said). A romantic Mexican getaway soon followed. In February 1994 Grammer proposed, first on bended knee (in his limousine, no less), then before *Frasier*'s studio audience a week later. Tammi melted, the wedding was planned, Grammer copped the Emmy for best actor in a comedy and everything was A-OK.

Fast-forward through almost two years of engagement. *Star*ry eyes eventually spied Grammer making a spectacle (though not quite a Hugh Grant) of himself with a "gorgeous babe" at a Virgin Records bash. After two nights of carousing, reported the tabloid, Grammer confessed to Tammi that most celebrities take mistresses because their jobs are so stressful. "I'm too young to be married," he reportedly told her. "Too young at heart." Tammi drew the line and packed her bags. Grammer called this "a difficult period" on Leno. The next night, a close friend of Tammi's told the tabloids, Grammer "came crawling back on his hands and knees," sobbing at Tammi's door. She softened, and roughly 24 hours later the pair officially reunited—on *Oprah*. So how's the combustible couple now? One can never be sure. But odds are, they're far from finished.

It's been a wild engagement for Tammi (pictured here in a 1990 Playmate test). Although Grammer wanted to make Tammi his "New Year's bride," she gave him back the two-carat diamond when he reportedly told her that "marriage is the kiss of death." Tammi sized up the potentially calamitous pairing simply: "He wanted a license to cheat," she raged, according to the *Star*. "He's got some nerve."

INSIDE

What goes on during a holy war for the Republican nomination?

BUCHANAN'S

Our writer sneaks behind enemy lines to spy on Pat's foot soldiers

BUNKER

article by JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Manchester, New Hampshire is a scrapper's town where survivors outnumber victors a dozen to one. The textile tycoons left here for cheaper hands south of the border. One of the world's largest shoe manufacturing operations is now a brick dinosaur. The out-of-luck and out-of-work sip coffee in Dunkin' Donuts, which locals call Drunken Grown-ups. There isn't a lot to smile about in Manchester, where the icy wind blows through sweaters and parkas, oak leaves zip by and the city tax collector auctions another foreclosed office building.

This is Pat Buchanan country. It was here, in 1992, that Buchanan vaulted the fence dividing political commentators and presidential candidates. Buchanan leaped into the campaign and immediately violated the Republican Party's Eleventh Commandment: Thou shall not speak ill of fellow Republicans. Later, with his acclaimed speech at the Republican convention in Houston, Buchanan helped elevate Bill Clinton to the White House. In that speech Buchanan said, "There's a religious war going on in this country, a cultural war as critical to the kind of nation we shall be as the Cold War itself, for this war is for the soul of America." According to pollsters, thousands of voters abandoned the Republicans after that speech. Party leaders were widely criticized for allowing such divisive rhetoric. So when Buchanan announced his second presidential run in March 1995, the party elders recognized the danger in their midst. Warning signals echoed throughout the Republican Party: How powerful is Pat? Who are these voters flocking to his America First campaign?

I wondered myself, and I figured there was one sure way to find out: I could join his campaign. I figured that if Buchanan can disguise himself as a friend of working-class America, then I could disguise myself as an angry white man who was out of work and eager to fight back.

I was born in Manchester and was keen to go back home—and back in time. So in late October I returned to this nondescript state where every four years, the nation inexplicably leases its political future.

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I laugh at the license plates with the state motto: LIVE FREE OR DIE. The plates are made by prisoners. Immediately I find the cheapest barber in town and shear off my curls, leaving only a Marine regulation flattop. Now Buchanan is the longhair. I buy a bronze Liberty Bell belt buckle the size of a baseball that shouts: AMERICA: LET FREEDOM RING IN. The silver-plated Winchester tie clip balances nicely with my conservative clothes. Carrying a copy of *National Review*, I set off for the campaign headquarters, where I spot an old Dodge Dart with the sticker I ♥ ASSAULT WEAPONS.

Things don't look so good at the Buchanan campaign office. Pumpkins and hay bales are rotting, cold pizza sits in the refrigerator and a new volunteer is puking in the bathroom. Apparently he ate an old pizza without asking how long it had sat abandoned. Phone lines hang from the ceiling like spaghetti. On a wall is the campaign motto: THE SECOND WINNER IS THE FIRST LOSER. Despite the cheesy, low-rent tint—or perhaps because of this vaunted underdog status—the campaign office buzzes with enthusiasm. This week's *Time* magazine cover, featuring Buchanan's mug, is everywhere. The cover line reads: HELL-RAISER: A HUEY LONG FOR THE NINETIES, PAT BUCHANAN WIELDS THE MOST

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

LETHAL WEAPON IN CAMPAIGN '96: SCAPEGOAT POLITICS.

"Have you got any bumper stickers? I need one for my car," I ask the suited gentleman who walks over to greet me.

"Sure," says Peter Robbio, Buchanan's point man for the New Hampshire primary. "How many do you need?"

"Oh, you have position papers, too." I talk a little too loud and too enthusiastically, hoping to be noticed. "I'd like to volunteer. I have a few free hours if you have any extra work."

"Sure, there's always something to do," says Robbio, who looks like a Nixon doll shrunk into a Danny DeVito–size suit. He flips his Motorola cellular to his face and enters a second conversation at full speed. I hear him shout, "The number of tickets you buy will determine the clout you wield," in a voice that also says, "That's common sense, bub."

As I survey the office, three aides come over and introduce themselves: Shaun (a freckled Irishman from Massachusetts with a lobster-red face), Lee (the resident Southerner and the only person I saw in New Hampshire wearing cowboy boots) and Mike (a hulking, olive-skinned New Yorker). Each is ambitious, friendly and dedicated to Buchanan's charismatic campaign.

I don't have to wait long to hear aides mock Phil Gramm and Bob Dole as "leap-year conservatives"—Buchanan's line to recruit voters now packing the party's engorged right wing. Gramm is a bore, they tell me. Dole is dismissed as a worn-out retread with "one arm and no heart." Both Gramm and Dole will be defeated by fearless Pat, the aides tell me with adolescent enthusiasm.

We gather around a battered, malfunctioning Magnavox and cheer as Pat lands friendly jabs on his interviewer, a young woman from *MacNeil Lehrer*. We laugh as he deftly disarms her questions. Win or lose, Buchanan perpetually dominates these shows, grabbing the spotlight and boosting ratings. He's a natural entertainer.

Minutes after Buchanan assures his nationwide audience that "the cultural war is being won," I hear a whoop. Buchanan's driver, a young aide named Roger, is surfing the World Wide Web. He's sitting to my right and sputtering, "I did it, I downloaded it. This is *so cool*."

I expect to see the Rush Limbaugh home page or the Oliver North Web site. Instead, it's the MTV page. The network's logo glides open and up pop Beavis and Butt-head. Revving up a chainsaw, Beavis announces, "I sentence you to death" and shreds Butthead's finger—blood spurts liberally and Roger laughs as he struggles to download another file. Soon the entire office gathers around the PC: Beavis and Butt-head are here.

Behind his Plexiglas divider, Robbio shrieks into his cell phone, "It's two P.M. and I need his schedule!" Buchanan's aides are busy organizing a Young Republican costume party. Lee—who dismisses the others as Yankees whenever they screw up—plans to dress as a Confederate soldier. The Confederacy will not be disappointed, Lee promises, as he jokes about battling Union soldiers outside the Halloween party.

Mike ignores us as he works the telephone, mining New Hampshire for political trends. He's an experienced campaigner who volunteered for Buchanan in 1992. This time around he is one of a dozen paid staffers, canvassing New Hampshire for Buchanan. His job title is N.H. deputy director, but he would probably call himself a glorified, over-qualified gofer. On the campaign trail he staples signs to telephone poles and mans the computers.

"I have never seen Pat before in person," I say to Shaun, the Irishman from Massachusetts. "Do you think I can meet him?"

"The more you help, the more you get to be with Pat," Shaun says. Shaun's job title is volunteer coordinator, which in this campaign is a delicate task. The Buchanan campaign regularly encounters hermits who are angry, enthusiastic, but not all employable—even as volunteers. It is Shaun's job to find productivity in whomever walks through the door, even the crazy ones.

My first task is to help carve Buchanan's portrait into some pumpkins. But the artistic talent in this campaign is zero, so Shaun offers a new plan: "We carve out the letters, one in each pumpkin, to spell out BUCHANAN FOR PRESIDENT." Soon we are elbow-deep in pumpkin seeds, reliving *Beavis and Butt-head*. It's a long way, I think, from here to the White House.

I volunteer to call names from a list of 7500 New Hampshire Republicans. Who is not pro-Buchanan and could possibly be swayed by a phone call? Who claims that ending abortion is important but doesn't realize that Buchanan is the most ardent anti-abortion candidate?

Shaun announces the latest analysis from his phone calls: Half the Republican Party has little interest in the current crop of candidates. When asked to name their favorite candidate they hesitate, talk about someone who should be running and finally declare themselves undecided.

One man tells me assertively: "I will vote for anyone who could get that clown Clinton out of the White House." A woman with a listless voice says, "I don't know. I just wish someone would call me up and tell me who to vote for."

When a voter says he is unsure but "probably backing Dole," Shaun smiles. "Can you imagine getting all fired up over Bob Dole?" Shaun then picks up the phone and dials the offices of Republican presidential candidate Bob Dornan. Posing as an outraged supporter of the right-wing California congressman, Shaun lectures the Dornan campaign—why don't they leave that Buchanan guy alone? So what if Buchanan's been married for more than 20 years and has had no children? Lay off. After he hangs up Shaun lets us know that Buchanan is "not a homo" but is truly a faithful Catholic with "a biological problem."

"Come here," Shaun calls. "I need to tell you something." We cross the room and go into the hallway. "There's a guy coming here tonight—he's a bit kooky, so I'll need you to keep an eye on him."

His name is John and he talks like he's been drunk for days. His mind is so slow you can almost hear the thoughts individually grinding out. Improvising from the script Shaun has given him, he says "Hello, my name is John and I'm calling every registered Republican voter in New Hampshire and I was wondering who you plan to vote for."

"You can't personally call every Republican," Shaun brusquely explains. "There are more than 200,000. You have to say that we are calling every Republican."

John dials again: "Hello, my name is John and I'm calling every registered Republican voter in New Hampshire."

Shaun grimaces.

•

Republican party leaders are peeved at Buchanan for ignoring their plan designed to upset Bill Clinton in 1996. By sticking his sharp tongue in places most Republicans wouldn't dare, Buchanan continues to stand out from the growing pack of Republican candidates. While Dole, Steve Forbes and Gramm wing around New Hampshire in private jets, Pat Buchanan paints himself as a populist, cruising in a rented Winnebago he calls Asphalt One.

In this campaign, in a calculated switch, Buchanan abandoned cultural values as the central issue of his campaign and instead focused on an ultranationalistic economic populism. "When I am elected president of the United States, there will be no more Nafta sellout of American workers," says the latest incarnation of candidate Buchanan. "There will be no more GATT deals done for the benefit of

(continued on page 138)

"How much will it cost to put my mouth where my money is?"

CUTE AS A BUG

holy rocky raccoon! beetle mania is returning as volkswagen unveils its plans for a brand-new car

YOGI BERRA got it right when he said, "It's déjà vu all over again." Yes, Volkswagen is bringing back the Beetle. Not the original Beetle, of course, but a Nineties reinterpretation of the classic Bug, code-named Concept One (pictured here with four joyriding Beatles aboard). "Concept One illustrates its owner's philosophy of life: individualist, lighthearted, youthful and nonaggressive," touts VW. Officially, the car will be on American roads sometime before the year 2000, but given Volkswagen's current meager market share, we're betting that the Concept One will be rolling off Mexican auto assembly lines long before the turn of the century. And its price is sure to be competitive with Chrysler's Neon, GM's Saturn and Honda's Civic, among other diminutive marques. Say, mate, which way to Penny Lane?

Volkswagen's forthcoming Concept One will be a front-wheel-drive two-door with twin air bags, antilock brakes and traction assistance. Under the hood will be a four-cylinder engine coupled to a five-speed manual or four-speed automatic transmission. The interior (o cavernous 67" wide) will feature leather seats and side trim.

EVERYTHING YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT MUTUAL FUNDS IS WRONG

ARTICLE BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

YOU CAN'T GET away from them. They're in newspapers and magazines, on TV and radio and the Internet, and they are a staple of workplace and cocktail party conversation. They're mutual funds, and, as with computers, if you don't own any, it's probably because you're paralyzed by the confounding complexity of it all.

Investing in mutuals isn't brain surgery. Brain surgery involves a manageable number of specific, dependable techniques that typically yield predictable results. Fund investing involves a seeming infinitude of factors, variables, statistics and technical analyses of varying and arguable worth, along with a host of assorted, and often conflicting, proven methods, prevailing wisdoms and winning strategies.

THE MOST POPULAR WAY OF INVESTING IS PROBABLY THE LEAST UNDERSTOOD. HERE'S A GUIDE TO GETTING THE MOST OUT OF YOUR MONEY

Fact: For virtually every timeless truth in fund investing, there's a data junkie somewhere who can refute it statistically.

I'm no professional investment counselor. I'm just a freelance writer trying to provide for my eventual retirement in an era when Social Security will be about as viable as unicorn breeding. Thus I've been investing in mutual funds for seven years now, and I have digested almost everything on the subject that has crossed my path. I have concluded that picking mutual funds is largely like picking horses at the track: It's as much a matter of luck and hunch as it is of empirically reliable methodology.

Even so, some rules and rationales are sounder and more sensible than others, some techniques more demonstrably successful than others, and some realities more relevant than others. Most important, the more I've learned, the better I've done.

Here's what I've learned.

> I have one simple rule of thumb: Only invest what you could afford to lose without that loss having any effect on your daily life in the foreseeable future.
>
> —PETER LYNCH

Your first and most important investing decision is asset allocation: how much to invest in funds. (By which I

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS SCIACCA

mean U.S. equity funds. There's probably room for fixed-income and international funds in your portfolio, but not in this article.)

Ignore such witless formulas as "the percentage of your savings to have in stock funds should equal 100 minus your age." This has nothing to do with individual financial realities. The axiom that "the younger you are, the more you can take risks and ride out down markets" overlooks the vastly different risk tolerances of a single, healthy 25-year-old with an MBA and a married 25-year-old with three kids, a mortgage, a vulnerable job and a bad back.

More germane to how heavily you invest are your personal financial condition (income, budget, job security), the size of your investment nest egg and how long you know you won't have to touch it—your time horizon.

Equity funds observe the law of risk and reward: the greater the former, the greater the latter, and vice versa. The more assets that you invest in equities, the higher your risk-reward potential.

Financial writer Jane Bryant Quinn's guidelines for risk are fairly typical: 100 percent in equities is high risk, 50 percent is medium risk, 20 percent is low risk. She defines low-risk indicators to include low earnings, big debts, poor health, a time horizon of four years or less and a tendency to fret over paper losses. A high-risk investor has hefty and reliable earnings, a comfortable net worth and a blithe indifference to down markets lasting up to two years.

Tip: Be brutally honest about your emotional fortitude. This is a roller coaster, and if turbulence in the market will produce turbulence in your gut, you're much more likely to make impetuous, and wrong, decisions.

> Ninety percent of your investment success comes from picking the right types of funds, and only ten percent from picking the right funds. —WILLIAM DONOGHUE

In choosing individual funds, don't start with proven winners as defined by various financial magazines' and services' performance ratings. Start by determining the kinds of funds that are best for you and in what proportions. Different fund types are designed to meet different goals, such as minimal risk (balanced), long-term capital growth (capital appreciation), maximum returns (growth, aggressive growth) or steady income (growth and income, equity income).

Conservative investing seeks decent gains with the least amount of risk. It emphasizes funds that capture dividends or concentrate on undervalued stocks. Dividend income is a quiet but formidable engine for robust long-term profits. Income funds tend to be more stable. Steady, reinvested dividends provide a superb cushion when the market is falling. Value funds buy bargain-priced stocks with good fundamentals. In theory, such stocks offer more growth potential and less ground to lose if the market sours.

Aggressive investing scoffs at risk and goes right for the gold. It emphasizes capital growth funds: growth, aggressive growth and small cap (smaller, often younger companies).

Note: Some aggressive growth funds sell stocks short. If you're bullish, write them off.

Your greatest friend and protector is time, which diminishes risk and virtually ensures reward. Had you invested entirely in equities in 1947 and held your portfolio intact until 1993, you would have taken some savage one-year hits (one as high as 26.5 percent), but you would have gained an average 13.4 percent annually. The longer your time horizon, the more the historical incline overcomes the hits.

As a rule of thumb, you can expect the market (for the purposes of this article, the Standard & Poor's 500) to rise about ten percent a year over the long haul. But, as the small print says, past performance is no indicator of future trends. Since 1970 the market has stagnated for periods as long as six years. In one 21-month thrashing in 1973 and 1974, it nose-dived 45 percent. Thus, Fidelity, the world's largest mutual fund manager, suggests you use your time horizon to determine how you should allocate your assets. If you don't expect to need your mutual-fund money for ten years, you can be 100 percent in equities. If your time horizon is seven years, 65 percent; four years, 40 percent; two years, 20 percent. If you'll need your money in less than two years, stay out. Mind you, these are simply guidelines; your own mileage may differ.

Generally, aggressive funds perform best in up markets. But in bear markets aggressive funds can hemorrhage while the conservative funds merely cough. In seven bear markets since 1961, balanced and equity income funds lost an average 17 percent in value and took just nine months to recoup their losses. But growth and small cap funds lost 29 percent and spent 16 months in recovery. The lesson: The shorter your time horizon, the better off you'll be with conservative funds. Brokerage firm Charles Schwab recommends conservative funds for investment periods of two to five years, and aggressive funds if you intend to be in for five years or more.

Caveat: Lately, the difference in risk and reward between conservatives and aggressives hasn't been that impressive. From 1985 to 1995, aggressive growths returned 205 percent versus equity incomes' 188 percent. In flat-line 1994, the former lost 5.8 percent and the latter 3.5 percent, and in white-hot 1995's first 11 months, growth funds gained 27 percent, equity incomes 25.7 percent. Bear market safety may be the conservatives' primary edge.

Tips: Skip asset allocation funds, which combine stocks, bonds, cash, international funds and other investments. Most balanced funds do likewise, but without making speculative plays in gold or real estate, and they virtually tied general equity funds' returns from 1983–1992. Also, rebalance your fund mix every year as your various categories' values grow or shrink. You'll lock in profits from winners and add to laggards that may be prime for a move.

You've decided which fund types to buy; now you have to evaluate and identify the best prospects in each category. This is roughly as simple as finding an honest mechanic. For example, *Mutual Funds* magazine polled 100 so-called experts about their primary criterion for evaluating funds. The runaway leader was consistently above-average returns over time, preferably ten years.

As we noted before, past performance tells you only what has happened, not what will. Even funds with sterling long-term records can and do tank. Still, historic performance is what the experts look at. So it is a logical place for you to start. Look for funds whose total returns are routinely in the top 25 percent to 30 percent of their categories. Most magazines' performance ratings compare funds with their peers (growth to growth, balanced to balanced). But be careful—definitions vary, and one magazine's capital appreciation fund may be another's aggressive growth. When rating systems disagree, call the fund and ask how it categorizes itself, and why.

Caveat: Small cap is notoriously subjective and can mean companies with an average market capitalization of $500 million, $750 million or $1 billion. My bias is that small should mean $500 million or less. Also, many "domestic" funds include foreign holdings, sometimes up to 50 percent. If this troubles you, pass them up.

Then compare funds over the same time. Some people will tell you market trends are so transitory that anything beyond one year is meaningless. But many analysts want at least ten years in order to include the bear market of 1987 and factor in how a fund

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"Thank you for hiring me. I didn't expect a desk job!"

Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast

everything old is cool again

MENSWEAR designers are on a retro trip, reflecting in their new spring and summer lineups everything from the rebel look of the Fifties to the disco threads of the Seventies. But while Joseph Abboud, Donna Karan, Robert Freda and others may borrow fashion cues from the past, they use the latest fabrics, colors and tailoring to give the clothes new flair. White suits, for example, will be showing up this summer. Today's version is a far cry from the polyester special that John Travolta wore in *Saturday Night Fever*. (The new white way is to pair a double-breasted suit such as the DKNY model on page 91 with a dark, open-collar camp shirt.) Black-tie attire harks back to James Bond's *Thunderball* days. You also can get preppy in a white leather jacket worn with a sweater and classic flat-front khakis. James Dean would have dug the Nineties version of the zip-front jacket, which looks sporty in brown-toned glen plaid (pictured on page 87). Wear one with a white T-shirt (with a "V" rather than a crew neck) and cigarette-slim jeans. There's also the mod mode of dress. Our man on page 88 teams a leather racing jacket with a dark T-shirt, indigo denim dungarees and black-framed wraparound sunglasses. Way cool—and all in a day's dressing for our quick-change artist, who takes you from a casual Friday at the office in a tailored soft suit (at right) to a finale of late-night dancing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

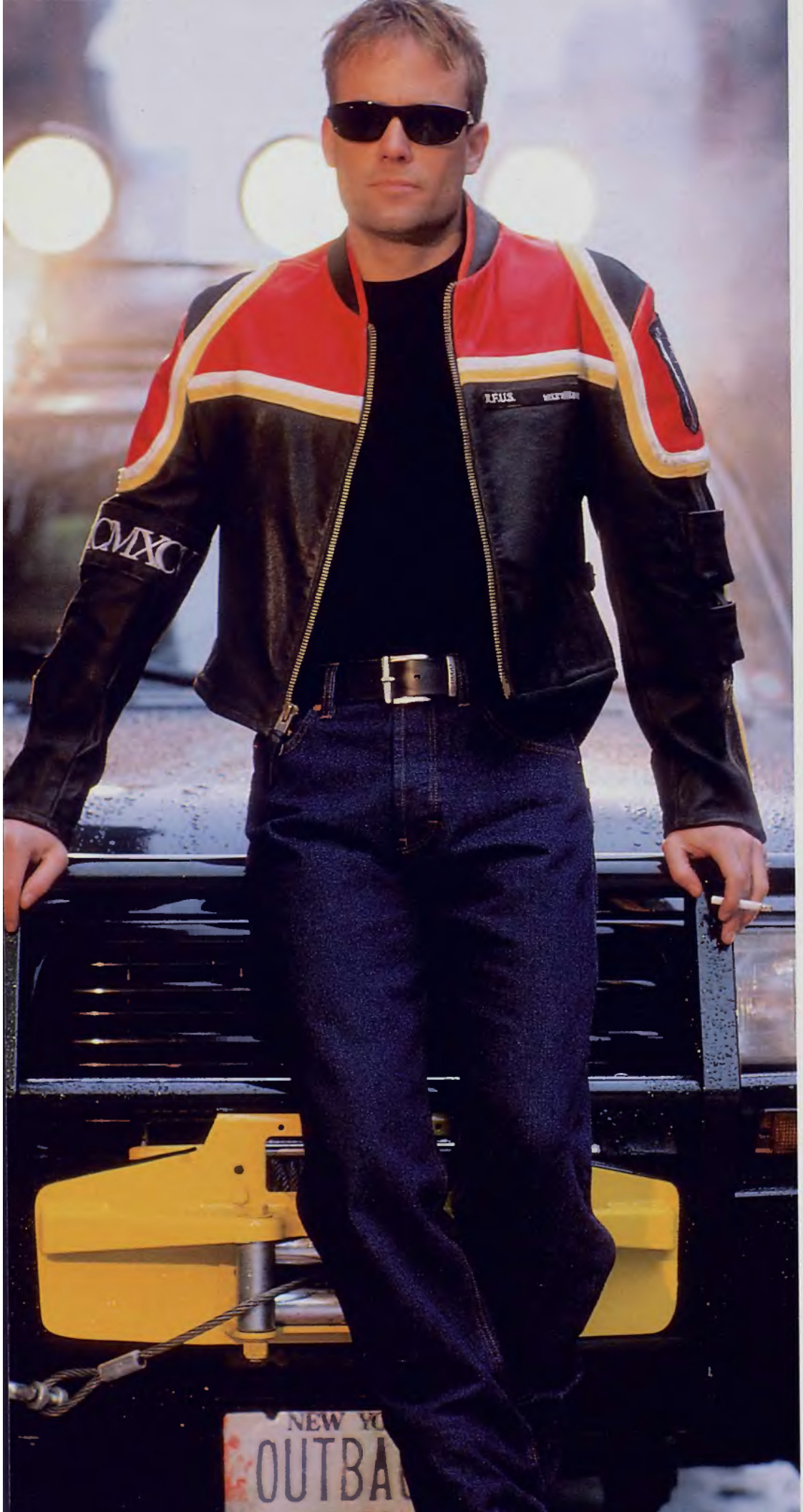
Fashion By Hollis Wayne

Dress-down Fridays are a great way to prep for the weekend. Here, our guy goes for casual elegance in a suit and polo shirt combination. His wool-and-nylon three-button suit ($595) is worn with a linen-and-viscose polo shirt (about $220), both by Joseph Abboud; plus leather penny loafers by Kenneth Cole ($140), a brown full-grain leather belt with a solid brass, square buckle by Cole-Haan ($45) and red-tinted glasses from Colours by Alexander Julian ($90).

Far left: Gallery-happing at midday. Here, we've matched a suede blazer by Joseph Abboud Collection ($715) with a silk-knit short-sleeve crewneck by Lance Karesh from Basca ($130), cotton flat-front pants by DKNY (about $70), leather driving shoes by J.P. Tod's ($230) and a leather belt by Daniel Craig ($90). Inset: The latest incarnation of the motorcycle jacket is slick in white leather. This zip-front model by Emporio Armani ($850) is worn with a cotton ribbed V-neck sweater by Matthew Bataniun ($150) and khaki pants by Industrio ($198).

Right: Leave the vintage threads to starving students and bohos on budgets. Today's blast-from-the-past looks are as much a tribute to former fashion fads as they are to modern fabrics and construction. Café cool, this James Dean–style zip-front jacket, for example, is updated in a cotton glen plaid with two flap pockets, by Austyn Zung ($250). It's teamed with a cotton V-neck T-shirt by Gene Meyer ($35), cotton denim jeans by Boss–Hugo Boss (about $100) and leather square-toed loafers with silver bits, by Gucci ($275).

HAIR & MAKEUP BY DAWN JACOBSON FOR STREETERS



Left: Taking a leisurely break between work and play, our well-dressed road warrior wears the summer's hottest look in outerwear—the racing jacket. This handsome zip-front model by Robert Freda ($1800) is made of soft, stonewashed leather and has bold, primary-color stripes. We've teamed it with a black cotton crewneck long-sleeve T-shirt by Victor Victoria ($80), Hugo–Hugo Boss' indigo cotton denim five-pocket jeans ($125) and leather belt with silver buckle (about $100), and wraparound sunglasses with silver arms, by Diesel ($100).

Right: With lady luck at your side and a black-tie ensemble by Brioni (the designer who dressed Pierce Brosnan's James Bond in *Goldeneye*), the odds of having an unforgettable night on the town will definitely be in your favor. His one-button single-breasted dinner jacket (about $2250), wool double-pleated tuxedo trousers ($700) and cotton wing-collar shirt with a pique bib and french cuffs (about $400), all by Brioni, are paired with a silk satin bow tie ($40) and gold-tone oval cuff links with mother-of-pearl inlay ($80), both by Tino Cosmo.

HAIR & MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS (RIGHT)

A little late-night limo action typifies the Playboy Look, a trend toward more elegant, trim-fitting suits, which we highlighted in our January fashion feature. Here, our man goes Playboy for an evening on the town in a striped wool-and-nylon three-button suit with notched lapels, besom pockets and trousers, by Vestimenta ($1100), a silk long-sleeve shirt by Paul Smith ($235), a raw-silk woven tie by Joseph Abboud ($80), suede cap-toe shoes by Cole-Haan ($175) and a nubuck sports belt with a gunmetal buckle, by Daniel Craig ($110).

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES

Our guy proves that if John Travolta can make a smashing comeback, then the white disco suit can, too. Of course, we're not saying you should drag your old model out of the closet. Today's white suit is updated in both fabric and style. This ribbed cotton-and-rayon model is a six-button, two-to-button double-breasted look with peaked lapels, besom pockets and double-pleated trousers, by DKNY (about $620). Wear it the Nineties way with a rayon camp shirt by DKNY ($125) and slip-on shoes with welt stitching, by Kenneth Cole ($110).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

MUTUAL FUNDS (continued from page 82)

The number of equity funds has increased, and expansion brings marginal players into the game.

weathers bad times. Alas, if you require more than five years you'll have to rule out a huge number of newer funds—many of them with excellent results and perhaps brilliant futures.

A possible tactic is to use time as a conservative variable. The lower your time horizon or risk tolerance is, the more "past" you want. The more risk you're willing to assume, the less history you'll need. But heed Eric Tyson, author of *Mutual Funds for Dummies*: "What happens to the value of equity funds in the short term is largely a matter of luck."

More important than overall past performance is consistency. Whatever your time frame, check the fund's year by year returns to see if its superior record was produced by one killer year and several mediocre ones. Of funds that grew an average of, say, 13 percent annually over time, give the edge to those whose individual years were fairly close to that average. That indicates a fund manager's ability to adapt to shifting market conditions. Funds that rise or fall widely may just be beneficiaries (or victims) of chance.

Tips: Within your time span, focus on funds that beat their peers' average two out of every three periods (quarters or years). And note the fund's worst down year; if you can't live with a similar falloff, stay out.

Bear in mind that a fund's past performance is meaningful only if the same manager still runs the fund, and in the same way. Length of tenure at the helm is important: The number of equity funds has increased since 1989 and, as with baseball, expansion brings a host of untested and marginal players into the game. Most of the new managers don't have experience with bear markets or 1987-style debacles.

Even superior funds can slip after a star manager leaves. Be wary of funds that have recently changed managers. However, if the new manager will continue the fund's successful objectives and strategy and has managed, with good results, a similar fund elsewhere, you needn't worry too much. (But remember: A small cap genius who takes over a utilities fund can perform like Michael Jordan in a baseball uniform.)

Tip: Funds run by individual managers tend to outperform those managed by teams.

Some analysts feel that smaller funds are better. Funds with huge assets to invest may not be able to respond quickly to changing markets, or may be forced to buy their favorite stocks to the point of dangerous overexposure. They may even buy marginal stocks they would otherwise pass on.

There's some truth to this, but rapid asset growth is more suspect than mere size, and a warning sign, not a curse. Berger 100 was a ten-year superstar when it managed $100 million to $300 million. Since it passed $1 billion, it's been an also-ran. But many people predicted unpleasantness for Fidelity Magellan and for 20th Century Ultra, with similar growth. Both were among 1995's highfliers. The old familiar lesson: It's not the size that counts but what you do with it.

Tip: Give points to fund families that offer telephone redemption—allowing for a quick bailout—and allow you free transfer into their other funds.

Because certain types of funds (such as equity income and balanced) predictably create more taxable income than others, some fund analysts make a big deal about tax liabilities. But this is like worrying about the tax consequences of getting a raise. Unless you're already in or near the highest bracket, taxes are a nonissue.

Two more meaningful factors in fund evaluation are risk and expenses. Let's consider them in order. The problem with risk is that it's hard—perhaps impossible—to measure. First, calculations of risk, like those of performance, are based on past realities. Some funds with seemingly bulletproof, low-risk ratings in 1993 (Vanguard Wellesley, Stratton Monthly Dividend) were ravaged in 1994.

Second, most risk measurements simply reflect the volatility of a fund. That tells you only how wildly a fund's returns have fluctuated in good and bad periods. It doesn't necessarily predict anything about your likelihood of losing money. Moreover, a fund that holds relatively few stocks or plays a narrow market sector can be low in volatility but still high in risk.

Still, volatility is important. A mercurial fund needs significantly more big upswings to succeed. The math is simple: Put $1000 into a fund that rises 50 percent one year and falls 50 percent the next and you will wind up with $750. A fund that nudges steadily upward or vacillates narrowly will beat one that whipsaws.

Your two major risk reducers are time and diversification. Given time, the market has never lost money over the long haul. (But that has sometimes meant riding it out for ten years or more.) Diversification addresses the fact that individual funds and fund types rise and fall at different times and rates, and for different reasons. The more you spread your money across a variety of funds and fund types and avoid concentration in isolated segments, the more you moderate your overall risk.

Diversification can be achieved by owning several funds in your chosen categories or by owning index funds, which buy hundreds of stocks in their particular category (small cap, balanced, value, etc.). Different indexes march to different drummers; large cap and small cap—and value and growth—tend to move in and out of favor inversely to each other. Your desired result, says Morningstar vice president Don Phillips, is analogous to "pistons in an engine, elements that are going to hit at different times and succeed in different environments to get smooth performance in a variety of markets."

How many fund types you should own is a matter of opinion, goals and capital. Nest egg permitting, most experts advise at least four: large cap, small cap, value and growth. I would add equity income and aggressive growth and, if you're investing more than $50,000, I'd recommend two or even three funds of each type. More than that is probably excessive—you could get about the same results with less expense in an index fund of each category. And the more funds you own, the more you must monitor and make decisions about. If you start losing track of what you own, and why, and how it's doing, you're overextended.

Remember that broad diversification is inherently conservative. If you're aggressive and want real action, you'll find it at the other end of the risk-reward spectrum: sector funds. These are niche investments concentrated in specific industries—in energy, health, technology, etc. They're often labeled "select" or "strategic" and are as much speculation as investment.

Any given year's top funds are usually sectors, but so are its dead-dog losers. And they're volatile enough to give you the bends. Fidelity Select Energy roared up 59 percent in 1989 and sank 23.5 percent in 1991. Sector funds require close and constant scrutiny and a "no guts, no gravy" temperament. Experts recommend them only if you know the industry well and are already broadly diversified. Failing

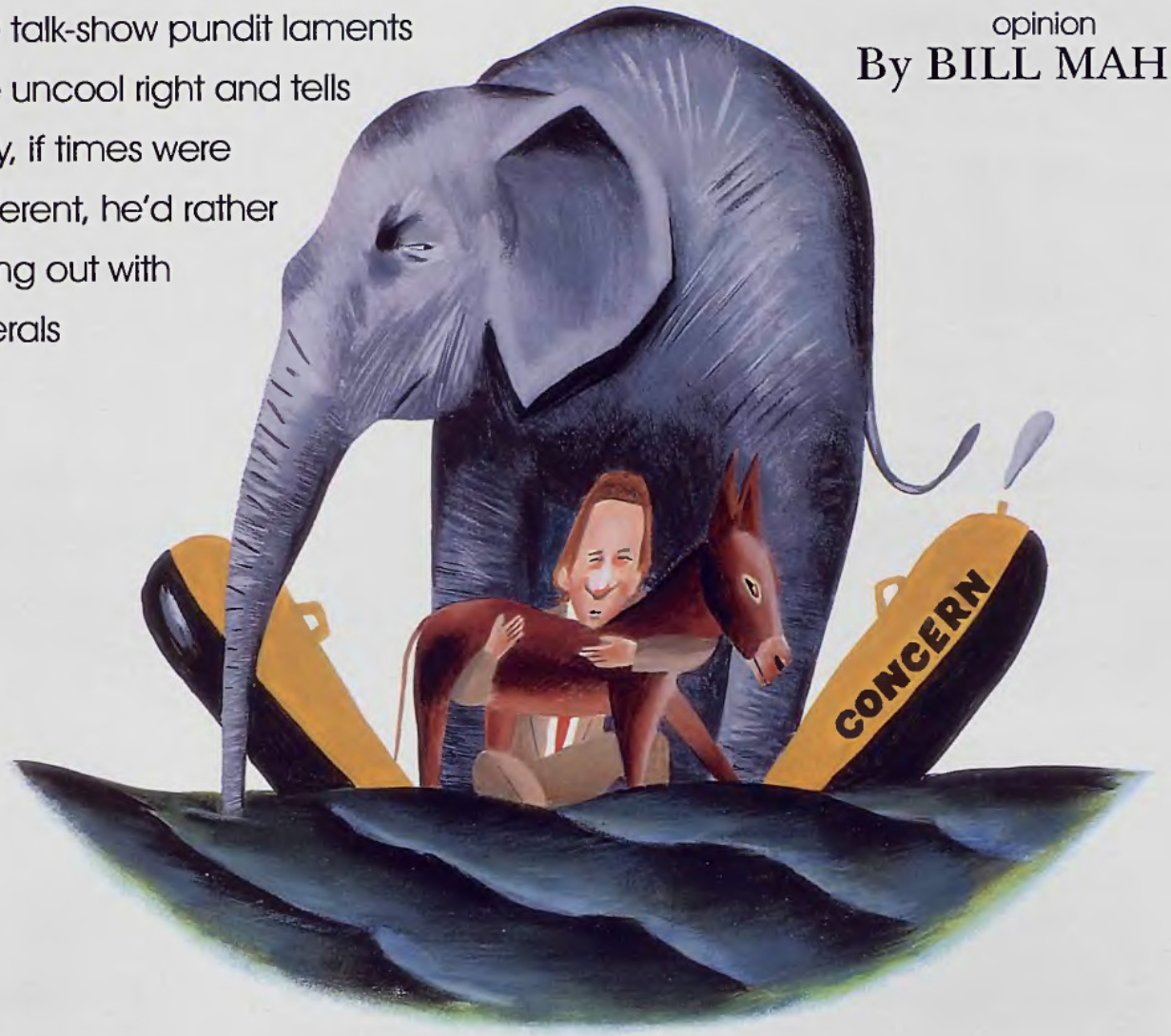
(continued on page 161)

THE RELUCTANT CONSERVATIVE

the talk-show pundit laments the uncool right and tells why, if times were different, he'd rather hang out with liberals

opinion

By BILL MAHER



As I WATCH America start to move away from our centuries-old practice of having only two political parties, I feel compelled to add one more: the Reluctant Conservatives. We are the ones who think that Phil Gramm was way out of line when he crowed, "I was conservative before conservative was cool."

Phil, you miss the point completely: Conservatism is never cool. It's all about hunkering down and staying static, or even going backward. The state of the union today is conservative—as it should be. My dictionary defines liberal as "marked by generosity or bounteousness." Bounteousness is tough when you have no money, when, in fact, you owe $5 trillion. I know that doesn't sound like a lot of money, but we live in times that make it necessary to be conservative.

What is not necessary, however, is the denigration of liberalism. As another president tries to conceal his liberal instincts, it becomes even more important to emancipate liberals from the Underground Railroad in which they are presently cowering and encourage them to take their rightful places in the American debate. This word, liberal, which once brought to mind the idea of a vigorous progressive, has been so pummeled by the right and deserted by the left that it has come to mean a kind of fringe cultist. In fact, if something is not done, the term will become synonymous in a few years with the word gay. You'll say, "I consider myself to be a liberal," and people will say, "Oh, maybe you should meet my friend Bob. He's a liberal."

Again, I don't blame people for being conservative nowadays. I'm more conservative than I ever thought I would be. But when I am I try to own up to the fact that it comes from selfishness and from cynicism about how effective government can really be. It comes from lost idealism, from my brain winning and my heart losing. I go with it when it would be stupid not to, but it's nothing to crow about, like a lot of these new conservatives do. They act as if they were on to something wonderful; no, they're simply on to something necessary.

It should not be forgotten, however, that being liberal is what a nation should aspire to, just as it is what a person should aspire to. Liberal means open-minded, willing to try new things, eager to get to the next place. That's the kind of person I like to hang out with. I hope we can someday afford to run our country that way again. The fact that we can't afford it now is no cause for celebration. Think of the word liberal in its original meaning—as in liberate, *libre*, libertarian. It means freedom.

Now there's a conservative concept for you.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ULRIKSEN

if you have the right equipment, miss april can make your digital dreams come true

VIRTUALLY GILLIAN

EVEN a skilled computer animator couldn't have created a better Playmate for the digital age than Gillian Bonner. Not only does she have a great body, a warm smile and a quick wit, but she also owns a very big computer. She's the type of girl who can make your fantasies come true—even if you've never met her.

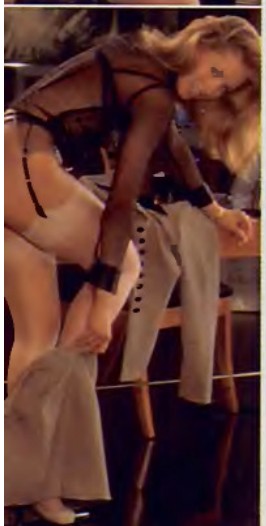
For most of the past dozen years, the Atlanta native has traveled around the country as a highly paid fashion model. But a few years back, Gillian founded her own Florida-based software-development company, Black Dragon Productions. (Check out its World Wide Web page at http://www.blackdragon.com.) Black Dragon's first release will be an interactive CD-ROM game, Riana Rouge. You can guess who portrays Riana.

"The key to winning at Riana Rouge is to do the right thing," Gillian explains. "If you make all the right decisions, you can empower the female character—me—and help her conquer five different worlds."

Gillian hopes someday to create digital erotic fantasies that are more explicit and expansive than Riana Rouge. "Whatever turns you on should be what you get," she explains. "With virtual reality,

The challenge behind creating computer animation, Gillian says, isn't creating new objects but re-creating the most familiar ones, particularly women: "I love drawing the female form because it's the most beautiful shape in the world and very fluid. The power inside women inspires me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Gillian laves rebels with style. "I really like bad boys, guys with tattoos," she says. "But they have ta be intelligent as well. The trauble is, most of the guys who have ambition are the stackbroker type—the Handi-Wipes-after-sex sort of man. I like guys who do their own thing. But they also have to make samething of themselves."

you have complete power, and everyone gets turned on by power."

I ask about her own fantasies, realized or imagined. "In at least one of my virtual fantasies, I'd have a penis," she says. "Once that's out of the way, I'll be able to branch out." She sips her wine, then spots my raised eyebrow. "Oh, I have penis envy all the way," she explains with a laugh. "I think I must have been a man in a previous life. My fantasies involve having complete control over what happens while also experiencing situations in which I am so overcome by lust that I lose control. I've been on the other side of that equation, looking into a guy's eyes and just knowing that he wants me."

Besides starring in Riana Rouge, Gillian wrote the story and supervised the creation of its artificial worlds. "As a kid, I drew constantly, so I've always been an artist at heart," she says. "It's all a matter of breaking things down into simpler parts."

Gillian tells me more about pixels, perspectives, RAM, ROM and Riana, until I'm ready to grab a joystick and make some right decisions. But first, dessert. She orders her favorite—chocolate mousse. "I love all kinds of food, especially sweets," Gillian says, licking chocolate from her lips. "I have this incredible oral fixation. Mouths are so erotic—I can kiss for hours. The downside is that I'm always battling my impulse to eat. I run five miles every day and lift weights. I love being in touch with my body." It's easy to see why. Unlike her creations, Miss April is for real. —CHIP ROWE

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Gillian Bonner

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 2/3/66 BIRTHPLACE: Athens, GA.

AMBITIONS: To create sensual digital fantasies that turn on as many women as men.

TURN-ONS: HARD BODIES, Computers with TONS of RAM, Garters and pushup Bras, HONESTY.

TURNOFFS: MALE CHAUVINISTS, Slow drivers, dirty fingernails, Hairs left in the Shower.

GREAT SEX BEGINS WITH: Long PASSIONATE Kisses.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: Plenty of Sexy lingerie, because it makes her feel GOOD!

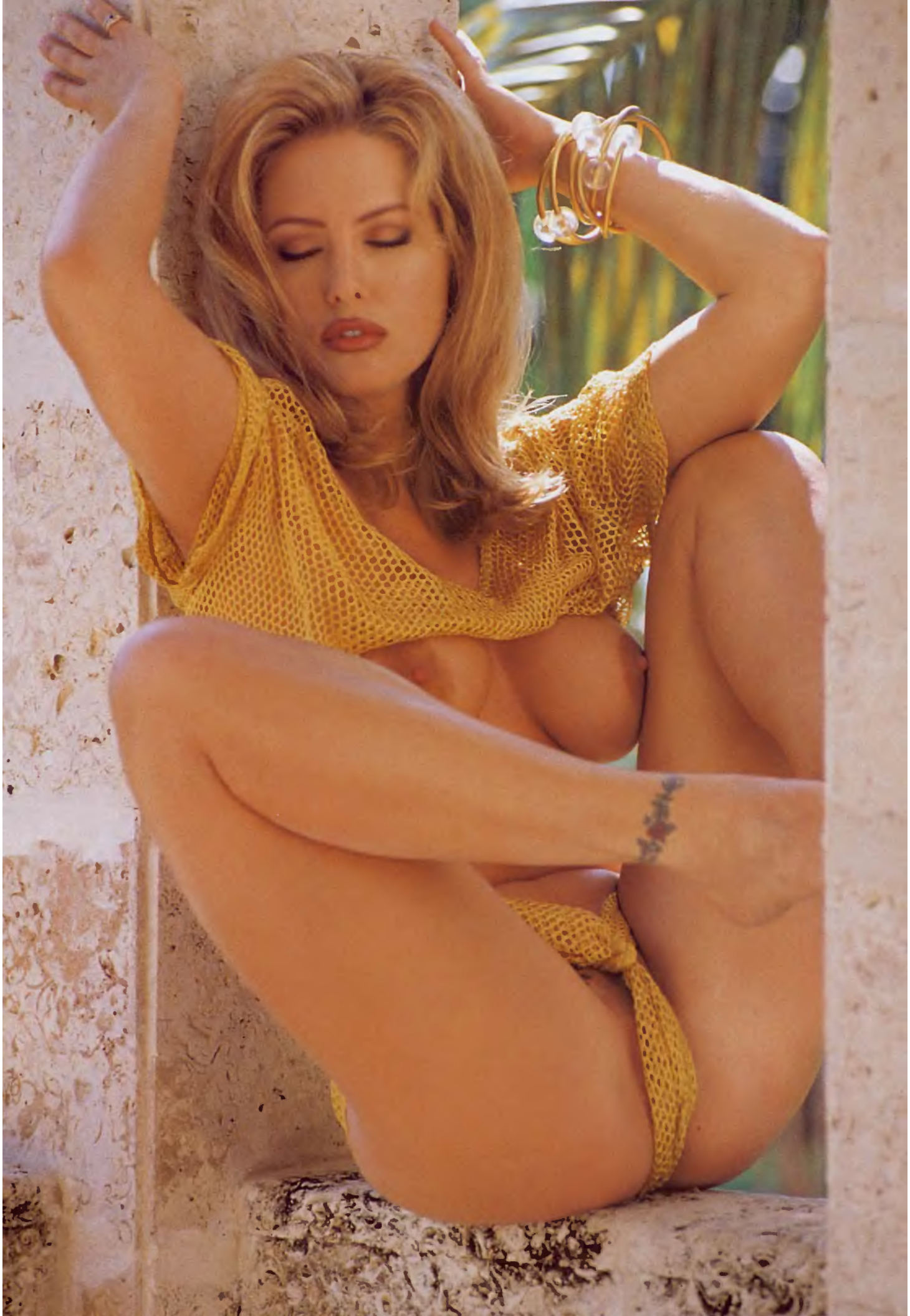
MEN ARE GREAT BECAUSE THEY: Sweat! If a guy comes home from a hard day's work smelling like only a MAN can — I'm a GONER!

WHAT DRIVES ME WILD: Being consumed by a lover so overpowered with lust he's operating on PURE INSTINCT.

Coming Up Roses

Modeling Down Under

Big-City Style



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A deliveryman was driving through a rural area when he saw a farmer plowing his field with a bull. The driver found this especially odd because the place seemed otherwise modern and highly mechanized. Curious, he stopped and waited by the fence as the farmer and beast slowly approached. "No horse?" the man asked. "No tractor?"

"Yep, got both," the farmer replied. "But I want to show him he ain't here just for the romance."

On the eve of her wedding, Diana pulled her mother aside. "Mom," she said, "teach me how to make my new husband happy."

"Well, honey, when two people love each other very deeply, making love is natural——"

"I know how to fuck," the daughter impatiently interrupted. "I want to know how to make chili dogs."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Concerned that his wife was experiencing some hearing loss, Al consulted a doctor. The physician suggested a simple test to determine how bad the problem was.

That evening Al found his wife at the stove, her back to him. "Hi, honey," Al said in a normal speaking voice. "What's for dinner?" No response.

He took a few steps in, as the doctor advised, and said again, "Hon, what's for dinner?" Still nothing.

Stepping up directly behind his wife, he leaned forward and loudly repeated, "What's for dinner?"

His wife spun around. "For the third time—*meat loaf*, you deaf bastard!"

What's the difference between ex-cons and congressmen? Every now and then ex-cons pass a few good bills.

Dissatisfied with the results he got from his family doctor, the balding man sought out alternative treatment for his hair loss. A friend referred him to a scientist who had been testing a chemical that showed great promise. Within a week after taking the recommended dosage, hair began to grow uncontrollably all over his body. The suddenly hirsute fellow returned to see the scientist.

"What the hell did you give me?" he demanded.

"It was DNA from a woolly mammoth."

"Aha," the hairy man exclaimed. "That would explain the size of my balls!"

On receiving word of his wife's accident, John rushed to the hospital. The attending physician assured him she would be OK but needed to spend a few days in intensive care.

"If I may make a suggestion," the medic said, "research has shown that oral sex speeds up an ICU patient's recovery. If you are willing, we'll give you some privacy."

John quickly agreed and curtains were drawn around the woman's bed. Two minutes later, buzzers and bells beckoned doctors and nurses to the area, and they worked furiously to revive her. Once she was stabilized, the doctor asked John. "What went wrong?"

"I dunno," he said with a shrug. "I think she choked."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do you have when you have 50 government workers and 50 lesbians in the same room? A hundred people who don't do dick.

At two o'clock in the morning, Jesse the farmer was kicked out of a bar, drunk as usual. Trying to find his way home through the dark streets of the town, he staggered along until he lurched into a nun. The wobbly drunkard immediately lunged at the poor woman, twisted her arm, threw her to the ground and pinned her down.

Several passersby heard the disturbance and rushed to assist the downed woman. As they pulled the thrashing farmer off her, he screamed, "I thought you'd be stronger than that, Batman!"

The specialist told Mrs. Taylor to give her husband one pill and one shot of whiskey every day to improve his sexual stamina. When she returned to the office a few weeks later, the medic asked her how everything was working out.

"Well, he's a little behind on the pills," she reported, "but he's about six months ahead with the whiskey."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"It's OK to look. Just don't stare."

THE LONG HOT SUMMER

ALL ABOUT THE NEWEST GROOMING TIPS AND TRENDS

ARTICLE BY DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

SUMMERTIME and the grooming is easy. This year, the hottest products for warm weather will offer simple solutions. You'll find conditioning shaving creams and vitamin-based formulas that will revitalize your skin and hair. There's even a lotion-and-pill combo that will give you a great (but expensive) tan.

Last year, the big news was alpha hydroxy acid. These natural acids help slough off old cells, leaving the skin looking smoother and younger. Products containing AHAs transformed the men's grooming market, opening a whole field of preparations that included moisturizers and sunscreens.

This year, vitamins will be the new treatment. Based on the premises that vitamins help fight the signs of aging, protect against environmental damage and soothe the skin, vitamins are included in skin and hair formulas. Topical vitamin therapy is so popular that you'll discover vitamins in everything from aftershave creams to shampoos. Some products emphasize specific vitamin formulas. The new Malibu Bodies collection of moisturizers and body washes contains essential oils and vitamins C and E. But many companies hedge their bets by including all the latest and most popular ingredients, such as vitamins, AHAs, sunscreens and moisturizers.

Chanel, for instance, will launch a new men's collection this spring. The three-product Technique Pour Homme will contain AHAs, sunblock and vitamin E. Sharp Shooter, a new oil-free antioxidant night lotion from Aramis, is also due out this spring, as is Karin Herzog's Ultimate face cream (which delivers oxygen, vitamins A and E and AHAs to your skin).

Skin Strategies already produces a line of vitamin-enriched skin-care products for men that includes cleanser, exfoliating scrub and moisturizer. Also available is Man Made, a multivitamin and mineral supplement that contains an antioxidant complex. Nature's Elements, a collection of natural skin- and hair-care shops, recently added vitamins to its shelves. And it will soon be coming out with a preshave scrub for men who have problems with ingrown hairs.

Pycnogenol is a popular new ingredient in skin care. Extracted from grape seeds or pine bark, pycnogenol is said to help your skin by acting as an antioxidant, assisting in the prevention of ultraviolet damage and helping to rebuild collagen. Grape-seed extract is found in Country Life's Maximum Skin Care Formula, a supplement that also contains beta-carotene, vitamins B and E, royal jelly and squalene, a derivative of shark oil. Nature's Elements will offer a new shaving cream with herbs, green-tea extract and pycnogenol. And Zirh Skin Nutrition, a new grooming collection, will use pycnogenol to treat both the inner and outer man. It includes a pycnogenol–and–vitamin C supplement along with a cleanser, facial serum and a moisturizer that contains additional pycnogenols, AHAs and sunscreen.

And DK Men makes travel easy with its new disposable travel kit, which contains small versions of cologne spray, aftershave, hair-and-body shampoo and antiperspirant.

A CUT ABOVE

Razor burn and skin irritation often become more problematic during warm weather. This summer, Guerlain introduces a sensitive skin serum for men whose faces get irritated from shaving or from too much sun. Schick presents the new Tracer FX, a razor for men with sensitive skin. It has a patented herringbone-patterned rubber strip designed to cushion the blade. And Gillette has come out with a new line of products to help soothe your skin. The Pacific Light collection includes Extra Protection Shave Gel (with lubricants and beard softeners to help protect against nicks and cuts), After Shave Skin Conditioner and Moisturizing After Shave Splash (an alcohol-free toner). And, if it's your wallet that's sensitive and not your face, look for Braun to add less-expensive shavers to its line.

HAIR APPARENT

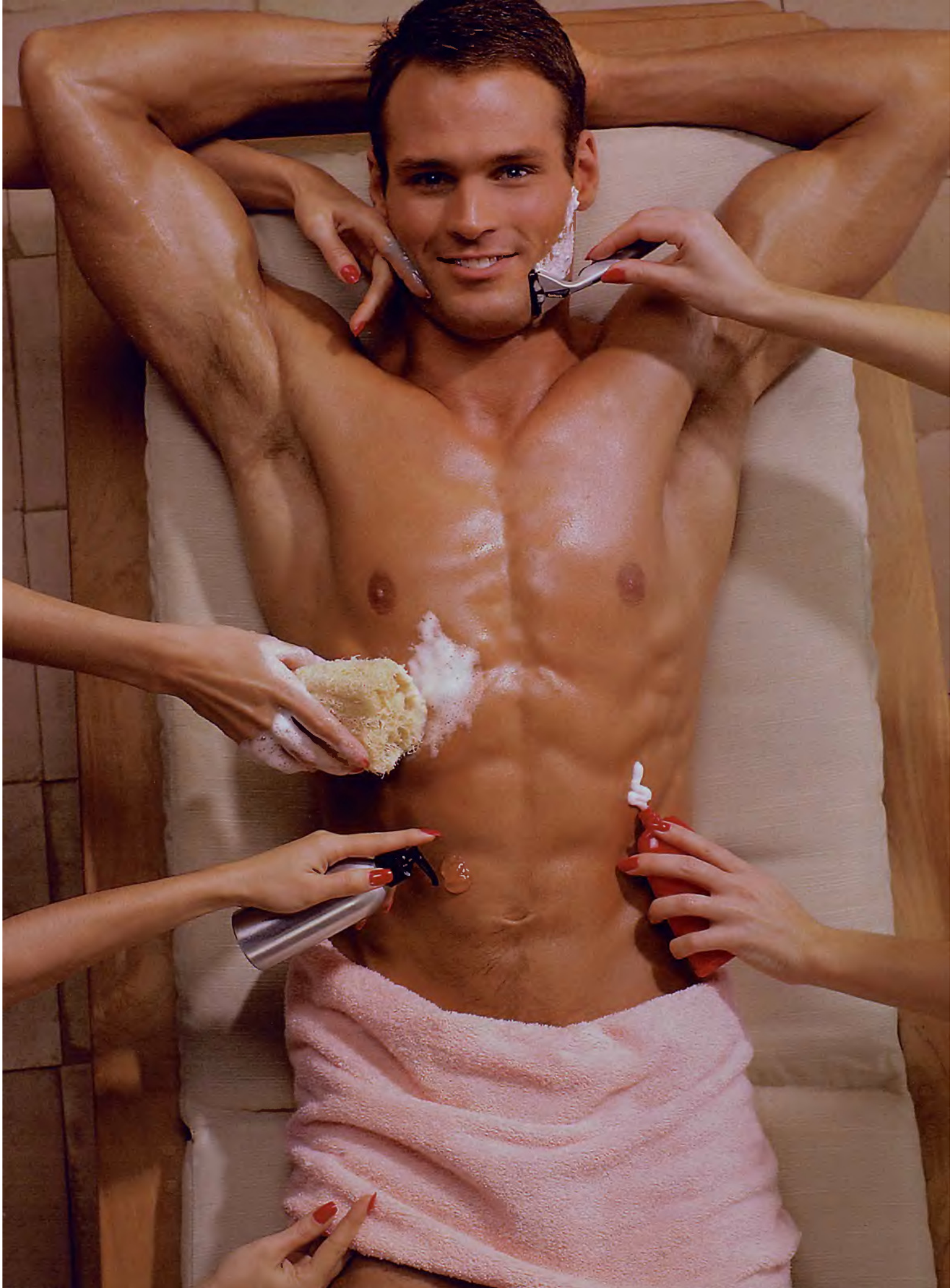
Getting and keeping great hair is a big part of men's grooming, especially during the summer. To build super body, check out products designed to add volume to your hair. There'll be a new sculpting foam with strong hold from Paul Mitchell. Redken introduces a Fat Cat collection of Body Booster hair products. The line includes a shampoo for fine hair, a detangler and a "volumist" designed to give your hair lift. And Image Laboratories has introduced Gel 2 Foam, the first styling gel that expands into a foaming mousse. It's formulated to add bulk to fine or thinning hair.

To revitalize dry hair, Redken salons offer a massage using a formula of vitamins, natural extracts and oil for an intense moisturizing treatment. The service starts at $15.

FUN IN THE SUN

You already know the pros and cons of tanning. But you can avoid the sun and still get the color you want by rubbing on the new self-tanner with AHAs from the Aramis Lab Series. Clarins, Polo Sport, Neutrogena and Coppertone *(concluded on page 166)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



IN THE UPPER ROOM

visit victoria's palace—it's

the ultimate vacation for cyberfans

who are seriously into lingerie

fiction by TERRY BISSON

"You will feel a slight chill," the attendant said. "Don't worry about it. Just go with it, OK?"

"OK," I said. I had heard all this before.

"You will feel a slight disorientation. Don't worry about it. A part of you will be aware of where you are, and another part will be aware of where you really are, if you know what I mean. Just go with it, OK?"

"OK," I said. "Actually, I have heard all this before. I was on the Amazon Adventure last year."

"You were? Well, I am required to say it anyway," the attendant said. "Where was I? Oh yes, go slow." He wore squeaky shoes and a white coat and carried a little silver hammer in a loop on his pants. "If you look at things too closely at first, nothing will be there. But if you take your time, everything will appear, OK?"

"OK," I said. "What about——?"

"You won't know her name," he said. "Not in the demo. But if you sign up for a tour, you will know it automatically. Ready? Lie down. Take a deep breath."

Ready or not, the drawer started sliding in and I felt a moment of panic, which I remembered from the year before. The panic makes you take another breath, and then there is the sharp smell of the Vitazine, and there you are. It is like waking from a dream. I was in a sunlit room with a deep-piled rug and high French windows. She stood at the windows overlooking what appeared to be a busy street, so long as you were careful not to look at it too closely.

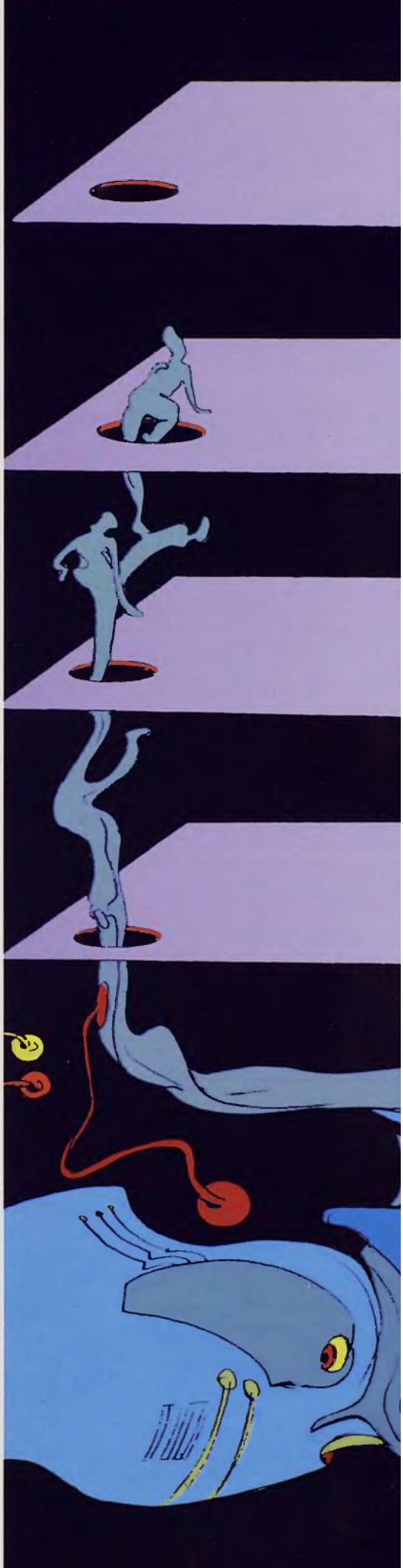
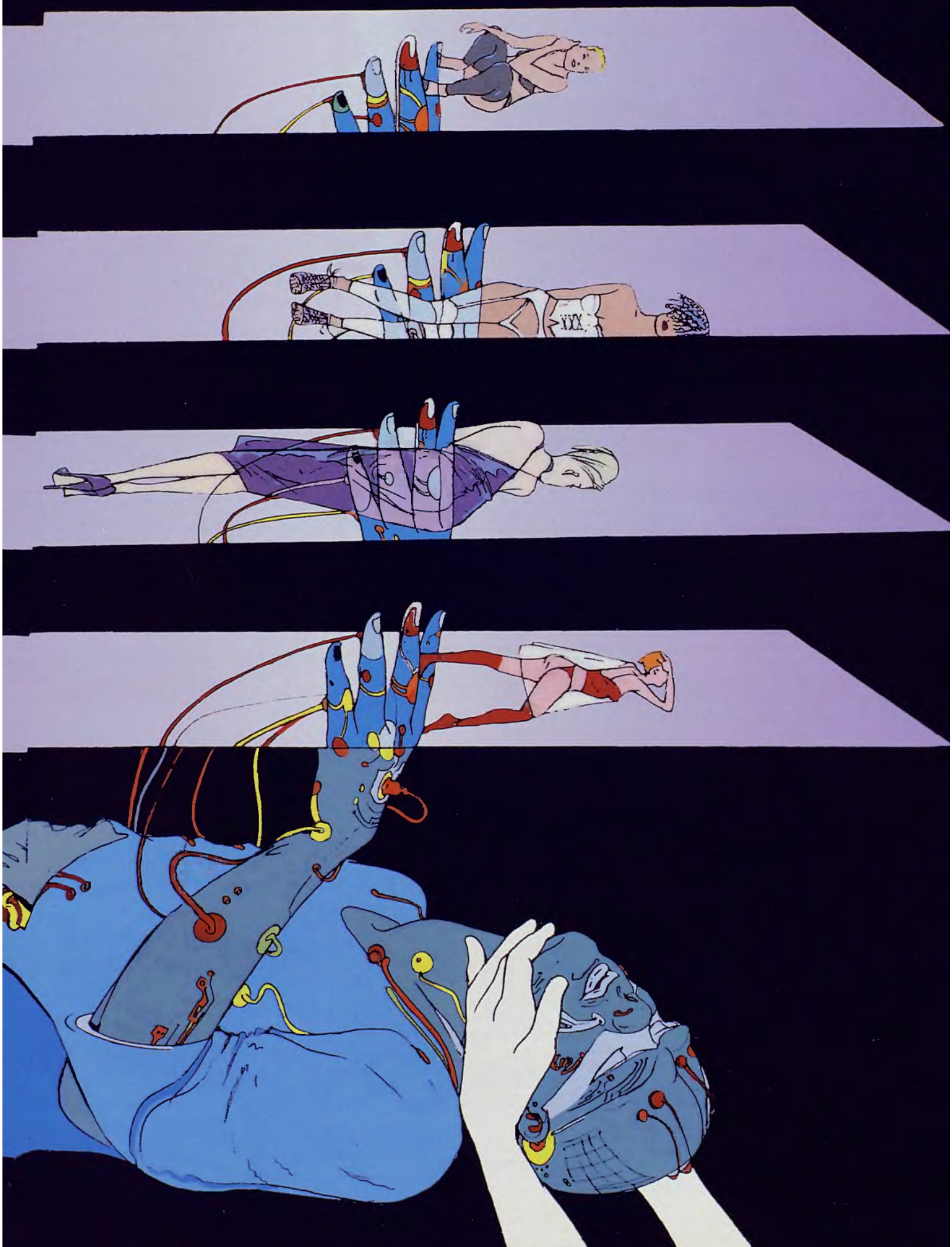


ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI



I was careful not to look at it too closely. She was wearing a sand-washed burgundy silk chemise with a sheer-lace Empire bodice, cross-laced on the plunging back. No stockings. I have never really liked stockings. She was barefoot but I couldn't make out her feet. I was careful not to look at them too closely.

I liked the way the bodice did on the sides. After a while I looked around the room. There was wicker furniture and a few potted plants by a low door. I had to duck my head to step through and I was in a kitchen with a tile floor and blue cabinets. She stood at the sink under a little window overlooking a green, glistening yard. She was wearing a long-sleeved panne velvet bodysuit with a low sweetheart neckline, high-cut legs and a full back. I liked the way the velvet did in the back. I stood beside her at the window, watching the robins arrive and depart on the grass. It was the same robin over and over.

A white wall phone rang. She picked it up and handed it to me, and as soon as I put the receiver to my ear and heard the tone, I was looking up toward what seemed at first to be clouds but was in fact the water-stained ceiling of the Departure Hall.

I sat up. "That's it?" I asked.

"That's the demo," said the attendant, who hurried over to my opened drawer, shoes squeaking. "The phone is what exits you out of the system. The same way the doors elevate you from level to level."

"I like it," I said. "My vacation starts tomorrow. Where do I sign up?"

"Slow down," he said, helping me out of the drawer. "The Veep is by invitation only. You have to talk to Cisneros in client services first."

"The Veep?"

"That's what we call it sometimes."

•

"Last year I did the Amazon Adventure," I said to Dr. Cisneros. "This year I have a week, starting tomorrow, and I came in to sign up for the Arctic Adventure. That's when I saw the Victoria's Palace demo in the brochure."

"Victoria's is just opening," she said. "Actually, we are still beta testing sectors of it. Only the middle and upper-middle rooms are open. But that should be plenty for a five-day tour."

"How many rooms is that?"

"Lots." She smiled. Her teeth looked new. The little thing on her desk said B. CISNEROS, PH.D. "Technically speaking, the Veep is a hierarchical pyramid string, so the middle and upper middle includes all the rooms but one. All but the Upper Room."

I blushed. I'm always blushing.

"You wouldn't be getting that high in just five days anyway." She showed me her new teeth again. "And because we're still beta testing, we can make you a special offer. The same price they charge for the Arctic and Amazon adventures. A five-day week, nine to five, for $899. The price will go up substantially when Victoria's Palace is fully open next year, I can assure you."

"I like it," I said. I stood up. "Where do I go to pay?"

"Accounts. But sit back down." She opened a manila folder. "First I am required to ask a clinical question. Why do you want to spend your vacation in Victoria's Palace?"

I shrugged to keep from blushing. "It's different and that appeals to me. You might say I'm sort of a VR freak."

"Direct experience," she corrected me primly. "And the word is enthusiast," she added.

"DE, then. Whatever." Every company has its own name for it. "Anyway, I like it. My mother says I——"

Dr. Cisneros cut me off by raising her hand like a traffic cop. "This is not the answer I need," she said. "Let me explain. Because of its content, Victoria's Palace is not licensed as an adventure simulation, as are the Arctic and the Amazon. Under our certification, we can operate it only as a therapeutic simulation. Are you married?"

"Sort of," I said. I could just as easily have said, "Not exactly."

"Good." She made a mark in the folder. "Our most acceptable Victoria's Palace clients—the only ones we can accept, in fact—are married men who want to improve the intimacy level of their relationships through the frank exploration of their innermost sexual fantasies."

"That's me," I said. "A married man who wants to enter the most intimacy through Frank's sexual fantasies."

"Close enough," Dr. Cisneros said. She made another mark in the folder and slid it toward me with a smile. "Sign this release and you can start tomorrow morning at nine. Accounts is down the hall on the left."

•

That night Mother asked, "What did you do today? If anything."

"I signed up at Inward Bound," I said. "My vacation starts tomorrow."

"You haven't worked in two years."

"I quit my job," I said. "I didn't quit my vacation."

"Didn't you do Inward Bound already?"

"I did the Amazon Adventure last year. This year I'm doing the, uh, Arctic Adventure."

Mother looked skeptical. She always looks skeptical.

"We're going for a seal hunt along the edge of a polynya," I said.

"Who's this Pollyanna? Somebody new at last?"

"It's where the ice never freezes over."

"Suit yourself," Mother said. "But you don't need me to tell you that. You always have. You got another letter from Peggy Sue today."

"Her name is Barbara Ann, Mother."

"Whatever. I signed for it and put it with the others. Don't you think that you at least ought to open it? You have a stack this high on that thing you call a dresser."

"Well, what's for supper?" I said to change the subject.

•

The next morning I was first in line at Inward Bound. I was let into the Departure Hall at precisely nine, and I sat down on a stool outside my drawer and changed into a robe and sandals.

"What's the little silver hammer for?" I asked the attendant when he showed up in his squeaky shoes.

"Sometimes the drawers are hard to open," he said. "Or close. Lie down. You did the Amazon last summer, right?"

I nodded.

"I thought so. I never forget a face." He was sticking the little things to my forehead. "How high did you go? Could you see the Andes?"

"You could see them in the distance. The jungle girls wore little bark bras."

"You'll see plenty of little bras in the Veep. Five days will get you pretty high there, too. Don't look around the rooms too soon, because as soon as you see a door you'll go through it. Slow down and enjoy yourself. Close your eyes."

I closed my eyes. "Thanks for the tip," I said.

"I worked on the programming," he said. "Breathe deep." The drawer slid in. There was the sharp smell of the Vitazine and it was like waking from a dream. I was in a dark, wood-paneled library. She was standing by a Tudor window with narrow panes overlooking what appeared to be a garden. She was wearing a tangerine-seamed silk charmeuse teddy with flutters of lace trim at the sides and a low-cut bodice with covered buttons and lace-trimmed, wide-set straps. For a moment I thought I didn't know her name, but then I said it: "Chemise." It was like opening your hand and finding something you had forgotten you were holding.

I joined her at the window. The garden was filled with low hedges and gravel walks that spun if you looked

(continued on page 116)

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Lillian Müller

PLAYBOY
A Chilling Interview with Sara Jane Moore: "The Real Reason I Tried to Kill President Ford"
Was Richard Nixon a Wimp in High School?
Was Ann-Margret? Raquel Welch? Playboy Tells All
Sex Is Good For Your Body! Speeding Is Good for Your Soul!
The Whole War: High Noon At Sea with The Russians

once again, it's müller time

WE CAN'T GET enough of Lillian Müller. As a top European model turned August 1975 Playmate, Lillian so wowed our readers that she went on to become Playmate of the Year—and one of the most popular PMOYs at that. "PLAYBOY totally changed my life," she says. "I got my green card and started working in television. Through PLAYBOY, I met my husband and had a baby. And, of course, it gave me sex-symbol status." It's a status she's not in danger of losing. Not surprisingly, she is a household name in her native Norway. "I'm the biggest Norwegian export to this country," she says. "In 1992, when the leading newspaper in Oslo learned I was on the cover of PLAYBOY a record number of times, it put me on the front page. The paper sold the second most copies in its history; the most copies sold were of the issue published after the king died." These days, she's working on a book of her life. "Without Hef, I wouldn't be who I am today," she tells us. "I'm so happy that he's settled into his new life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

"When it comes to my coreer, I know exoctly whot I wont," Lillion told us two decades ago. She meant it. Shortly after she moved to southern California, she lounched on acting career and eventually landed neorly 30 roles on TV. She's olso just published o book of beauty secrets ond exercise programs, colled *Feel Great, Be Beautiful Over 40*. As she often says—and proves in this spread—"Life is excellent."

UPPER ROOM *(continued from page 112)*

She wore little slippers trimmed with lace. I'm not into feet, but they made her feet look sexy.

too closely at them. I looked away and that's when I saw the door. It was in the far wall, between two bookcases. I ducked my head to go through and I was in a wallpapered bedroom with white-frame windows. The floor was pine with knitted throw rugs.

"Chemise," I said. She was standing between two windows wearing a bodysuit in creamy-white stretch satin, with underwire cups and a plunging V center. The cups were edged with white lace. The treetops just below the window were shimmering as if in a breeze.

I was getting higher. The sheer satin back of her bodysuit was cut in a low V that matched the V in front. I liked the way the straps did. As soon as I turned away I saw the door. It was down one step, and I had to duck my head, and I was in a long, dark room with narrow windows hung with heavy drapes. Chemise was kneeling on a curved love seat wearing a baby-blue baby doll in tulle with lace trim, over a ruffled bra and matching panties. Using one hand I pulled back the drapes. I could see treetops far below, and beneath them, brick streets wet with rain.

I sat down beside her. Her face was still turned away but I could tell that she was smiling. And why not? She didn't exist unless I was with her. She wore little slippers trimmed with lace, like her panties. I'm not into feet, but they made her feet look sexy. I lingered, letting the lace on her panties make an identical pattern on my heart. Then I thought I heard a faint voice calling for help.

I turned and saw a low, arched hole in the wall. It was hardly bigger than a mouse hole. I had to lie flat on my belly, and even then I could barely squirm through, one shoulder at a time.

I was in a concrete-floored hallway with no windows. The walls were bare. The floor was cold and it sloped in two directions at once. It was hard to stand. There was a stack of new lumber against one wall. A girl was sitting on it wearing a red hat. A baseball cap–type hat. She stood up. She was wearing a T-shirt that read:

MERLYN SISTEMS
SOFTWARE THAT WORKS HARD

I could feel myself getting confused. "Chemise?"

"Not Chemise," she said.

"Not Chemise," I said. "What are you doing here? This is my——"

"This isn't your anything," she said. "You're not in the Veep right now. You're running parallel, in a programmer's loop."

"How did you get here, then?"

"I'm the programmer."

"A girl?"

"Of course a girl." She was wearing full-cut white cotton panties under her T-shirt. "What do you think?"

"I'm not supposed to have to think." I could feel myself getting annoyed. "This is Direct Experience. And you are not one of my fantasies."

"Don't be too sure. I'm a damsel in distress. And you're a guy. You came when I called, didn't you? I need your help to get to the Upper Room."

The Upper Room! She said it so casually. "They told me it's not open yet."

"It is if you know how to get to it," she said. "There's a shortcut through the mouse holes."

"Mouse holes?"

"You ask too many questions. I'll show you. But you have to do exactly what I say. You can't be looking around on your own."

"Why not?" I could feel myself getting annoyed again. I looked around just to prove I could. I saw a door.

"Because," she said, behind me.

But I was already stepping through, ducking my head. I was in an old-fashioned kitchen with white wooden cabinets. Chemise stood at the counter stirring a pot with a pair of big scissors. She was wearing a low-cut, smooth-fitting strapless bra in stretch satin and lace with lightly lined underwire cups, and a high-cut, wide-band brief with a sheer lace panel in the front, all in white. "Chemise!" I said. I wondered if she wondered where I had been.

But of course she hadn't. Behind her someone was either getting into or out of a pantry door.

It was me.

I was wearing an Inward Bound robe and shower sandals.

It was me.

I was wearing an Inward

It was

I was looking straight up at the water-stained ceiling of the Departure Hall. "What happened?" I asked. My heart was pounding. I could hear shoes squeaking frantically. A buzzer was buzzing somewhere. Mine was the only open drawer.

"System crash," the attendant said. "They want to see you upstairs in client services. Right away."

•

"Our bit maps show you in places you couldn't have been," said Dr. Cisneros. She was looking back and forth between the manila folder on her desk and something on her computer screen that I couldn't see. "Areas you couldn't possibly have entered." She looked across the desk at me and her new teeth glittered. "Unless there is something you're not telling me."

When in doubt I play dumb. "Like what?"

"You didn't see anyone else in the palace, did you? Anyone besides yourself and your DE image construct?"

"Another girl?" I decided to go with my instinct, which is always to lie. "No."

"Could be a simple system error," Dr. Cisneros said. "We'll have it sorted out by tomorrow."

•

"How did it go?" Mother asked.

"Go?"

"With your Pollyanna, your Arctic misadventure?"

"Oh, fine," I lied. I have always lied to Mother, on principle. The truth is too complicated. "I learned to handle a kayak. Lots of open water tomorrow."

"Speaking of open water," Mother said, "I opened those letters today. Lucille says you have to get your stuff. She swears he won't hit you again."

"Barbara Ann, Mother," I said. "And I wish you wouldn't open my mail."

"If wishes were pennies we'd all be rich. I stacked them back in the same order. Don't you think you should answer at least one?"

"I need my rest," I said. "We go after basking seals tomorrow. We stalk them across the ice."

"With guns?"

"With clubs. You know I hate guns."

"That's even worse."

"They're not real, Mother."

"The clubs or the seals?"

"Both. None of it is real. It's Direct Experience."

"My $899 is real."

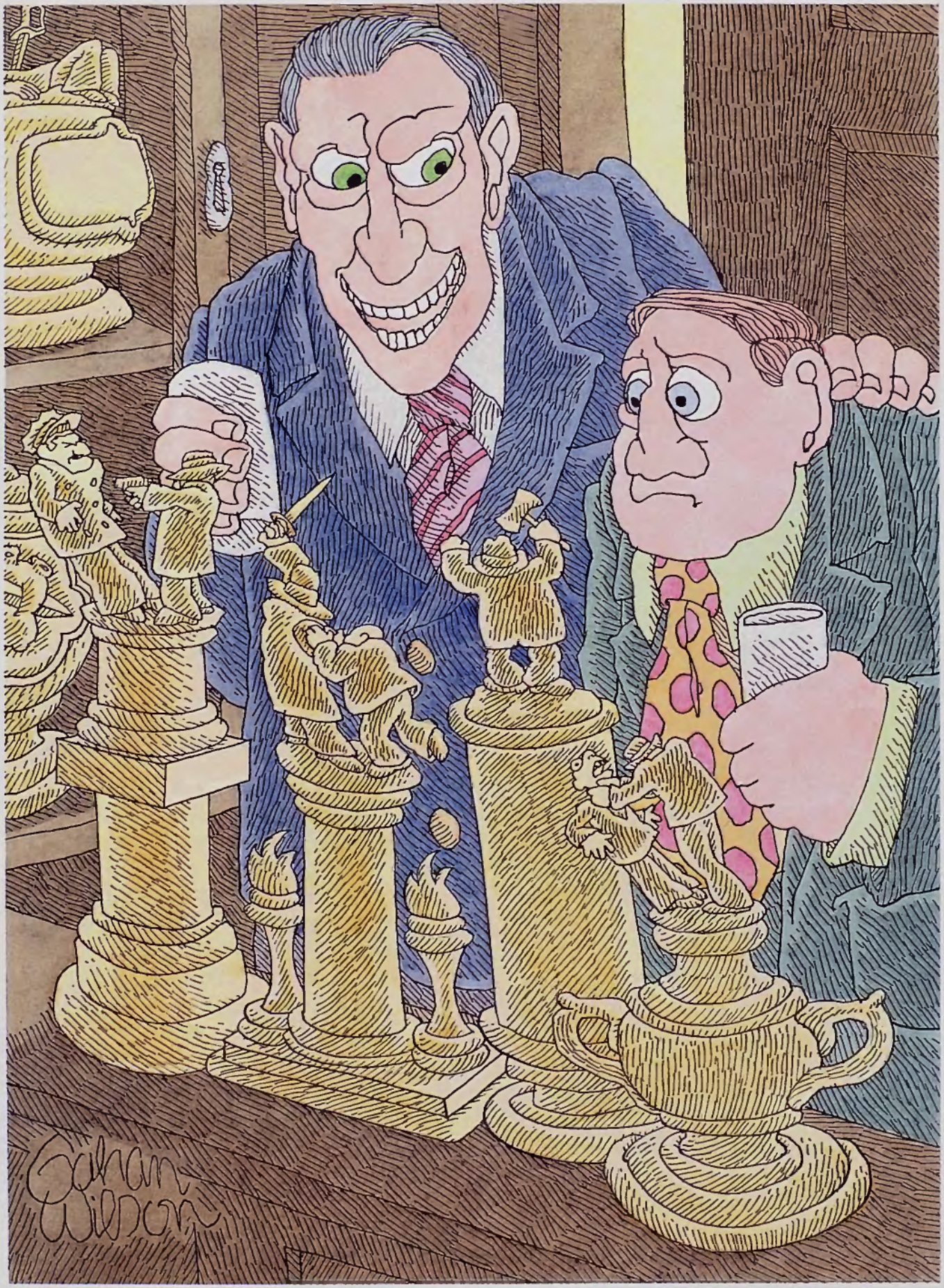
•

I was one of the first ones into the Departure Hall the next morning. I took off my clothes and sat down on the bench to wait for the attendant. I watched the other guys file in, mostly wearing parkas or safari outfits. Their attendants had them in their drawers by 8:58.

At 9:14 Squeaky Shoes showed up. "What's the delay?" I asked.

"Bug in the system," he said. "But we're getting it." He was sticking the

(continued on page 150)



"I see you've noticed my trophies!"

Passport To Romance

be bold this summer and embark on an unusual—and sexy—adventure

If you've been everywhere and bought the T-shirts, too, get set for some surprises. Summer travel trends in 1996 probably won't include a carbon copy of your neighbor's week in Orlando. Cruise ships, for example, used to be synonymous with love boats that were the size of small towns—and just as predictable. No more. The newest ships of summer are small, luxurious and so romantic that you may choose not to set foot on shore. One Italian-registered line, Silversea, has two new ships, the Silver Cloud and the Silver Wind, sailing to some of the world's most exotic ports. But it's the intimate nature of a Silversea cruise that makes it unique. Each ship accommodates fewer than 300 passengers, making you feel as if you were a pampered guest aboard a private yacht. And the only kind of accommodations are suites, with 75 percent boasting private verandas. Silversea enforces a strict no-tipping policy, and all wines and spirits in your stateroom and in

travel by DAVID STANDISH

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR STABIN

the ship's many bars, restaurants and salons are gratis. Prices range from about $3000 for a six-day Caribbean excursion to $95,000 (the two-bedroom Grand Suite rate) for an incredible 65-day journey that embarks in Singapore and ends in Copenhagen by way of Thailand, Sri Lanka, India, Egypt, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Spain, France and Germany. (The same cruise is a paltry $36,250 if you opt for a Veranda Suite.) Prices are per person.

Other terrific summer sailing can be enjoyed aboard Temptress Voyages ships that offer small, ecologically inspired trips along the coast of Central America; on Sven-Olof Lindblad's two 70-passenger ships, which bring you up close and personal to humpback whales in the Sea of Cortés and to glaciers and sea lions in Alaska; and on Radisson's Song of Flower, a 172-passenger jewel with diverse European itineraries from April through October. You can view the aurora borealis from the deck of the MS Hanseatic, a luxurious passenger ship that sails near the Arctic Circle from April through September, cruising past the icebergs of Disko Bay in Greenland.

Crewed canal boat charters, long a favorite holiday choice of Europeans, are rapidly being discovered by Americans who want to explore the 5000 miles of waterways in France as well as the canals and lakes of Ireland, Holland and Britain. Most of the barges have the atmosphere of a quaint country inn and some cater to special interests, such as golf or horseback riding. And, yes, a chef is on board. Le Boat Inc. of Hackensack, New Jersey is considered the premiere barge booker in the States. It describes one of its flagships as follows:

> Meanderer: Deluxe cabins, fine wine and excellent cuisine. Accommodates six passengers in spacious style with a captain who loves golf.

Le Boat can also plan special itineraries, designing a barge trip suited to your needs.

ADVENTUROUS SPIRITS

Adventure travel is the hot way to get away these days, with hundreds of companies organizing trips to test your endurance and grit.

Playing a round of golf may not seem like living on the edge, for example—unless, of course, you do it at the North Pole. Accessible Isolation Holidays in West Sussex, England can hook you up with a group of duffers this summer for an eight-day tournament in each of the five sectors at the Roof of the World—Canada, Greenland, Norway, Russia and the U.S. En route to the polar ice sheet, you'll visit Inuit communities at Grise Fjord and Resolute as well as other outcamps. This is your chance to get your name in *The Guinness Book of World Records* for the Most Northern Hole in One or the Most Northern Birdie. The price: about $6800.

The same company will also send you sea kayaking off Port McNeill, Canada, which sounds sedate until you learn that you'll be paddling alongside killer whales. Or how about swimming with sharks? Exmouth Dive Centre in Australia will take you to the Ningaloo Reef for a five-day frolic with whale sharks. "I've never experienced such fear, emotion and fascination all at the same time. The adrenaline was overwhelming," said one former participant. By the way, the huge whale shark dines on plankton and krill, so you won't be spending $1200 to be fish bait.

Of course, even great white sharks would be a wimpy challenge to cave divers. Considered by many to be the most dangerous sport in the world, cave diving has less to do with observing marine life than it does with navigating spectacular but potentially deadly surroundings. If you're up to the challenge (which means having at least 50 regular dives under your belt), we suggest heading to the Yucatán, where Mike Madden's Cedan Dive Center will take you on tours of underwater caves in the Puerto Adventuras–Tulum area. Be prepared for chilly water and amazing sights, including giant flowstones that rise up like Egyptian columns and stalactites that hang like daggers from cavern ceilings. One minute into this dive and you'll understand why Mayans believed these caves were home to the gods.

Fortunately, you don't have to be a certified diver to get a feel for the Yucatán's caves. Just sign up for the Indiana Jones Jungle Adventure, a day trip that begins with a one-and-a-half-mile jungle trek to a local family's ranch. After a quick tour of the grounds, you'll enjoy guided snorkeling at the nearby Nohoch Nah Chich Cave System—27 miles of underwater caverns that lead to the Caribbean Sea.

There are plenty of other places to appreciate the rugged wild with minimal risk.

Ecuador is considered one of the world's great travel secrets. It is inexpensive and packs into an area the size of Colorado everything from the Amazon jungle to the snowy Andes, where wild horses run in mountain meadows and condors cruise overhead. For local flavor, check out Quito, a splendid Spanish colonial city situated on the equator in a valley ringed by snow-covered volcanoes. And for jungle lovers, Ecuador has several standout lodges, including La Selva, an American-owned deluxe resort so environmentally rich that it's visited frequently by scientists and serious bird-watchers.

Another summer favorite of ours is Iceland. Traveling there is like taking Geology 101 all over again. Iceland's volcanoes are so active that all of Reykjavík is heated geothermally. The landscape is beyond dramatic, with geysers, waterfalls that make Niagara look puny, glaciers, fjords and lava fields so rugged that astronauts trained there before going to the moon. Green summer meadows such as those in Ireland are dotted with wildflowers and sheep, both of which outnumber people.

The best time to visit Iceland is in July and August, and the best way is on a camping tour. One rocky campsite in the central mountains near a glacier has been nicknamed the Lunar Hilton. But the blanket of color that results as the sun sets over this remarkable landscape (at two in the morning) makes the hard, lumpy night's sleep worth it. Likewise, the beauty of the island women makes you wish they all could be Iceland girls.

SPORTING LIFE

People who like to combine vacations with challenging athletic activities also have great travel choices.

Argentina offers some of the best advanced skiing in the western hemisphere. Because its winter season is the mirror-opposite of ours, consider packing your snowboard and skis and heading there for the first summer snowfall.

Bariloche in Patagonia, near the tip of South America, is a good starting point. The land of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid is South America's largest ski town, with an Austrian-style culture courtesy of early Austrian, Swiss and German settlers. Stay at the Hotel Pire-Hue at the base of Gran Catedral Ski Resort or check out the Llao Llao (pronounced zow zow), an extravagant resort hotel 16 miles from Bariloche with a spectacular view of the Andes and Lake Nahuel Huapí. Then move on to the small ski area of Cerro Bayo in the resort town of Villa La Angostura. Lift tickets cost a mere $16 and the views from the Bahia Manzano, a rustic yet exquisitely appointed hotel, are breathtaking. To wind down your South American ski trip, stop at Chapelco, a mountain with plenty of novice and intermediate trails and well-spaced trees.

If you prefer to bask in the warmth of summer, a bicycle tour is an exhilarating option. Backroads Bicycle Touring of Berkeley, California, one of the nation's top tour operators, organizes four- to 15-day trips to destinations

(concluded on page 166)

Helmut Newton is no stranger to the pages of PLAYBOY. His compelling, sexually charged photographs prove him the master of the edgier outreaches of the erotic. Case in point: his August 1977 interpretation of *Madame Claude*, the soft-core brothel fantasy from director Just (*Emmanuelle*) Jaeckin. Employing two French models, a well-appointed drawing room and a gentleman who obviously knows what he likes, Newton perfectly captured the sensual energy of the film.

HE'S EITHER A BLOWHARD IN BUCKSKIN OR THE BEST TRIAL LAWYER AROUND. YOU BE THE JUDGE

GERRY SPENCE
Buckaroo Barrister

IN LATE August 1992, Randy Weaver was holed up in his shack on Ruby Ridge, a rocky bluff in the mountains of northern Idaho. His wife's body had been rotting at his feet for a week, ever since an FBI sniper shot her through the face as she held their infant daughter. His 14-year-old son, also killed by a federal agent, lay lifeless in the barn. Weaver, a white separatist under siege for violating gun laws, had taken a bullet in the shoulder. Hundreds of FBI agents and other lawmen surrounded the cabin. Weaver prepared to die.

Bo Gritz, a burly and bearded leader among survivalists, volunteered to negotiate Weaver's surrender. He made it to the Ruby Ridge cabin, fought off the stench of the rotting body and huddled with Weaver. Weaver wanted to walk out alive with his surviving teenage daughter and the baby. And he wanted a good lawyer.

"Maybe I can get Gerry Spence to represent you," Gritz said.

"Who's Gerry Spence?" Weaver asked.

Gritz explained that Spence is one of the best criminal defense lawyers in the country, a towering mountain man who wears a buckskin jacket to court and wins big cases for the little guys. Weaver was not impressed. Gritz searched for something else to say, something that might convince Weaver. "Spence," Gritz said, "is the man who defended Imelda Marcos."

"Imelda Marcos," Weaver said. "He must be big stuff."

Gerry Spence was in his baronial log mansion in Jackson Hole, Wyoming when Gritz called. He didn't know Gritz and had never heard of Randy Weaver or Ruby Ridge. Gritz described the gory scene. "Weaver will surrender if you'll represent him," Gritz said.

"I can't represent someone I've never met," Spence shot back. He did, however, agree to talk with him. That was enough for Weaver, and he walked out with his hands up.

Spence flew to Idaho that night and interviewed Weaver in jail. The case had all the makings of a classic Spence crusade: The rest of the country saw Weaver as a nut from the white-militia lunatic fringe, but to Spence this was yet another example of big government ganging up on a little guy. Spence loves defending "ordinary people" against big corporations, big government or the "one-eyed media." The national spotlight was beaming on Ruby Ridge, and it would cast its glow on Gerry Spence.

On April 13, 1994 Randy Weaver walked into a Boise, Idaho courtroom with Spence leading his defense. Weaver faced charges of murdering a U.S. marshal during the siege, conspiracy, assaulting federal agents and selling illegal weapons. His guilt was a foregone conclusion and a conviction was a mere formality. But for the next 42 days Spence showcased the courtroom tactics and dramatics that have enshrined him as perhaps the most brilliant litigator of his time.

The government prosecutors vilified Weaver—a short, meek-looking man—as a crazed zealot bent on bringing down the federal government. They linked him to the Aryan Nation's white supremacist militia. They dumped his cache of rifles and pistols in front of the jury box to prove how dangerous he was. They described how deputy U.S. Marshal William Degan was shot dead in the skirmish on Ruby Ridge. Then they rested their case, leaving the stage for Gerry Spence.

Resplendent in his rawhide, Spence zeroed in on the bloody siege and focused the 12 members of the jury on one question: Who was the real murderer? Pacing back and forth in the courtroom, Spence told the jurors in plain language how the Weavers tried to live a simple and peaceful life in the mountains. The villains in his version of the story were the FBI crack shooters who killed Weaver's wife and son in cold blood. He called the agents to the stand.

"Well," Spence asked FBI agent Richard Rogers, head of the elite unit at Ruby Ridge, "did you know of anybody then, and do you know of anybody *(continued on page 126)*

PLAYBOY PROFILE

by Harry Jaffe

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

FLAMING ASSETS

cigar smoking's rapid rise has led to the reinvention of fire

Most cigarette lighters just don't do the job when it comes to firing up robustos, Churchills and pyramids—three of today's most popular cigar shapes. These thicker smokes demand broader fire, which is why manufacturers have created a new breed of lighter that delivers a wider flame. At near right is Dunhill's Unique cigar lighter, available in silver plate, gold plate (shown, about $415) and gold with silver. Next to it is the Quantum cigar lighter with an unusual flip top, by Colibri ($125). At far right, the Macassar is made of lacquered tropical wood, by S.T. Dupont ($575). Our Bunny brings a spark ta the night with a Double Corona cigar lighter by Savinelli ($225). Fire 'em up.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

GERRY SPENCE (continued from page 122)

"You step out on my porch and it's absolutely silent," Spence says. "Except when I hear the goddamn fax."

now, as you sit here today, who saw Mr. Weaver shoot anybody?"

"No," answered Rogers.

Spence asked if anyone had seen Randy Weaver point a gun at anyone. Rogers said no.

Spence then called Lon Horiuchi, the FBI sniper who shot Vicki Weaver as she held her baby, Elisheba.

"Did you fire a warning shot?" Spence asked.

"Sir, we do not fire warning shots in the FBI."

"Well, if you do shoot at someone," Spence asked, "you shoot to kill, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Horiuchi responded.

"Do you enjoy your job?" Spence asked a minute later.

"Yes," Horiuchi answered.

Spence paused and looked at the jurors. Dorothy Mitchell, sitting in the jury box, shuddered. "That was hard for me to take," she told a *Washington Post* reporter. "He was just coldhearted."

"This is a murder case," Spence boomed to the jurors during his closing argument, "but the people who committed the murders have not been charged."

The jury acquitted Randy Weaver of murder and all other major charges. Spence also helped Weaver win a $3.1 million award from the government. In September 1995 Weaver testified before nationally televised Senate hearings that focused on the Ruby Ridge siege and slammed the FBI. Spence, once again resplendent in rawhide, played the hero.

It's a role he loves. Spence has written six books and has won dozens of celebrated cases. (A good example is the $10 million verdict he gained in Karen Silkwood's plutonium contamination case against Kerr-McGee.) But the Ruby Ridge case and the O.J. Simpson trial put Spence over the top. NBC hired him as a Simpson trial consultant and Larry King named him to his dream team of commentators who tussled over O.J. every week. CNBC assigned him a weekly talk show, putting him in the Geraldo Rivera orbit. His latest book, *How to Argue and Win Every Time*, is a best-seller. He went to President Clinton's birthday party last summer in Jackson Hole, and he showed up at a White House Correspondents Dinner in Washington. Everyone else wore black tie. Spence, of course, wore black buckskin.

"I think he's a corny figure," says *Washington Post* television critic Tom Shales. "That ridiculous buckskin jacket reeks of a calculated way of distinguishing himself from all the other lawyers on TV. There's a line between the law and showbiz. He crossed it some time ago."

That line grows fuzzier by the day. Major trials are becoming the moral dramas that define American values. The Simpson case was about murder, spouse abuse and race. Randy Weaver's trial raised fundamental questions about the government's abuse of force. The Menendez case was a tale of greed and parenticide. William Kennedy Smith's trial was about upper-class rape and Mike Tyson's was about lower-class rape. Susan Smith makes us wonder how a mother could drown her two sons.

Who will interpret the issues raised in these cases? Gerry Spence will. He has volunteered to be a wise man for hire at a time when America seems terribly confused. But Spence can be confusing as well: Is he a TV personality, a writer, an egomaniacal huckster, a philosopher or—as Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz calls him—a prophet?

•

To get to Spence's log castle in Jackson Hole, you take a winding two-lane road out of the small town of Wilson at the foot of Teton Pass. His driveway snakes up a hill through a stand of aspens. He has named his spread Singing Trees. The house sits in a small meadow cut into the mountains. To the north the jagged peaks of the Tetons hit you in the face.

The man who opens the heavy door is wearing a frumpy red cardigan sweater. The gray workout pants are baggy and have a few holes. His toes peek out of old running shoes. He is tall and bearish. His shoulders are rounded and a bit hunched. His gait is stiff, his white hair shaggy, his cheeks ashen. He sticks out a hand and his blue eyes sparkle, a bit worn but friendly.

"Gerry Spence," he says.

Although he doesn't look like the same Gerry Spence who dominates the courtroom, he has many faces—and the one around the house apparently is that of a comfy codger.

Today, Spence is in his writer mode. He is 14 chapters into his memoirs, *The Making of a Country Lawyer*. It's his seventh book, and like the others, it's mostly about himself.

I look around at the wilderness and try to imagine Johnnie Cochran or Roy Black living in such a remote locale. "Why," I ask him, "did you choose the mountains?"

"Why does the guru, the wise man, live on the mountain?" he responds. "I'm not suggesting I'm a wise man. I'm suggesting there's a value to being separate in the extreme. There's an underlying wisdom in mother nature. There's a sort of sanity that can be gained here."

By now we've climbed two flights of stairs to his study.

"You step out on my porch and it's absolutely silent," he says. "Except when I hear the goddamn fax machine."

On the way up the stairs I had caught a glimpse of the cavernous living room and the chandelier made of moose antlers. His home, designed by his wife, Imaging, is medieval in scale but hobbitlike in design, topped by turrets and adorned with octagonal windows. It's built with massive tree trunks and big boulders, as if it were made for a giant. In Spence's book-lined study there are American Indian totems that are carved out of wood, buffalo skulls hanging on the stone fireplace, a .50-caliber buffalo rifle slung on the stones, a grainy photo of a cattle drive and photos of his parents on the walls. Pieces of his past are all around.

As we talk, Spence rages and preaches, lectures and argues. But he begins with a few words about the Simpson trial that made him a TV all-star.

"It's a watershed case in this country," he says. "In a way it's as important to this nation as the Civil War. We may be on the brink of a new kind of civil war."

He warms to the subject, leans toward me so that our knees are almost touching. His voice rises in volume, deepens in pitch. This is Spence the thespian lawyer.

"And so," he says, pausing for effect, "it means that there's massive almost-unanimity within the black community, which feels it is banished from the white power structure."

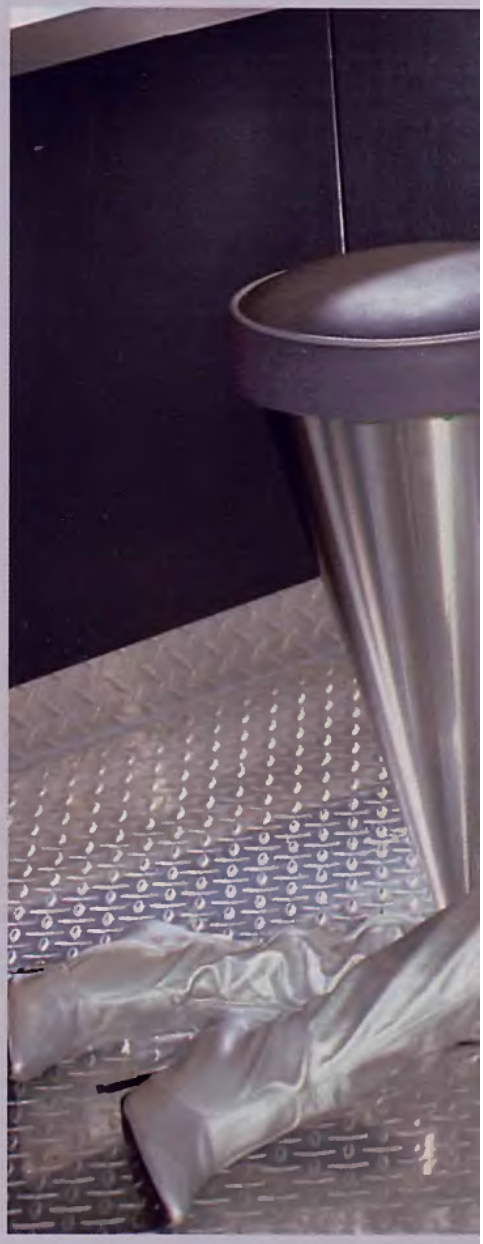
It's a note that Spence struck often during the endless hours of television rehashes of the Simpson case. He doesn't like the white power structure, even though it made him. But he uses it, and he's a member in good standing. Beneath the brilliant attorney and the homespun facade, Spence is an angry, radical populist.

"You seem to have a lot of rage," I say.

(continued on page 167)

"Not tonight. I've got the blues."

WOMEN OF THE



the best thing about cyberspace is that you can get beauty à la modem

On the Internet, no one knows you're a babe. Until now. The moment we asked the women of the Net to reveal themselves, sexy GIFs and JPEGs poured into our digital mailbox from around the world. We unzipped each file carefully and gazed in admiration at the beauty behind the bandwidth. In a fit of nostalgia, one retro editor suggested we print the best shots on something called paper. It worked. We know what you're thinking: Half the "women" you encounter on the Net turn out to be men. (Strange days, indeed.) Be assured that our modem models are as real as your nose, and wired to boot. We've met them in person, checked their IDs and, over cold pizza, charmed them into giving us their e-mail

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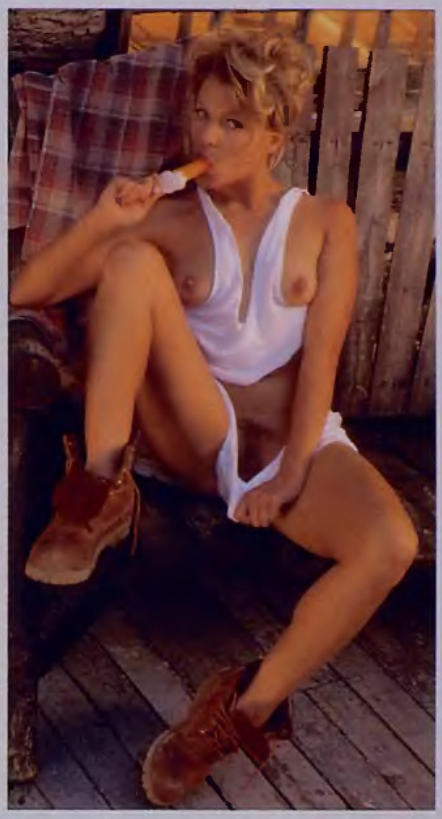
INTERNET

and World Wide Web addresses. As experienced surfers know, women who venture onto the testosterone-soaked Net are by necessity a shrewd bunch. They are very well aware of the difference between FTP and FTD and prefer to be on the receiving end of both. They appreciate a good line—a phone line, that is. They love a well-connected guy who can make them LOL. And they certainly don't take any guff from newbies. If you write, be polite. —CHIP ROWE

British model Nicki Lewis (nicki@ukglam.deman.co.uk), far left, is a regular on Usenet's alt.sex chat group, while (above) Carla Sinclair (NetChick1@aol.com), author of *Net Chick*, hosts a Web page at http://www.cyborganic.com/people/carla.

At left, Stacey Todd looks great indoors, which is how she likes it. "My idea of roughing it is not being able to get room service after midnight," says Stacey, a news junkie who never strays far from her modem. The Denver native won't, however, pass up a good barbecue. Sazzy Varga (SazzyL123@aol.com), above, prefers Thai food in bed. An assistant director and model, she moved from chilly Wisconsin to sunny Los Angeles after high school. After a friend introduced her to the fast lanes of the infobahn, college student Lisa Birkeland (nsane1@ix.netcom.com), below, switched her major from psychology to computer science. "Everybody says, 'Let's go over to the library to study,' but I much prefer to head home and do research on my computer. Sometimes I'm such a nerd," Lisa says, laughing.

If you have a bad connection, Kotelynne Amber, below left, may be able to help: She is working toword on advonced degree in morriage counseling and sex therapy. You'll find her online wherever great recipes are shored. Below ot right, law school grad Kimberly Ann (103345.3070@compuserve.com) got wired lost yeor while studying for the Californio bor (she possed). "My mom wos online ond gove me on e-mail oddress," says Kim, who hongs out ot online vineyards ond hos olreody orranged severol job interviews over the Net.

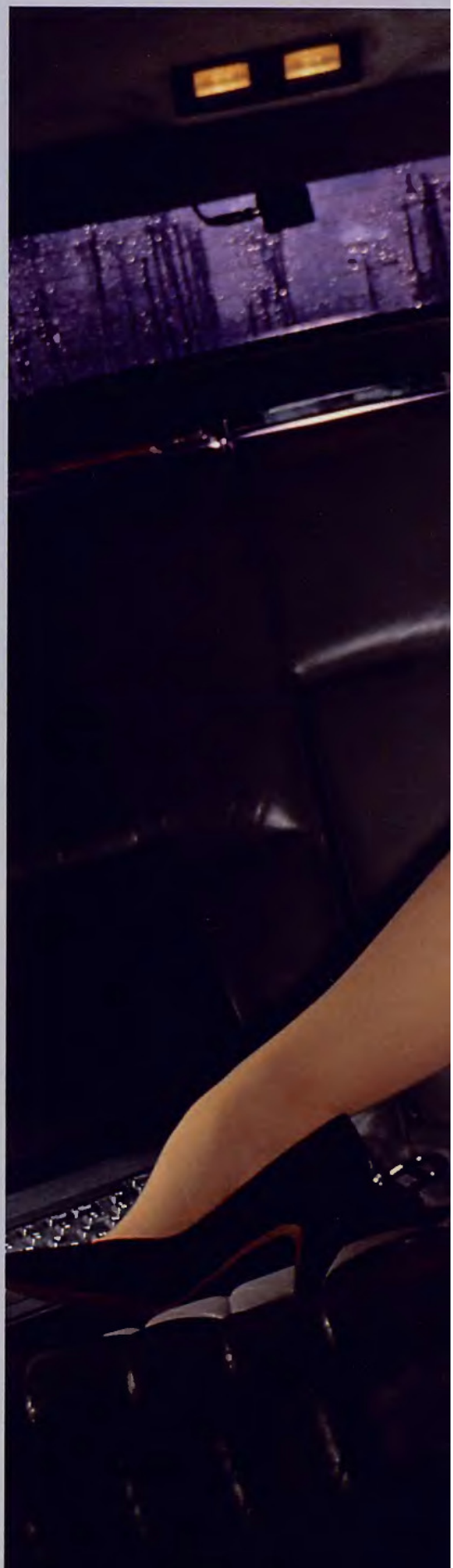


Born in Japon ond now living in San Francisco, the fetish diva known os Midori (Cobaltbobe@ool.com), above right, relies on the Internet to stay in touch with friends. A proud feminist ond porty girl, she'd be online more but "real life gets in the way." Son Antonio notive Notosha Terry, opposite poge, produces videos thot help couples improve their sex lives. A clinicol sexologist, Notosha answers questions on radio progroms ond ot her own Web site (http://www.omore.com). "Nothing beots good sex," she soys, "not even the Internet."

What's New? | What's Cool? | Handbook | Net Search | Net Directory | Newsgroups

Lily Burana (lilyb@echonyc.com), left, scoffs at the notion that the Net breeds loners. "If someone didn't want to interact, why would she go online?" A dancer-turned-journalist, she founded the punk sex zine *Taste of Latex*. Visit her at http://www.well.com/user/lilyb/. Turn up those desktop speakers: Musician Tess Hennessy (tess@indirect.com), above, creates digital dance music. Stay up all night at http://www.indirect.com/user/tess. The Rolling Stones hove nothing on the gossip reporter known to Houston radio listeners as Lucy Lipps (lucy@thebuzz.com), below. The self-described "queen of the international party tornado of fun" hosts a site at http://www.lucylipps.com that includes advice for the lovelorn, romantic links, personal ads and celebrity scuttlebutt. You heard it here first.

Pam Luu (ptl101@psu.edu), left, is a recovering Netaholic. "You log on and three hours go by like that," laments Pam, who loves Walt Disney movies and Ben & Jerry's.



What's New? | What's Cool? | Handbook | Net Search | Net Directory | Newsgroups

Georgio peach Nicole Marie (SFXLover@aol.com), opposite page, below left, is a makeup artist who loves "honest men with tight butts." (On your feet, guys.) She stumbled upon our call for Net beauties during her second day online. The instant Danni Ashe, below, laid eyes on the Web, she wos hooked. "Bells went off," she soys. "I needed my own site." After teaching herself HTML, she launched Donni's Hard Drive (http://www.donni.com), which draws 700,000 hits a day. When she tires of Web surfing, Danni plans a worldwide sailing trip.

BUCHANAN (continued from page 76)

"I don't consider Kuwait a country. I consider it an oil company with a seat at the United Nations."

Wall Street bankers, and there will be no more $50 billion bailouts of third world socialists who live in Moscow or Mexico City."

Buchanan attacks Colin Powell for abandoning the party on affirmative action, gun control, abortion and prayer in school. He calls Powell's supporters "infantile."

In person Buchanan is congenial, exceptionally polite and willing to listen. How can this be the same man who brutally offends millions of Americans with his divisive, derisive rhetoric? Remember his now-famous analysis of the AIDS epidemic? "The sexual revolution has begun to devour its children. The poor homosexuals—they have declared war on nature, and now nature is exacting an awful retribution."

How long can this rogue stay in the Republican armada? Buchanan relishes the idea of a head-on collision. When asked about his conflicts with pro-choice Republicans (who, according to polls, amount to two thirds of the party) Buchanan said, "When that crowd comes to the San Diego convention and comes in to tear the right-to-life plank out of the Republican platform, it is going to have to come over Pat Buchanan. And I don't think it can do that."

"We have to begin by understanding that there is no prospect of Buchanan's upsetting Bush for the nomination," noted William F. Buckley in 1992. "Therefore he enjoys the maximum luxury of any candidate whose designs are for something other than victory."

That's true for the 1996 campaign as well. Now that his political career has eclipsed his role as CNN's domesticated pit bull, Buchanan's true intentions are as shadowy as those of any other professional politician. Since his days with Richard Nixon he has thrived as the Republican party's good-humored hatchet man. Will he now rebel like a renegade soldier and bomb the institution that trained him? If the Republican hierarchy still believes that Buchanan's 1992 convention speech was a once-in-a-lifetime nightmare, it must have left before the end of it, when he promised, "We'll be back in '96."

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Along with Mike, Lee and Shaun, I am assigned to the advance squad. From six A.M. to ten P.M. our life is dedicated to Buchanan. If we stop to eat, it's a Big Mac. As advance men our job is to stay one stop ahead of Buchanan, preparing the way for each day's 16-hour schedule. We hammer signposts for miles leading up to Buchanan's events, hang banners from a railroad trestle and scout out a gymnasium—where students are wearing red ribbons to show their fidelity to the antidrug crusade—for a major campaign event.

We examine the podium, the electricity, the microphone. Everything is in order. As the supporters filter in, Shaun and I pass out literature and gossip with the crowd.

"I am so scared," says Diane, a woman wearing a GO PAT GO hat. Her eyes well up with the fear and hope of a true believer. I have seen this face several times now. Concerned, scared and unable to pinpoint the cause of America's spiritual malaise, Diane accepts Buchanan's enemies list as the most plausible. "I think our enemies are about to take over the country."

"It doesn't look too good," I agree.

"I really think that they'll throw me in the gas chamber, probably right after they get Pat," Diane says, shaking her head hopelessly. "I stay awake at night worrying about all this."

I meet James, a contractor eagerly awaiting Buchanan. His hands are savaged and scarred by decades of manual labor, but his clothes are neat and clean. "Pat is the epitome of truth. Everything he says is true," he tells me. As evidence he cites Rush Limbaugh. "America is like one of those colonial houses you keep adding to until you no longer have the essence of what you began with," James explains. "If you take out too many support beams, the whole house is compromised. That's what is happening in America."

James and I talk about Pat's devotion to the conservative cause and work ourselves into a lovefest of accolades that ends only when James scribbles off a $300 check. "Here, give this to Pat. I'd give every last dime if I thought it would guarantee Pat Buchanan was elected."

Buchanan is late so Lee and I decide to leave and put up a last few signs. Lee is dressed sharp, in a dark blue suit and tie. Standing outside the campaign's rented Ford Ranger pickup, I joke about his tailored suit. It's the color and style of those worn by guys who talk into their cuff links when the president comes to town. "It looks like you're working security today."

Lee whispers, "Listen, can you keep a secret?"

I think he is going to tell me about a secret opposition to Buchanan, some extremist group plotting on the fringes of the Christian right. I lean forward to hear him out.

Lee twirls his hand behind his back and brings out a huge black pistol. "I'm not a great shot, but good enough—and I'll return fire."

"I'll get behind you when the shooting starts," I say.

"Better not, that's the last place you want to be. Oh, keep this quiet, I don't think Peter even knows about this." He looks repentant, as if he hadn't meant to share his Secret Service fantasy.

•

I drive slowly along Route 1 in Portsmouth, stopping to take notes as I listen to Buchanan on a local talk show. His voice has the practiced cadences of a preacher's. "The people have to be reconverted," declares Buchanan. "If citizens would abide by biblical truths all these problems could be solved."

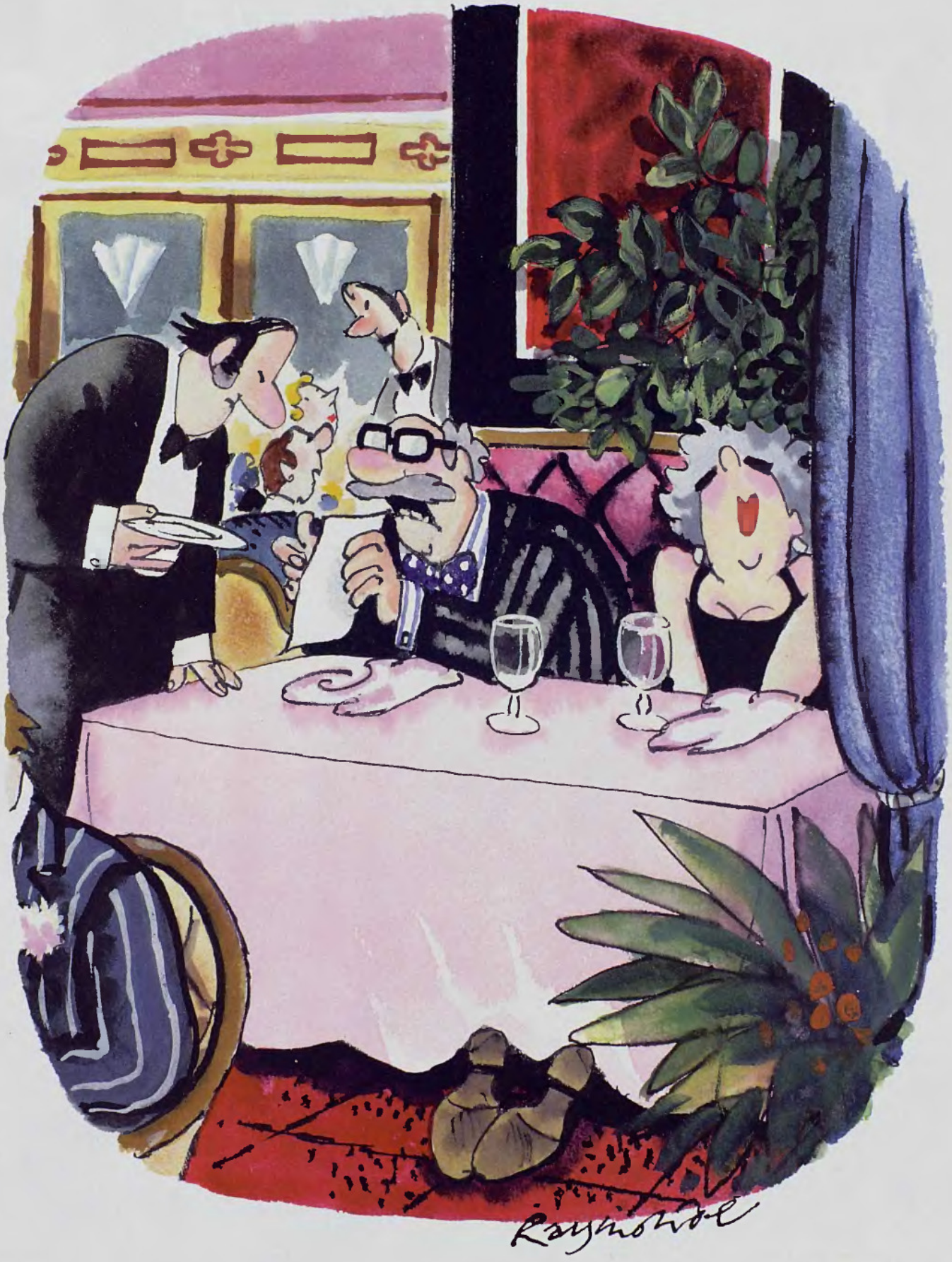
Like a journeyed storyteller, Buchanan draws out the suspense and is the first to laugh at his own jokes. "I don't consider Kuwait a country," he says. "I consider it an oil company with a seat at the United Nations."

One caller asks about potential violence from militia survivalists. Buchanan flips the question and warns, "The Crips and Bloods are spreading prostitution and drugs into small communities across the nation." Responding to a question about nuclear waste and an Indian tribe's refusal to let the waste pass through its territory, Buchanan declares, "With due respect to the Indians, they lost the war."

Pulling into a Rotary Club parking lot, I see a man with two notepads. He is sullen, serious and foreboding. He has been sent to be—as Shaun says—"the eyes and ears of national for a day." The national campaign is managed by Pat's sister, Angela "Bay" Buchanan, who looks and sounds like her brother stuffed into a dress. As the brains behind the campaign, she is wary of her brother's high jinks and regularly sends observers to New Hampshire.

Today is a key day for Buchanan's New Hampshire team. An eight-person film crew has been commissioned to produce television commercials for the campaign. The crew will film ten hours of Pat and distill them into four 30-second spots. Leading the film crew is a man from Massachusetts named Jay, who drives a Jaguar and claims to have filmed "200 campaigns in seven

(continued on page 158)



"What extras?"

OVER-THE-TOP ELECTRONICS

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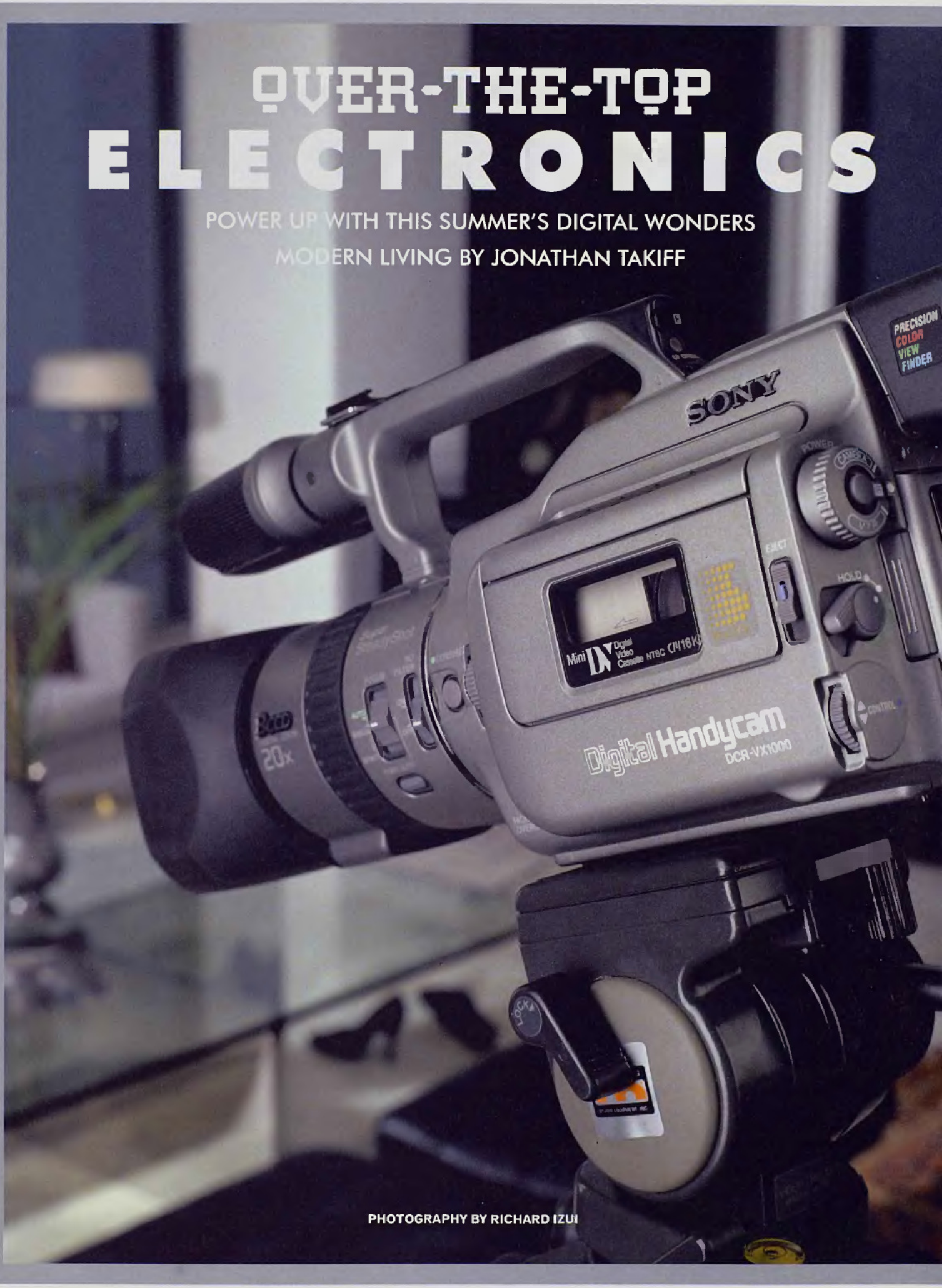
MODERN LIVING BY JONATHAN TAKIFF



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

BIGGER isn't necessarily better in life—or in home electronics, as evidenced by a growing lineup of products designed to do more yet be far less obtrusive. The latest television sets, for example, are loaded with great new features, including split-screen picture-and-picture, which lets you watch two identically sized shows simultaneously. And while screen sizes have reached near-Multiplex proportions, the sets themselves take up less space, thanks to shrinking picture tubes and technology that will soon make it possible to hang a 40-inch TV on the wall. Other signs that less is more this spring include the introduction of pocket-size digital camcorders that can easily be linked to a TV set, computer or printer; multimedia notebook computers that rival desktop models; and small, stylish stereo systems for apartments where space is at a premium yet great sound is a must.

Nobody does a disappearing act better than Bose, with its new $2500 Lifestyle 20 music system. A compact 200-watt subwoofer with amp can be tucked under a table or in a corner, and the pint-size double-cube satellite speakers virtually float in space on optional wall brackets. The Lifestyle 20's handsome, aluminum-clad music center is hardly *(text continued on page 163)*

Left: One of a new generation of digital camcorders, Sony's DCR-VX700 records images at 500 lines of resolution on to matchbook-size digital cassettes. It also features 20X zoom, technology that eliminates the shakes, a color viewfinder and automatic and manual controls (about $3000). Below: Gateway 2000's Solo line of multimedia notebook computers combine 75- to 120-megahertz Pentium processors, supercapacity storage and interchangeable quad-speed CD-ROM and 3.5" floppy drives. Prices range from $3300 to $5900, depending on configuration.

SEGA
NESIS
SEGA
PRIME TIME
LOW BATT
NOMAD
MODE
START

SONY

JOSE

Far left, top: A 16-bit double-duty video game system, Sega's Nomad features a 3¼" color monitor for playing Genesis titles on the go as well as a video connection and two controller ports that allow you to hook up the machine to your TV for large-screen action, about $180. Near left, top: Mission Electronics' M-time combines a Dolby Pro Logic Surround decoder, multichannel amplification, a center channel speaker and dual subwoofers in an elegant console large enough to support a 35-inch TV (about $4000). It also provides space for video sources, such as RCA's VR678HF VCR ($500, pictured). This model with cable-box control includes Commercial Advance, which automatically fast-forwards through commercial breaks during playback. Bottom left: Bose's sleek 200-watt Lifestyle 20 Music System ($2500) includes two double-cube speakers, a radio-frequency remote and the brushed-aluminum music center in the foreground, which houses a six-disc CD changer and a tuner plus two video inputs. Right: Picture-and-picture, a hot new TV function that allows you to watch two programs simultaneously, is found on Sony's KV-32XBR85 ($2200). Stored in the 32-inch set's console is Sony's SAS-AD1, a Direct Satellite System receiver with multiroom capabilities. The price: about $950.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

20 QUESTIONS

MICHAEL MADSEN

Michael Madsen can easily look like a thug. The 37-year-old actor (and brother of actress Virginia Madsen) has certainly played his share—from the ominous Mr. Blond in "Reservoir Dogs" to the hazardous Rudy in the 1994 remake of "The Getaway." But Madsen has a softer, introspective side as well. He showed those qualities as the father in "Free Willy," and as Susan Sarandon's boyfriend, Jimmy, in "Thelma & Louise." Those are his better-known roles. There have been 25 others, some juicy, some straight to video. And he's written a recently published book of neo-Bukowski poetry titled "Beer, Blood and Ashes."

When Contributing Editor David Rensin went to the actor's beach house for this interview, he found that most of his screen-inspired impressions melted away, leaving "a big guy who watches you while you try to get as deep inside his head as he'll allow. One moment he's a greaser with a heart; the next, you get that don't-fuck-with-me look. Either way, you hope you don't make a wrong move." Says Rensin, "Madsen answered the door shirtless, clutching a sleeping baby to his chest. We walked down a flight of steps to his living room where, despite my stated preference for juice or water, he insisted I have a beer. OK, I'd never had a Red Dog. Then he told me we were taking a ride. Madsen changed clothes and led me into the garage. There was the prettiest 1967 Vette I'd seen in a long time. He popped the hood and we talked engine specs. Then he opened the door and said, 'Get in.'

"When we reached the Pacific Coast Highway, Madsen turned right—and then floored it. He took it through every gear in about ten seconds. All I could do was hold on and hope we didn't roll over. Later, we sat on the beach and talked. He sipped brown liquor and I had my beer. We both lit up unfiltered Camels. We were talking about torture scenes when suddenly he turned toward me and laughed and, as if I had passed some sort of test, said, 'I can't believe you got in the car.'"

the thinking man's tough guy on the enduring allure of tattoos, jennifer tilly and the shark-skin suit

1.

PLAYBOY: In *Reservoir Dogs* the most gruesome part to watch of Mr. Blond's big torture scene was when he cut off the cop's ear. What was the toughest part to do?

MADSEN: I had a hard time with the cop saying, "I've got a kid." That wasn't in the script. That came out in a rehearsal. We were up in this warehouse doing improvs, trying to figure out how to play that whole scene. The cop was in the chair. I had the lighter and I was going to light him up. He said, "Don't burn me! Don't burn me! I've got a kid!" I said, "Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute." Then I turned to Quentin Tarantino and said, "Quentin, I'm not going to do that. He can't say that. Don't let him say that because I cannot fucking torch him after he says that to me. If he says that to me I ain't gonna light him on fire." And Quentin says, "No, no, I think it's great! I think it's wonderful! It brings a whole new element to it!" I said, "Quentin, maybe it does, but it's not the element that you wrote, man, OK? It's a thing that you've now come to because this actor has ad-libbed. And it changes it for me. It makes Mr. Blond into something else, and I don't want to go that way." Would Mr. Blond have actually torched him? It's like when Jimmy Cagney goes to the electric chair in *Angels With Dirty Faces*. Pat O'Brien comes to him and says, "I want you to turn yellow in the chair for the boys, because they think you're a big fucking hero." So here goes Rocky Sullivan down the hall. He punches the cop and he's like, "Yeah! Yeah!" He sits in the chair, they strap him in. You see the shadow on the wall. All of a sudden he says, "I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die! Oh my God! Oh no! *No!*" and it stops when the switch is pulled. It gives me a fucking chill up my spine. You never will know if he was fucking scared or if he did it for those boys. I like to think he did it for the boys.

2.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy making movies in the Nineties, or does another era hold more appeal for you?

MADSEN: I grew up watching Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Robert Mitchum—*The Rose Tattoo*, *Lonely Are the Brave* and *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. I wish that I had been part of a studio system where actors were nurtured and brought along. Bogart made 40 films before he did *High Sierra*. I don't know if that's possible today. Now it's so hard just to get in. A lot of young actors don't realize how hard it is, or know the tenacity it takes, to not give up. Shit, I'm the son of a fireman from Chicago. I started from fucking nowhere. Today, you get the head shots and the agents and the acting schools. All these young actors are preyed upon by all of this stuff when they get off the bus. I read a lot of biographies: those of Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Cagney. Most of them never went to acting school a day in their lives.

3.

PLAYBOY: Your former wife's name is tattooed on your arm. Did you think your marriage would last forever? Are you a candidate for laser removal?

MADSEN: A tattoo is something that seems like a good idea at the time. I think of tattoos as scars more than as pictures. It's a picture in your flesh that represents a certain point of your life. I don't see the point in removing them. Mine are 14 years old. I might cover them up with something that's easier to look at—ocean waves, a Vargas girl—but taking them off is stupid. My advice is, don't get any tattoos. Why? So one day you don't have to answer questions about them [*laughs*]. A lot of my buddies got 'em. Some of them are good, some of them are bad. You have to have nice work. You have to think about it. You don't want to let some hack carve it into your skin. And you had better like what you get. It's a funny thing, a tattoo. It's painful. It hurts to get the damn things. But I mean, what doesn't? Tattoos are the least of it.

4.

PLAYBOY: Your latest movie is *Mulholland Falls*. Which of your previous films are worth remembering?

MADSEN: There are only four decent ones: *Kill Me Again*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Thelma & Louise* and *The Getaway*. It's been very hard for me because I'm very bad at auditioning. I really can't sit down in a room and read for a panel of people. It doesn't seem to make any sense. It's so far removed from what you actually do in a movie that I don't know how to do it in a room. I once had an audition where I was supposed to be some kind of bad guy. The casting director kept saying, "You've gotta be angry here. You've got to show me some anger. You've got to show me some aggression." I kept trying to get there and she just kept shaking her

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

head. Then she said, "Let me pretend like I'm the other character," and I said, "OK, I can do that." She read the other lines and I started to try to play the scene. At one point I picked up the chair that I had been sitting in and threw it across the room. That busted the chair. She got very upset and stopped the whole thing. She said, "You're crazy! You're not an actor. You're destroying property!" I said, "What? I thought we were playing a scene here. It wasn't my intention to destroy your office, but if you want to take me to that place, if you want me to show anger, how can you now be upset by what I did?" I didn't get the part.

5.

PLAYBOY: You've done plenty of killing on-screen. Have you saved lives offscreen?
MADSEN: No. But when I was a little boy, my father pulled over on the freeway because a guy on a motorcycle had been hit by a car and was lying in the middle of the road. Everybody was going by. When my dad pulled over, another car did, too. My dad told the other driver to give him his shirt. Then my dad wrapped the shirt around the guy's leg and made a tourniquet. His leg was almost completely cut off. The ambulance came and took the injured guy away. About six months later, my father got a phone call from the guy. He said that they had saved his leg, that they had reattached it. That was a moment. My dad was a hero to me, an unsung hero. I watched my father carry children out of windows in burning buildings and bring them down a ladder. He never got any awards, but I don't think he really wanted that. He didn't want anybody to say, "Oh, that was wonderful." He just did it because that was his job. I guess I'd like to think I could match that, or get close to that, someday. Do something that worthwhile.

6.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Alec Baldwin on *The Getaway*. Why will he always remember you?
MADSEN: I pulled out my dick in front of him. There's a scene in the hotel in El Paso where Doc sticks his head out of the doorway and he sees me, Rudy, who has come to kill him, in the hall. I used to tease Alec about that. I said, "You know, did you ever see the way McQueen played that part? Remember the look on his face when he saw Rudy and Fran in the hallway?" Alec would say, "Oh, I don't want to hear about that." I'd say, "No, no, no, it was great. He had all these different things going on. It was bewilderment and astonishment and hatred and all this shit, and it was all there on Steve's face." Alec would say, "I don't want to hear about that." When the day came for him to shoot that scene I said, "You want me to be off camera for you?" He says, "No, no, Mike, go in your trailer. I'm all right. I can do this." I said, "Oh, OK, whatever." But I wanted to do something to fuck with him. So when he stuck his head out, I was standing on the other side of the camera, and I unzipped my fly and pulled out my dick! And all of a sudden his face looked just like Steve McQueen's. It was perfect. After they yelled "Cut" he let fly with some expletives. He didn't want the director, Roger Donaldson, to print it. He said, "Oh, don't print that one! We have to go again." Roger said, "No, I liked that one, actually. I think we will print that."

7.

PLAYBOY: In *The Getaway* Jennifer Tilly played your girlfriend, Fran. How much fun was it to tell her exactly what to do and have her listen with enthusiasm?
MADSEN: When I took the job I asked if Fran had been cast yet and they said no. I said, "Well, you should get Jennifer Tilly. She's Fran, let's face it." They weren't so sure. So they brought all these girls in to audition with me. They must have flown maybe ten actresses to Phoenix to audition. I did the off camera for all of them. It was the scene in the vet clinic with Fran and her husband, Harold. I had to know how far I could go with the actress because I didn't want to be stuck on the set with somebody who was afraid of me or afraid of what I would do. So I got expressive, snapping bra straps, physical contact and other stuff, seeing if the actress could make herself available to a character like that without seeing the darkness and negativity and horror of somebody like Rudy. She had to be attracted to Rudy. He was a sick fuck. None of the actresses could do it and I kept saying that Jennifer Tilly was the only one who could. Then I found out that they had already auditioned her. I said, "Do you have her on tape? Let me see the tape." They showed me her tape. I said, "What is wrong with you guys? Man, that's her." And I was right. Jennifer made herself very available. When I hanged the cat on Harold in the bathroom, after he had hanged himself, she laughed and laughed. She thought it was a great idea.

8.

PLAYBOY: What do you plan to do when the thrill is gone?
MADSEN: Race cars. I drove a Nascar at the Phoenix International Raceway when we were making *The Getaway*. I did four laps, averaging 165. I was invited to go to Richard Petty's driving school. They said they would sponsor me. When I was in high school, a lot of my friends and I used to build cars and race. I used to make $225 a week at Joe Jacobs' Chevrolet, and I'd spend all my money on my car. I had a 1968 Road Runner with a 440 engine and pistol-grip four-speed. Then I had a Chevelle 396 four-speed. That was my whole life. I thought I was going to be a big-time racing driver. I was also a big Mopar boy. I liked the Dodge. There was a 1968 Charger, and then I had a Challenger. God, I think I've had about 30 cars. I have a 1957 Chevy right now, the Stingray, a 1964 Thunderbird convertible. And I've got a 1977 Vette up in Montana. I love cars. Old cars. So if the acting thing didn't work out, I'd race fucking cars.

9.

PLAYBOY: When you were younger you did a little time. For what? Who would be the best Hollywood cellmate?
MADSEN: It was juvenile shit. Stealing cars, robbery, that kind of shit. *Birdman of Alcatraz* probably describes jail best. A lot of movies romanticize prison, but there's nothing romantic about it. Morgan Freeman would be the ideal cellmate. He strikes me as somebody who has inner dignity, and that's rare. I feel like I could talk to the man. He'd listen.

10.

PLAYBOY: You've called yourself a loner and said that you like it. What's so good about being your own man?
MADSEN: Because we moved so many times I was forever the new kid on the block and the new kid in school. After a while I started to realize that having friends is overrated. All that social-interaction stuff isn't what it's made out to be. People who hang out in cliques are deemed to be so special. In reality they don't have a lot to offer. Maybe I say that because I've just learned to live without it. It's like Alan Ladd riding over the hill at the end of *Shane*. I'd like to think that most people who see him ride over the hill realize why that's so important. I can't watch it without crying. It represents loneliness and a oneness. He's accepted himself for who he really is, and I think it's healthy. I'm not saying one should disregard his fellowman, because Shane certainly didn't disregard his fellowman. But there comes a time to move on. Even though the little boy is saying, "Mother wants you, I know she does. And Pa's got things for you to do." Well, Shane did what he had to do and then he left. I do have friends, but I have very few of them. Most of my friends have disappointed me. Most people in my life have let me down. You can torture yourself about it forever, or you can say, "OK, I can live without it. I'm gonna get along fine without it." You're much better off if you get to that place, because then people can't fuck with you.

11.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a big price to pay?
MADSEN: There are bigger rewards than there are prices to pay. I mean, I'm sitting on the beach, I'm drinking Jack Daniel's and doing *20 Questions* [*laughs*]. But I've fucking worked hard. I've spent 15 years doing this. I'm not under any

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illusions about what I think, and I don't try to pretend that I'm something I'm not. I got over that whole painful self-indulgent crap about "I'm alone, I'm on my own." Feeling sorry for myself is a fucking waste of time. Being a loner is a reality. My disposition is genetic. My father is a distant man. My mother's father was a distant man. My father's father, they used to call him Silent Sam. This is inescapable for me.

12.

PLAYBOY: As a kid, after your parents divorced, you hung out with losers, outsiders and underdogs. What can you learn from outcasts?

MADSEN: Most of the guys I knew had a lot more integrity and a lot more going on than most other people I've met. They were good men. A lot of good hearts there. And most of them are dead now. It's hard for me to accept. I don't know why I lived and they didn't. I've asked myself that question a lot.

13.

PLAYBOY: You were up for the lead in *Natural Born Killers*, but the part went to Woody Harrelson. One story suggests you passed on the part because it took Oliver Stone too long to decide. What really happened?

MADSEN: I read *Natural Born Killers* even before I read *Reservoir Dogs*. Oliver Stone called me and asked me to play the lead. But things did take a long time to be resolved. By that time, I'd been applauded for playing the heavy in *Reservoir Dogs*, so I wasn't real sure that being in *Natural Born Killers* was the right move to make. So I backed out. I don't like to sit around and grumble about shit. Regret is not a good thing. You do what you think is right at the time, and you should embrace your perception.

14.

PLAYBOY: Tarantino wrote *Natural Born Killers*. How badly did you want to be in *Pulp Fiction*?

MADSEN: Quentin sent me *Pulp Fiction* when I was in New York doing publicity for *The Getaway*. I read it and, again, I felt like I would be repeating myself, particularly because Vincent Vega was the brother of my character, Nick Vega, from *Reservoir Dogs*. How could I play my own brother? Then Quentin said, "Well, I'm going to make *The Vega Brothers*, so if you don't do *Pulp*, whoever does play Vincent"—who ended up being played by John Travolta—"will be your brother." Besides, Larry Kasdan had cast me in *Wyatt Earp*, and I had always wanted to make a Western. As far as I'm concerned, *Dogs* is a better film than *Pulp* anyway. *Dogs* made Quentin. I didn't need to be in *Pulp Fiction*. I'd much rather look forward to doing *The Vega Brothers*. I hope Quentin does it because Travolta and I together could make a great Tarantino picture.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest role you've ever been asked to play?

MADSEN: Helvis. It was about an illegitimate son of Elvis Presley who is a psychopathic killer by day and an Elvis impersonator at night.

A director also wanted my sister and me to be in a film together—as lovers. The movie was called *Galatea*. He said, "Think of the notoriety! Think of the press we'll get!" I said, "Yeah. You're a fucking wacko, man."

16.

PLAYBOY: You go into a restaurant, you open the menu and you see a "Michael Madsen." What is it?

MADSEN: [*Long laugh*] A New York steak. With onions.

17.

PLAYBOY: You have young sons. When they're older and you have to discipline them, will you do it through reasoning or edict, or just show them your films so they'll have an idea whom they're dealing with?

MADSEN: You can't tell a kid anything. When people told me stuff when I was little, I didn't fucking want to listen to anybody. I don't expect my sons to listen to me. But I think if I can reason with them, I will. I like to reason, explain the pros and cons and let them make up their own minds about which way to go. Shit, I'm not going to break them down. I don't want to fuck up their spirit like my spirit was fucked with. When I was growing up, it was "Just fucking smack 'em!" We all know that's not the way to go. I mean, if you beat your dogs they're going to turn around and bite your face off someday.

18.

PLAYBOY: What lessons did you learn by pumping gas that serve you well in Hollywood?

MADSEN: Humility. You don't really need to blow your horn too loud. When it's 30 below zero and somebody's honking their horn outside for me to come out and fill up their car with gas, I'm going to put that gas in that car because that's my job. But they don't have to honk at me. This is a hard business. A strange business. I still haven't figured it out. I don't know if I ever will. I don't know if I want to.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is there any mohair or sharkskin hiding in your closet?

MADSEN: No. I always wanted a sharkskin suit, though. Like Sinatra and Sammy and Joey Bishop used to wear. I saw a picture of Sinatra in a black sharkskin suit. It was so cool. I liked those Vegas, Rat Pack movies. Also films like *The Dirty Dozen*, *The Wild Bunch*, *The Magnificent Seven*. Guys looking out for one another. When men were men and sheep were afraid.

20.

PLAYBOY: Last question: What do you love to watch women do?

MADSEN: Take care of their babies. Yeah. Yee-ah.

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UPPER ROOM *(continued from page 116)*

"She may have left loops or subroutines to render the software unstable or even dangerous."

little things to my forehead. "Close your eyes."

Bug? I closed my eyes. I heard the drawer rumble; I smelled the sharp smell of the Vitazine and it was like waking from a dream. Chemise was sitting on a brocaded settee under an open window, wearing a plum-red stretch-velvet baby T with lattice edging and elastic-trimmed neckline over matching high-cut bikini panties.

"Chemise," I said. I tried to concentrate but I couldn't help feeling I had been higher yesterday. A dog walked through the room. The window looked down on a formal garden with curving brick walkways. The sky was blue and cloudless.

Chemise was looking away. I sat down beside her, feeling restless. I was about to get up again when I thought I heard a faint voice calling for help. I looked down and saw a crack in the baseboard. It was too small to put my hand in but I was able to crawl through on my belly, one shoulder at a time.

I was in the concrete hallway again, with the stack of lumber shimmering against one wall. The girl in the red hat was yelling at me: "You almost got me killed!"

"Bug?" I said.

"What did you call me?"

"Not Chemise?" I tried. She was sitting on the stack of lumber, wearing her

MERLYN SISTEMS
SOFTWARE THAT WORKS HARD

T-shirt over white cotton panties cut high on the sides.

"Not Not Chemise. You called me something else."

"Bug."

"Bug. I like that." She had gray eyes. "But you have to quit looking around. We have to go through the mouse holes, not the doors, or you might meet yourself again."

"Then that was me I saw!"

"That's what crashed the system. You almost got me killed."

"If the system crashes you die?"

"Supposedly. Luckily I had saved myself. All I lost was a little memory. A little more memory."

"Oh," I said.

"Let's get going. I can take you to the Upper Room," she said.

I tried to sound casual. "I thought you wanted *me* to take *you*."

"Same thing. I know the route through the mouse holes. Watch me or watch the hat. Let's get moving. Clyde will get the cat out soon."

"Cat? I saw a dog."

"Oh, shit! We better get moving, then." She threw the red hat behind me. Where it hit I found a wide crack in the concrete floor. It was tight but I managed to crawl through on my belly, pushing one shoulder through and then the other. I was in a bright room with one whole wall of windows. Potted plants were stacked on boxes and on the sofa. There was no place to sit down. Bug was standing by the window, wearing a pale-peach bra with adjustable tapered straps and deep décolleté, and a matching bikini with full back. And the red hat.

I stood beside her at the window. I expected to see treetops but all I saw were clouds, far below. I had never been so high.

"That cat, that dog you saw, is a system debugger," she said. "Sniffs out mouse holes. If it finds me I'm a goner."

I liked the way her bra did in the back. "Do you mind if I call you Bug?"

"I already told you, I sort of like it," she said. "Especially since I don't remember my name."

"You don't remember your name?"

"I lost some memory when the system crashed," she said. She looked almost sad. "Not to mention the time when Clyde killed me."

"Who is Clyde? And who are you, anyway?"

"You ask too many questions," she said. "I'm Bug, that's all, a damsel in distress, and that's one of your fantasies. So let's get going. We can talk on the way."

She threw the red hat against the wall. I found it in the corner, where the wallpaper was pulled loose, revealing a crack barely large enough for my fingertips. It was tight but I was able to manage, one shoulder at a time. I was in a bedroom with a bay window. Bug was——

"Do you mind if I call you Bug?"

"I told you, it's OK." Bug was standing at the window wearing a pearl-white satin jacquard demi bra, accented with scalloped trim along the cups, and a string bikini with a sheer stretch back accented with one little bow. And the red hat, of course.

"Clyde will find me here in the Veep sooner or later, especially now that they suspect a bug. But if I can make it to the Upper Room, I can port through to the other systems."

"What other systems?"

"The Arctic, the Amazon, whatever adventures they add later. All the franchises are interfaced at the top. It'll be like life. Life after Clyde."

"Who's——?"

"Shit!" A phone was ringing. Bug picked it up and handed it to me. It was porcelain with brass trim, like a fancy toilet. Before I could say hello I found myself staring up at the water-stained ceiling of the Departure Hall.

"Client services wants to see you," said the attendant. For the first time I noticed the name stitched on his white jacket. It was CLYDE.

•

"You still seem to be showing up in rooms where you aren't supposed to be," said Dr. Cisneros. "On code strings that aren't connected. Unauthorized pathways." Dr. Cisneros had been eating lunch at her desk, judging by the little pile of bones at the edge of her blotter. "Are you positive you haven't noticed anything unusual?"

I had to tell her something, so I told her about the dog.

"Oh, that. That's Clyde's cat. The system debugger. He configures it as a dog. It's his idea of a joke."

Sometimes the smart thing is to act dumb. "What kind of bug are you looking for?" I asked.

Dr. Cisneros swiveled the computer monitor on her desk so that I could see the screen. She hit a key and a still picture came up. I wasn't surprised to see Bug—wearing the MERLYN SISTEMS T-shirt and the red hat, of course. She also wore baggy Levi's and glasses. "Early this year one of our programmers was caught illegally altering proprietary software, which is, as you know, a federal crime. We had no choice but to call BATF&S. But while she was free on bail awaiting trial she illegally entered the system."

"As a client?" I asked.

"As a trespasser with criminal intent. Perhaps even to commit sabotage. She may have been carrying a resedit. She may have left loops or subroutines designed to render the software unstable or even dangerous. Unexecutable routines, unauthorized pathways."

"I don't understand what this has to do with me," I said. Mother always said I was good at lying. Mother ought to know.

"The danger to you," Dr. Cisneros said, "is that one of these unauthorized pathways might lead to the Upper Room. And the Upper Room is not, at present, exitable. It's an enter-only. You may have noticed that Victoria's Palace is a one-way system, from lower to higher rooms. It's like the universe. You go until you hit an exit sequence."

"The phone rings," I said.

"Yes," said Dr. Cisneros. "That was Clyde's idea. A nice touch, don't you think? But at present there's no exit sequence, or phone as you call it, installed in the Upper Room."

"Isn't there a door?"

"There's an in door but no out door.

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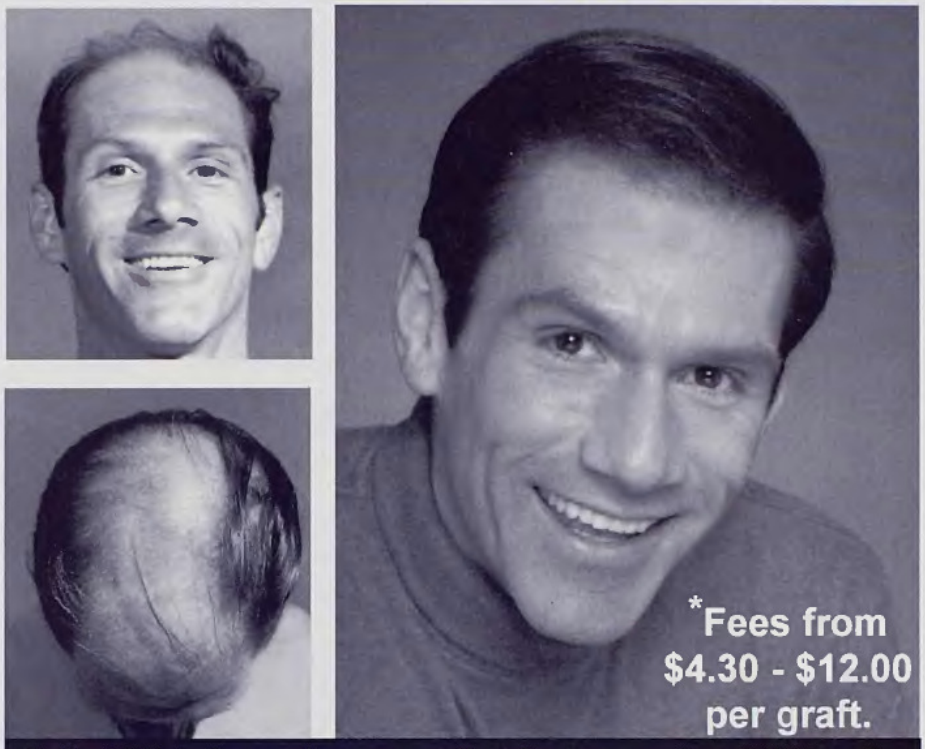

Patient P.H. before and seven months after one session of 1745 grafts

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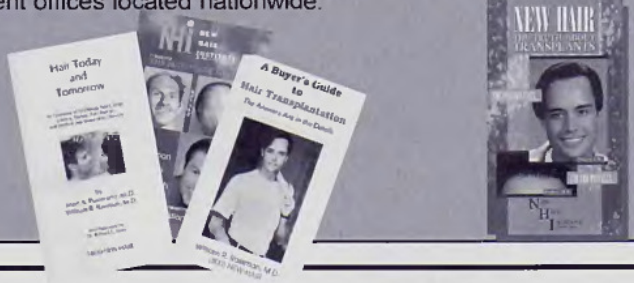

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*Minimum 400 grafts. Prices varies with quantity.

Where would the out door go? The Upper Room is at the top of the code string. The client would be trapped. Maybe forever."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Keep your eyes open. Rogue programmers have rogue egos. They often leave signature stuff lying around. Clues. If you see anything odd, like a picture of her, a little token left around, try to remember what room it is in. It will help us isolate the damage."

"Like a red hat."

"Exactly."

"Or her herself."

Dr. Cisneros shook her head. "It would only be a copy. She's dead. She committed suicide before we could have her reapprehended."

•

"Rhonda left another message on your answering machine," Mother said when I returned home.

"Barbara Ann," I corrected.

"Whatever. She says she's going to bring your stuff over here and leave it on the lawn. She says Jerry Lewis——"

"Jerry Lee, Mother."

"Whatever. Her new guy, he needs your old room. Apparently they're not sleeping together either."

"Mother!" I said.

"She says if you don't come and get your stuff she's going to throw it out."

"I wish you wouldn't play my messages," I said. "What's the point of having two machines?"

"I can't help it. Your machine recognizes my voice."

"That's just because you try to talk like me."

"I don't have to try," Mother said. "How was your day? Bash any baskin' robins?"

"Very funny," I said. "We did club a large number of basking seals today. They weren't babies though. We club the old seals, the ones that have borne their children and outlived their usefulness to the tribe."

I gave her a look but she chose to ignore it.

•

The next morning I was the first one in the Departure Hall. "Get squared away with Bonnie?" the attendant asked.

"Bonnie?"

"Hold still." He was sticking the little things to my forehead. "Lie down." It was like waking from a dream. I was in a library with an arched glass window overlooking faraway hills. Chemise had taken down a book and was leafing through the pages. She was wearing a black camisole embroidered with velvet jacquard on whisperweight voile, with slender straps, deeply cut cups and a full stretch-lace back. I could see that the pages were blank. "Chemise," I said. I wanted to tell her I was sorry I was neglecting her. I liked the way her cups did when she bent over, but I had to find Bug. I had to warn her that Dr. Cisneros and Clyde were looking for her.

I searched along the baseboards looking for a mouse hole until I found a crack behind a warped board. It was barely big enough to stick a hand in, but I was able to crawl through on my belly and wedge one shoulder in at a time.

I was back in the concrete hallway.

Bug was standing beside a pile of two-by-fours, wearing her MERLYN SISTEMS T-shirt over French-cut white cotton bikini panties with scalloped lace trim along the edges. And the red hat, of course. And glasses!

"What's with the glasses?" she asked me. She tried to take them off but couldn't.

"They know about you," I said. "They showed me a picture of you. Wearing glasses."

"Of course they know about me! Clyde for damn sure knows about me."

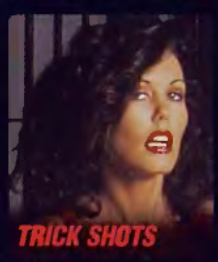
"I mean, they know you're in here. Although they think you're dead."

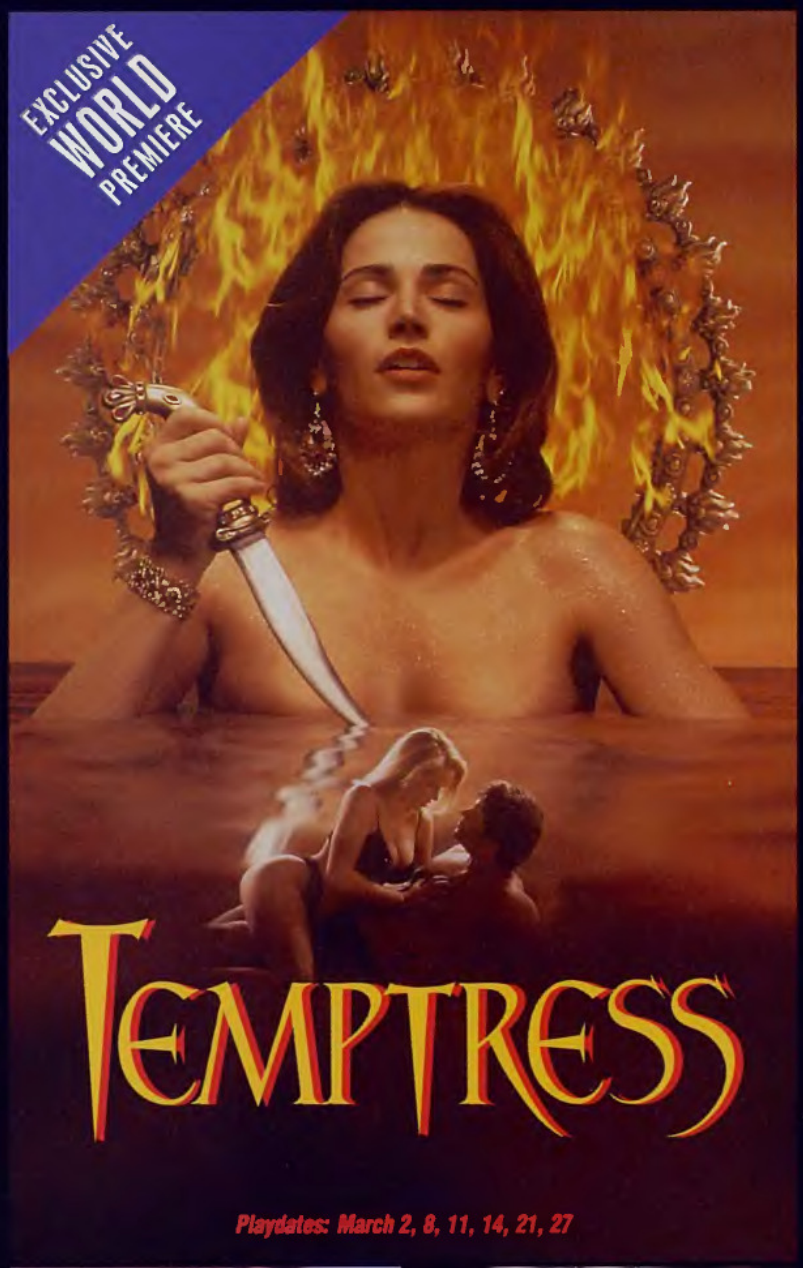
"Well, I am dead, but I won't be in here long. Not if we get to the Upper Room." She took off her red hat and sailed it down the hall. It landed by a break in the concrete where the floor met the wall. It was too small for even a mouse but I was able to wriggle through, first my fingertips and then one shoulder and then the other. I was in a conservatory with big bay windows overlooking bright, high clouds that looked like ruined castles. Bug——

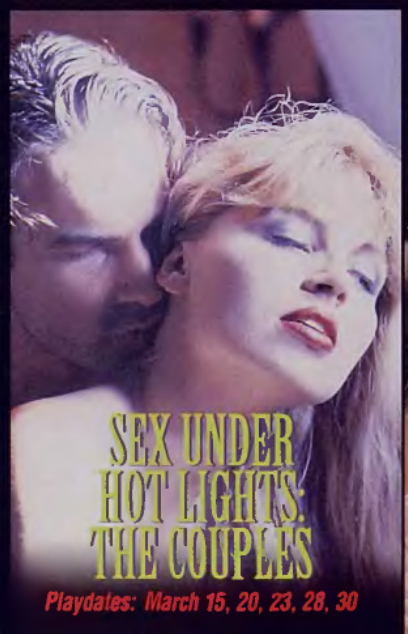
"Do you mind if I call you Bug?"

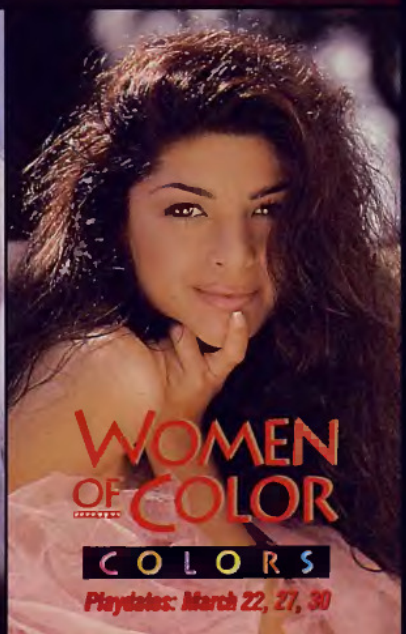
"Jesus, I told you, it's OK." Bug was standing by the window wearing a white voile bra with lace embroidered cups and matching panties with lace inserts on the front and sides. And the red hat. And the glasses.

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED









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"I'm willing to help," I said. "But this Upper Room stuff sounds dangerous."

"Dangerous? Who says?"

"Client services."

"Cisneros? That cunt!"

"I wish you wouldn't call her that. She says once I get in the Upper Room I can't get out. Like a Roach Motel. No phone."

"Hmm." Bug looked straight at me. Her gray eyes looked worried. "I didn't think of that. Let's go higher, where we can talk." She threw the red hat and it landed next to a little wedge-shaped hole barely big enough for me to crawl into on my belly, squeezing one shoulder through at a time. I was in a dark room with heavy drapes and no furniture except for an oriental rug on the floor. Bug——

"Do you mind if I call you Bug?"

"Will you stop it? Why does DE make people so stupid?"

"Beats me," I said.

Bug was sitting on the floor, wearing a white faux-satin bra trimmed with an embroidery edge and a matching faux-satin string bikini. "Bug is not really my name," she said. "It's either Catherine or Eleanor, I forget which. It's one of the things that goes when they kill you."

"They told me that you committed suicide."

"Suicide with a hammer, right." I liked her laugh. I liked the way the strings on her string bikini did. They were like tiny versions of the velvet ropes in theaters. "They got me arrested, that much of what Bonnie told you is true. I'd been creating illegal subroutines, mouse holes, to allow movement throughout the Veep. That's true, too. What she didn't tell you is that Clyde and I were partners in crime. Well, how could she know? That cunt. I put the mouse holes in, buried them in the mainstream code string so Clyde and I could later access the palace on our own. Blackmail and extortion was our game. Clyde designed the palace and left the mouse holes up to me. That's the way we always worked. What I didn't know was that he was already in cahoots with Cisneros."

"What are cahoots?"

Bug made a vulgar gesture with a thumb and two fingers; I looked away.

"Cisneros owns 55 percent of the franchise. Which made her irresistible to poor Clyde, I guess. For months they had been playing Bonnie and Clyde behind my back, while I was busy hacking away. Anyway, when Victoria's Palace got accepted at Inward Bound, some franchise-checker dude found the mouse holes—I hadn't really bothered to hide them—and he told Cisneros, and then she told Clyde, and he pretended to be shocked and outraged. Set me up. So as soon as I got out on bail I went in to get my stuff——"

"Your stuff?"

"Subroutines, proprietary macros, picts and diffs. I was going to rip it all out. And maybe trash the place a little. I was carrying a resedit so I could rewrite code even as I was riding it. But Clyde got wind somehow. So he murdered me."

"With the little hammer."

"You're beginning to get the picture. Just opened the drawer and, *whack*, right between the eyes. What Clyde didn't know was that I could save myself. I always run with a little auto-save macro I wrote back in community college, so I lost only about ten minutes, and some memory. And my life, of course. I ducked into the mouse hole space but who the hell wants to live like a rat forever? I was waiting for my prince to come and take me to the Upper Room."

"Your prince?"

"Finger of speech. I was waiting for the Veep to open. Any dude would have done."

"Figure of speech," I said.

"Whatever. Anyway, what Cisneros doesn't know—or Clyde either—is that the Upper Room is interfaced at the top with the other Inward Bound areas, the Arctic and Amazon franchises. I'll be able to get out of the Palace. And, as more and more modules get added, my universe will get bigger and bigger. If I watch my ass, I'll live forever. Or haven't you noticed that there's no death in DE?"

She stood up and yawned. I liked the pink inside of her mouth. She took off the hat and threw it against the wall. It landed by a little opening under the baseboard. It was tight but I managed to squeeze through, one shoulder at a time. I was in a stone room with a tiny slit window and a folding chair. Bug——

"Do you mind if I call you Bug?"

"Will you knock it off? Come over here."

Bug was wearing a black lace bra with deep décolleté cups and wide-set straps, and matching black lace thong panties with little bows on the sides. And the red hat, of course. And the glasses. She made room so that I could stand beside her on the chair and see out the slit window. I could almost see the curve of the earth. I could almost feel the curve of her hip against mine, even though I knew that it was my imagination. Imagination is

everything in DE.

"We're not so far from the Upper Room," she said. "Look how high you've gotten me already. But Cisneros is right about one thing."

"What?"

"You can't take me into the Upper Room. You'd be stuck. No way back."

"What about you?" I liked the little bows.

"I'm already stuck. I don't have a body to go back to. You provide this one, I guess." She peered through her glasses, down the front of her bra, down the front of her panties. "Which is why I'm still wearing glasses, I guess."

"I'd like to help you get to the Upper Room," I said. "But why can't you go in by yourself?"

"I can't move up, only down," Bug said. "I'm dead, remember? If I only still had my resedit, I could—— Shit!" There was a phone. We had hardly noticed it until it rang. "It's for you," she said, handing me the receiver.

Before I could say hello I was staring up at the water-stained ceiling of the Departure Hall. I heard shoes squeaking. The attendant helped me out of the drawer. Clyde.

"4:55 already?" I asked.

"Time flies when you're having fun," he said.

•

"Guess who's here?" Mother said.

I heard the snarl of a toilet flushing in the bathroom.

"I don't want to see her," I said.

"She came all the way from Salem," Mother said. "She brought your stuff."

"Where is it, then?"

"It's still in her car. I wouldn't let her bring it in," said Mother. "That's why she's crying."

"She's not crying!" a deep voice called out from the bathroom.

"My God," I said, alarmed. "Is he in there with her?"

"She's not taking it back!" the same deep voice called out. Another toilet flushed. Mother has two in her bathroom, one for me and one for her.

"I'm on my vacation," I said. The bathroom doorknob started to turn and I went for a walk. When I got back they were gone and my stuff was on the lawn.

"You could dig a hole," said Mother, "and cover it."

•

I was the first one in the Departure Hall the next morning. But instead of opening my drawer, Squeaky Shoes—Clyde—gave me a paper to sign.

"I already signed a release," I said.

"This is simply for our own protection," he said.

I signed. "Good," he said and smiled. It was not a nice smile. "Now lie down. Now take a deep breath." The drawer slid shut. I inhaled the Vitazine and it

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 20–21, 84–91, 118, 124–125, 140–143 and 173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Pages 20–21: "Stop, Thief": **Cellular phones**: By *Motorola*, contact your local cellular carrier. By *AT&T*, 800-858-3718. "All the Right Moves": **Video games**: By *Acclaim Entertainment*, 516-656-5000. By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *Sega*, 800-733-7288. "Wild Things": **3-D glasses** by *Nu Vision*, 800-920-9327. **3-D software**: By *GT Interactive*, 800-610-4847. By *Interplay*, 800-969-4263. **DSS starter kit** by *Crutchfield*, 800-955-9009. "Multimedia Reviews and News": **Software**: By *Broderbund*, 800-521-6263. By *Starhill Productions*, 800-304-GAME. By *Viacom New Media*, 800-469-2539. By *Future Rom*, from Mission Control, 800-999-7995. By *Discovery Channel Multimedia*, 800-678-3343. By *Sega*, 800-733-7288.

FASHION FORECAST

Page 85: **Suit and shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Nordstrom, Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. **Belt** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan stores nationwide. **Glasses** by *Alexander Julian*, 800-544-1366. Page 86: **Suede blazer** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Nordstrom, Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **Shirt** by *Lance Karesh*, at Billi, 50 English Plaza, Redbank, New Jersey, 908-530-8142. **Pants** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *J.P. Tod's*, 800-457-8637. **Motorcycle jacket** by *Emporio Armani*, 212-727-3240. **Sweater** by *Matthew Batanian*, at Camouflage, 139 Eighth Avenue, NYC, 212-691-1750. **Khaki slacks** by *Industria*, at Industria, 755 Washington Street, NYC, 212-243-0999. Page 87: **Jacket** by *Austyn Zung*, at Pavingas, 626 Kings Highway, Brooklyn, 718-339-0336. **T-shirt** by *Gene Meyer*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **Jeans** by *Boss–Hugo Boss*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Gucci*, at Gucci stores nationwide. Page 88: **Jacket** by *Robert Freda*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak Street, Chicago, 312-787-0906. **T-shirt** by *Victor Victoria*, at Searle, 862 Madison Avenue, NYC, 212-772-2225. **Jeans** by *Boss–Hugo Boss*, at Syd Jerome, 2 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, 312-332-9095. **Sunglasses** by *Diesel*, at Sunglass Huts nationwide. Page 89: **Dinner jacket, tuxedo pants and shirt** by *Brioni*, at Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Bow tie and cuff links** by *Tino Cosma*, at Tino Cosma, 692 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-246-4005. Page 90: **Suit** by *Vestimenta*, at fine specialty stores. **Shirt** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-627-9770. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Nordstrom, Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Shoes** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan stores nationwide. **Belt** by *Daniel Craig*, at Allure, 1509 Walnut, at Center City, Philadelphia, 215-561-4272. Page 91: **Suit** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores nationwide. **Shirt** by *DKNY*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE.

PASSPORT TO ROMANCE

Page 118: **Travel information**: *Silversea Cruises*, 800-722-9055, extension 222. *Temptress Voyages*, 800-336-8423. *Sven-Olof Lindblad*, 800-762-0003. *Radisson Seven Seas Cruises*, 800-333-3333. *Le Boat Inc.*, 800-922-0291. *Accessible Isolation Holidays*, 011-44-1252-718808. *Mike Madden's Cedan Dive Center*, 011-52-987-35129. *La Selva*, 011-593-2-550-995. *Hotel Pire-Hue*, 011-54-1-3114569. *Llao Llao*, 011-54-944-48530. *Backroads Bike and Walking Tours*, 800-462-2848. *Oberoi Resort*, contact Lotus Tours, 212-254-2217.

FLAMING ASSETS

Pages 124–125: **Cigar lighters**: By *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-860-8362. By *Colibri*, 401-943-2100. By *S.T. Dupont*, 800-341-7003. By *Savinelli*, 800-633-9182.

OVER-THE-TOP ELECTRONICS

Pages 140–143: **Digital camcorder** by *Sony*, 201-348-7000. **Multimedia notebook computer** by *Gateway 2000*, 800-GATEWAY. **Portable video game system** by *Sega*, 800-733-7288. **Audio/video receiver and TV cabinet** by *Mission Electronics*, 800-838-7955. **VCR** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **Audio system** by *Bose*, 800-444-BOSE. **TV and DSS receiver** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Reebok Sky Walker** by *Sport Specific*, 800-405-9255.

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was like waking from a dream.

I was in a formal living room with a cream-colored rug, couch and chair. Chemise was standing at the window wearing an ivory underwire bra in satin jacquard with a low-plunge center and wide-set straps and matching bikini panties with a sheer stretch panel in front. She was holding a cup and saucer, also matching. Through the window I could see rolling hills stretching to a horizon. The dog trotted through the room.

"Chemise," I said. I wished I had time to explain things to her, but I knew I had to find Bug.

I looked around for a mouse hole. Behind a lamp, in a dark corner, there was a low arch, like the entrance to a tiny cave. I could barely negotiate the narrow passage, shrugging one shoulder through at a time.

"What took you so long?" Bug was sitting in the concrete hallway on the gleaming stack of lumber, her knees pulled up under her chin. She was wearing her MERLYN SISTEMS T-shirt over a tiny thong bikini. And the red hat and the glasses, of course.

"They made me sign another release."

"And you signed it?"

I nodded. I liked the way the thong made a little V and then disappeared.

"You moron! Do you realize that by signing the release you gave Clyde the right to kill you?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," I said.

"Fucking Bonnie and Clyde! Now I'll never get to the Upper Room!" I was afraid she was about to cry. Instead, she hurled the red hat angrily to the floor and when I bent down to pick it up I saw a crack barely large enough for three fingertips, but I was able to squeeze through by crawling on my belly and pushing one shoulder in at a time. I was in an empty room with bare wood floors and windows so new that the stickers were still on them. Bug was wearing a coral stretch-lace bra cut low for maximum décolleté with a French string bikini that was full in the back and plunged to a tiny triangle of sheer pink lace in front. And the red hat.

I followed her to the window. Below was a mixture of seas and clouds, an earth as bright as a sky.

"We must be getting close to the Upper Room!" I said. "You're going to make it!" I wanted to make her feel better. I liked the way her bra did in front.

"Don't talk nonsense. Do you hear that howling?"

I nodded. It sounded like a pack of hounds getting closer.

"That's the cat. Search and destroy. Find and erase." She shivered quite extravagantly.

"But you can save yourself!"

"Not so easily. I'm already a backup."

I was afraid she was about to cry. "Then let's get going!" I said. "I'll take you to the Upper Room. I don't care about the danger."

"Don't talk nonsense," Bug said. "You would be trapped forever, if Clyde didn't kill you first. If only I had my resedit, I could get there by myself."

"So where is it?"

"I lost it when Clyde killed me. I've been looking for it ever since."

"What does it look like?"

"A pair of big scissors."

"I saw Chemise with a pair of big scissors," I said.

"That cunt!"

"I wish you wouldn't call her that," I began. But the phone was ringing. We hadn't noticed it before.

"Don't answer it!" Bug said, even as she picked it up and handed it to me. How could she help it? I had signed the release. It was for me, of course. The next thing I knew I was staring up at the water-stained ceiling and at the little silver hammer coming down right between my eyes.

And at Clyde's smile. Not a nice smile.

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First it got real dark. Then it got light again. It was like waking from a dream.

I was in a round, white room with curved windows all around. My head hurt. Through the glass I could see gray stars in a milk-white sky. Bug——

"Over here," she said. She was standing by the window wearing periwinkle panties of shimmering faux satin, cut high on the sides and full in the back, with delicately embroidered cutouts down each side of the front panel. And nothing on top at all. No bra. No straps, no cups, no detailing, no lace.

My head hurt. But I couldn't help being thrilled at how high I was. "Is this—the Upper Room?" I asked breathlessly.

"Not quite," she said. She was still wearing the red hat and the glasses. "And now we're out of luck. In case you hadn't noticed, Clyde killed you, too. Just now."

"Oh no." I couldn't imagine anything worse.

"Oh yes," she said. She put her hand on my forehead and I could feel her fingers feel the little dent.

"What did you do, copy me?"

"Pulled you out of the cache. Barely." Out the window, far below, there was a blue-green ball streaked with white. "Hear that howling? That's Clyde's cat rooting through the palace room by room."

I shivered. I liked the way her panties did underneath.

"Well, what have we got to lose?" I said, surprised that I wasn't more upset that I was dead. "Let's head for the Upper Room."

"Don't talk nonsense," she said. "If you're dead too, you can't pull me through." The howling was getting louder. "Now we have to find the resedit. Where did you see what's-her-name with the big scissors? Which room was she in?"

"Chemise," I said. "I can't remember."

"What was out the window?"

"I can't remember."

"What was in the room?"

"I can't remember."

"What was she wearing?"

"A low-cut, smooth-fitting strapless bra in stretch satin and lace with lightly lined underwire cups, and a high-cut, wide-band brief with a sheer lace panel in the front, all in white," I said.

"Let's go, then," Bug said. "I know the spot."

"I thought we couldn't go anywhere without the res-whatever."

"Down we can go," Bug said. She threw the red hat and followed it herself. It fell near a tiny hole barely big enough for her fingertips. I squeezed through after her. I still liked the way her panties did underneath. We were in an old-fashioned kitchen and Chemise was stirring a pot with a pair of big scissors. She was wearing a low-cut, smooth-fitting strapless bra in stretch satin and lace with lightly lined underwire cups, and a high-cut, wide-band brief with a sheer lace panel in the front, all in white.

"Give me those!" said Bug, grabbing the scissors. She was also wearing a low-cut, smooth-fitting strapless bra in stretch satin and lace with lightly lined underwire cups, and a high-cut, wide-band brief with a sheer lace panel in the front, all in white. And the red hat. But where were her glasses?

"Bitch," said Chemise, softly. I was shocked. I didn't know she could talk.

"Cunt," said Bug.

Just then the dog trotted into the room from nowhere. Literally.

"The cat!" said Bug. She was trying to jimmy the lock on the pantry with the point of the big scissors.

The dog—cat—hissed.

"In here!" said Bug. She pushed me backward into the pantry while she jabbed upward, ramming the point of the big scissors into the dog's belly. The cat's belly. Whatever. Blood was everywhere. I was in a large, empty, pyramid-shaped room with a white floor and white walls rising to a point. There was one small porthole in each wall. Bug——

Bug was nowhere to be seen.

Outside the portholes, everything was white. There weren't even any stars. There were no doors. I could hear barking and growling below.

"Bug! The cat erased you!" I wailed. I knew she was gone. I was afraid I was going to cry. But before I could, a trapdoor in the floor opened and Bug came through feet first. It was odd to watch. Her arm was covered with blood and she was holding the scissors and she was——

She was nude. She was naked.

"I have erased the cat!" Bug cried

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triumphantly.

"It's still coming." I could hear wild barking below.

"Shit! Must be a replicating loop," she said. She was naked. Nude. Stripped. Bare. Unclad completely. "And quit staring at me," she said.

"I can't help it," I said. Even the red hat was gone.

"I guess not," she said. She was nude. Naked. She was wearing nothing, nothing at all. She ran to one of the four portholes and began prying at the frame with the point of the scissors.

"There's nothing out there," I said. The howling was getting louder. The trapdoor had closed but I had the feeling it would open again, all dogs. Or cats. And soon.

"Can't stay here!" Bug said. She gave up on the frame and shattered the glass with the scissors.

"I'm going with you," I said.

"Don't talk nonsense," she said. She put her hand on my forehead again. Her touch was cool. I liked the way it felt. "The dent is deep but not all that deep. You may not be dead. Just knocked out."

"He hit me pretty hard! And I'm trapped here anyway."

"Not if you're not dead, you're not. They'll shut down and reset once I'm gone. You'll probably just wake up with a headache. You can go home."

The barking was getting closer. "I don't want to go home."

"What about your mother?"

"I left her a note," I lied.

"What about your stuff?"

"I buried all my stuff." She was nude. Naked, except for her lovely glasses. Nothing on the bottom, nothing on top. Even the red hat was gone. The hole was barely big enough for my hand but I followed her through, one shoulder at a time. Everything was white and the howling was gone and something was moaning like the wind. I took Bug's hand and I was rolling. We were rolling. I was holding her hand and we were rolling, rolling, rolling through warm, blank snow.

•

It was like waking from a dream. I was wrapped in a foul-smelling fur, looking up at the translucent ceiling of a little house made of ice and leaves. Bug was lying beside me wrapped in the same smelly fur.

"Where are we?" I asked. "I hear cats barking."

"Those are our dogs," she said.

"Dogs?" I got up and went to the door. It was covered with a scratchy blanket. I pulled it back and looked out across miles of new snow to a distant line of trees, hung with vines. Silvery dogs were peeing on the outside of the little house. One was shaking a snake to death. It was a big snake.

"They all come together here," Bug said. "The Upper Room, the North Pole, the headquarters of the Amazon."

"Headwaters," I said. "Where are your glasses?"

"I don't need them anymore."

"I liked them."

"I'll put them back on."

I got back under the fur with her, curious to find out what she was wearing. There's no way I can tell you, from here, what it was. But you would have liked it, too. If you're anything like me.

BUCHANAN

(continued from page 138)

nations." Jay is accompanied by a blonde assistant who gets extras to sign a release allowing their images to be used in national television ads. One Buchanan staffer stares at her ass and tells me, "I'd love to pork her a few times, a nice older woman like that. She's fine."

Shaun and I work the door, handing out GO PAT GO stickers to the Rotarians entering the lunch hall. As they approach, I ask politely, "Would you like a sticker?" Many say yes; then, when they see the name Buchanan, they hesitate and leave the sticky decals hanging off their fingers, unsure how to proceed.

A gray-haired man shoves a finger in my shoulder. "You have no right telling a woman what to do about abortion."

Another man lowers his face to mine. "You guys and Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition scare me more than the ayatollah."

I laugh. "Maybe a sticker on the way out?"

"Are they giving you a hard time?" Shaun has come to reinforce me.

"No, they just haven't heard Pat yet," I respond.

Shaun suggests that I work with the film crew.

"This will be your 15 minutes of fame," the production assistant says.

"More like my 15 seconds," I say before I practice shouting the chant "Go Pat go, go Pat go, go Pat go" that will accompany the candidate as he enters the Rotary Club meeting.

"When Pat leaves the door, the drill begins," Jay instructs us. He waits until Buchanan has left the Comfort Inn and begun to cross the asphalt lot. "Here he comes," Jay announces.

Shaun points at my cigarette and shakes his head urgently—no one promotes cigarettes in Buchanan's television commercials. I scan Buchanan's face as he approaches—his cheeks have a rosy glow, as if they are rouged. I could swear he's wearing lipstick. His loyal wife Shelley, as always, is by his side.

Pat takes my hand firmly. "Are you with the campaign?"

"I'm a new volunteer. I've been working in the Manchester office," I answer.

"Thanks for coming out today, we appreciate the help."

Buchanan is late for his speech, so he cuts short the 15 minutes scheduled to meet and greet the crowd and takes the microphone confidently. He introduces his wife Shelley as "the woman I nominate to replace Hillary Rodham Clinton." His speech is filled with appeals to the pocketbook, not the heart. This is Buchanan Lite—the campaign's newest gimmick. Apparently his political handlers have impressed upon him the need to borrow from Clinton's "It's the economy, stupid" strategy. He even bashes big

business for its failure to protect the American worker.

Buchanan leans forward, bending his six-foot frame at the hips and clasping his hands together like a sympathetic priest. His right eye squints shut. With his foot on a chair and his arm on his thigh he looks like an overzealous junior varsity basketball coach. His eyebrows furrow gently and radiate an empathy for whomever he addresses, then he straightens and fires his eight-cylinder voice at Colin Powell. "When has General Powell ever been a great leader?" Buchanan asks his audience. "General Powell, from what I understand, was a reluctant warrior during Desert Storm. There is nothing wrong with that, but this is not Douglas MacArthur or George Patton we are talking about. Are we going to hand over power to the man who was recently considered as Bill Clinton's running mate?"

Shaun and I leave before the speech ends and grab a quick lunch before heading to a picturesque New England pier, where a stream of trawlers and sailboats bobs in the bright sun. As Pat chats with the dockworkers, a net bulging with haddock and cod is winched onto the pier. These are the bottom scrapings of a dying way of life, and Buchanan seizes the opportunity to compare the New England fishermen to Northwest loggers. "You are both equally endangered species," he tells the cameras. Pat defines the problem in one word: foreigners. It's all the fault of foreigners who fish too fast, too much. His solution? Let the New England fishermen and Northwest lumberjacks—not some pointy-headed scientist back in Washington—decide how much fish and timber should be removed.

•

Buchanan's pretensions to be the anti-Washington, antimedia champion are ironic for a man who began his career as a journalist unusually friendly to the government. Buchanan was no muckraker. Instead, he used his job to shill for J. Edgar Hoover's FBI. Buchanan was privy to some of the FBI's most sensitive missions, including one to smear Martin Luther King Jr. "The FBI channeled us constant information" on local communists, radicals and "national civil rights leaders," Buchanan brags in his autobiography. "We knew their schedules as well as they did." Whenever the bureau found—or invented—a particularly juicy story, it was funneled to newspaper writers such as Buchanan, who then wrote for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. By the time a white racist assassinated King, Buchanan was no longer on the anti-King beat. He was on his way to the White House, where he would design campaign strategy for Richard Nixon.

Buchanan counseled President Nixon to approve funding for a splinter black presidency campaign led by Shirley Chisholm. In one memo he wrote, "There is nothing that can so advance the president's chance for reelection as a realistic black campaign. We should continue to champion the cause of the blacks within the Democratic Party, elevate their complaints as taken for granted."

Buchanan's final words on the 1972 campaign are an ode to negative campaigning. "If the country goes to the polls in November scared to death of McGovern, thinking him vaguely anti-American, then they will vote against him—which means for us. What we have done thus far, and fairly well, is not put the president 34 points ahead—but McGovern 34 points behind."

Near the end of Watergate, Buchanan referred to the White House as "the bunker" and served as de facto house psychologist for the distraught Nixon clan. When the ship finally sank and Nixon resigned, Buchanan lobbied unsuccessfully to be U.S. ambassador to the Republic of South Africa.

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Buchanan's last speech of this October campaign swing is the highlight of the two-day New Hampshire blitz. A New Hampshire pol named Mike Hammond warms up the crowd.

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written—and believe me, it will be written—there will be a chapter on the collapse of Bob Dole," Hammond begins. "The story of how he floundered and how he finally made the gaffe that cost him the campaign. The chapter will be entitled 'If It's Tuesday, I Must Be a Conservative.'

"There will also be a chapter on Phil Gramm and the millions he spent. The man who thought money could buy him the nomination spent and spent until he was left with neither money nor principles. That chapter will be entitled 'The Incredible Shrinking Man.'

"Finally, there will be a chapter on the campaigner who confounded all the pundits in the liberal media and went on to win not only the nomination but also the presidency of the United States. That chapter will be entitled 'Pat Buchanan—An American Hero.'"

The crowd rises to a standing ovation and begins screaming "Go Pat go! Go Pat go! Go Pat go! Go Pat go!" Buchanan starts with an attack on the UN and "abortionists."

Buchanan asks his audience: "Did you know that the UN says there are five genders represented at the Beijing women's conference?"

Buchanan looks up to his crowd and stops. Holding out his hand he raises one finger. "Heterosexual—I understand that."

Raises a second finger. "Homosexual——" Buchanan pauses while nervous laughter fills the room. "I've read about that."

He raises a third finger. "Transsexual——" He slows down. "Now, I don't even want to know about numbers four and five."

The crowd howls approval as Buchanan continues: "No taxpayer dollars are going to fund these dingbat conferences on women's rights in Beijing. When I am elected president in November, we'll court-martial Bill and Hillary Clinton and send them back to wherever they sent Joycelyn Elders."

Warming to the reception, Buchanan lets fly another volley: "I promise to appoint a right-to-life vice president, a right-to-life cabinet and right-to-life Supreme Court justices. When I am president, the White House will be a bully pulpit for the unborn."

I decide to get a drink and let all this sink in. Buchanan is running for the White House—not some governor's seat in the hinterland.

I seek refuge with Mike, who is an astute campaigner. We joke about Gramm and Dole.

"Who would be a good VP for Pat if he gets the nomination?" I ask.

Mike is high on Norman Schwarzkopf. "He'd be excellent. He's far more conservative than people realize."

"He wouldn't exactly balance the ticket," I answer.

Mike laughs at my naivete. "Pat's not a balancing kind of guy."

Our conversation drifts back to March 1995, when Buchanan announced his candidacy. Protesters had disrupted Buchanan's speech and I knew Mike had been there. "What happened that day that Pat announced? Who were those people who started screaming 'Buchanan is a racist!'?"

"You mean the protesters?" Mike responds. "We dragged them away, with their heads banging on every step. I don't think they liked their welcome very much."

"Did you have them arrested for disturbing the peace?"

"No, they filed charges against us! For beating them up!" Mike is indignant. "And I know they will be back," he glumly notes.

•

Right after that speech, I left the campaign. If enthusiasm among a handful of faithful followers could elect a man president, Buchanan would be a shoo-in. Of course, it can't. And on some level, everyone involved in the Buchanan campaign—and I assume Buchanan himself—knows that. Even though I saw nothing of substance accomplished during my brief tenure, I was reminded of Buchanan's real power about ten days later when Colin Powell announced he would not seek the GOP nomination. Few would dispute that one of the key factors in Powell's decision was the vocal opposition on the part of hard-core Republican conservatives to Powell and his beliefs. No one was more vocal than Buchanan in threatening Powell with a nasty, bruising battle for the soul of the party. In his speech announcing his decision not to run, Powell admitted there were certain candidates in the race he could never, under any circumstances, support. He didn't name Buchanan, but everyone knew whom he was talking about.

Buchanan had done it again. Four years ago, he mortally wounded George Bush and paved the way for Bill Clinton. Now he had taken perhaps the best chance the Republicans had to unseat a Democratic president and helped scuttle it. It's one thing for Pat Buchanan to choose the role of spoiler as a career path. But it's another to watch his hard-working staff and dewy-eyed supporters pour time and money into his odd vendetta. None of the men or women I met saw themselves as spoilers. They just wanted to improve America—in their sometimes twisted way—and they couldn't have been more well-meaning or sincere.

I couldn't help but think that they deserve better than Pat.

(continued from page 92)

that, consider buying a general fund that is heavily into the sector without being formally committed to it.

Caveat: If you're conservative, be aware that some nominally diversified funds may have 65 percent or more of their assets in a specific sector, with all the attendant risk. Read the quarterly, semiannual or annual fund report.

All funds have expenses in varying amounts. But the rule is simple: The less money the fund deducts, the better your probable return. Resist the argument that top-performing funds are worth the extra cost. Even usually dependable winners have occasional bad years, but their expenses are unremitting.

Expenses come in many guises. The most conspicuous are loads—sales commissions deducted up front when you buy into a fund. Avoid load funds. First, you're not buying better performance: For five years through 1994, pure no-load funds rose 52.4 percent, load funds 50.8 percent. Some of the individual load funds are admittedly stellar, but for almost every one there's a no-load look-alike somewhere.

Second, loads are understated. On $1000, a "five percent" load takes $50, which is actually 5.26 percent of your net $950 investment. Thus the fund must earn 5.26 percent in the first year to break even. And loads compound with returns—if the fund doubles in value, a $100 load becomes $200 in lost value. Finally, by skipping load funds—of which there are a multitude—you expedite, shorten and simplify your selection process, especially since loads aren't normally factored into performance figures, making comparisons of loads and no-loads needlessly laborious.

Caveat: There are also back-end loads, or "redemption fees," which are deducted when you sell shares. Many of these fees decline to zero over a few years, but if you have to sell before then, the effect can be similar to a front-end load.

Then there are management fees, charged by every fund to cover investment expenses. These generally range from 0.5 percent to 2.5 percent yearly. A Morningstar study found little or no correlation between higher (or lower) fees and better (or worse) performance. More significant, steeper fees can, over time, bite you harder than the stiffest loads. An example: Fund A is no-load, with a 2.1 percent annual fee; Fund B has a 5.75 percent load but just 0.7 percent in fees. Over the course of five years, Fund B is a better deal.

High fees also make bad times worse. If your return is low, the fees will really hurt. A two percent fee cuts a ten percent gross to eight percent—still decent—but slices a slack year's six percent gross to four percent, less yield than from a certificate of deposit.

Tip: Check a fund's prospectus for notations that fees have been waived, enhancing the return. If so, and the enhancement is significant, make sure the waiver isn't just temporary.

A true no-load fund charges only management fees. But many technically no-load funds also deduct (sometimes inconspicuously) distribution fees, administrative charges, sales expenses and 12b-1 fees. These don't pay for money management per se but are used to cover the fund's business operations, some of which return no benefit to you. (Most notable is the 12b-1, which pays for the fund's advertising and marketing. It's often buried in the prospectus as sales expenses.)

The critical number is the fund's total expense ratio. The more it exceeds the management fee, the more you're subsidizing the fund. And in the words of American Association of Individual Investors president John Markese, "If your fund has an above-average expense ratio, in the long run you're going to pay dearly." And not just that extra one percent or so, compounded annually, but probably in performance as well. The *No-Load Fund Investor* found that of funds with expense ratios of two percent or more, only one third ranked in the top 60 percent over five years. Case closed.

The average expense ratio for stock funds is 1.4 percent. Most no-load advocates recommend you avoid anything over 2 percent, and many would cut that to 1.5 percent. But small-asset-base funds have necessarily greater expense ratios, so make allowances. Also, average fees vary by category: aggressive growth, 1.51 percent; small cap, 1.33 percent; growth, 1.19 percent; equity income, 1.05 percent; growth and income, 1.04 percent. Compare accordingly.

Tip: Check the prospectus for trends. Have expense ratios been rising, or falling, the past few years?

There are thousands of equity funds, so the key to making fund selection manageable lies in your ability to narrow the field to a short list of finalists. Eliminate all funds with loads, or expense ratios more than 0.5 percent above the category's average. Forget those that have trailed their category's average return in two of the past five years, and those that require such large initial investments that it skews your asset allocation.

If you're conservative, omit aggressive and sector funds, funds more volatile than a S&P 500 Index fund, those that yield under three percent and those with below-average returns in down markets. Lean toward value-oriented funds. If you're aggressive, scratch those that don't perform in the top 30 percent of their categories in bullish years, those with rookie managers, those that didn't gain at least 30 percent in 1995 and

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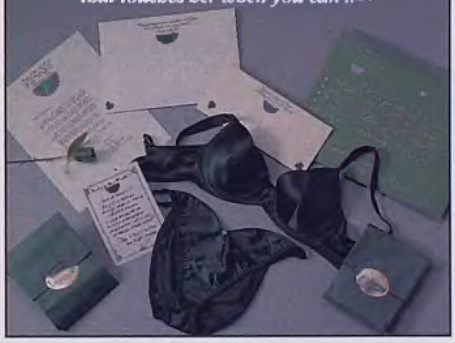

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Of course, some advisors feel that all of the above is unnecessary, that your easiest, safest and best-performing play is simply to buy an S&P 500 Index fund. These are 100 percent invested in Standard & Poor's 500 leading American companies in major industries and are considered a proxy for the U.S. stock market. The "index versus managed" debate is one of the most heated and contradictory in fund investing.

Historically, an S&P 500 Index fund beats 50 percent to 75 percent of all actively managed U.S. equity funds, depending on your time frame. But it does so inconsistently—it topped managed funds in the Eighties but often lagged them in the preceding two decades.

An index fund buys and holds stocks. By not trading, it minimizes taxes on capital gains that managed funds incur. But it pays considerable dividends, often taxed at higher rates than capital gains. The tax factor will probably just be a wash.

An S&P 500 Index fund stays fully invested and thus gets maximum benefit from rising markets, which historically occur more often than falling ones. But if the market does take a prolonged dive, index funds can't retreat into cash or bonds to cut their losses. That means they'll take the maximum whack.

In the ten years ending January 1994, the 500 Index' total return of 258 percent beat 80 percent of all U.S. diversified stock funds. But that was partly because the 500 Index became a favorite play with institutional investors, who plowed money in, thus boosting the prices of the 500 stocks. That's a self-fulfilling tactic. Many pros, including former Vanguard chief executive John Bogle, who virtually invented the index fund, feel this trend will reverse, to the benefit of managed funds.

Partisan statistical rhetoric aside, the 500 Index fund does have clear-cut advantages. Over the past decade, its 15 percent average annual return bested the average general equity fund's 12 percent, and it beat over half of those funds in seven of ten years. Since it always buys the same 500 stocks, the Index' fund manager is irrelevant and the management fees and trading commissions are minuscule. Several index funds have expense ratios that are a full one percent below the managed-funds average. That's a significant long-term edge.

And finally, the Index fund is composed of 500 of America's largest, most stable and most powerful companies. It will never finish in the top 50 funds, but not in the bottom 50, either. It won't always be a winner, but it will be more often than not. And it will always be competitive, with comfortably moderate risk.

On the downside, it fails to provide true diversification—it holds no small cap stocks, and, because of the companies' size, few growth stocks. It can't dump poor stocks and snap up hot ones, or buy low and sell high.

And managed funds have their own virtues. In bullish markets, they generally outpace the 500 Index funds. Managed funds can buy stocks that feature superior growth potential or bargain prices. And even in the 500 Index' best years, 25 percent of the managed funds top it.

Financial columnist John Waggoner found that of 1093 funds with a five-year record through September 1995, 43 percent beat the S&P Index. That's 470 funds. Waggoner located about 45 of them just in the five largest no-load fund families. In that period, while the S&P Index rose 121 percent, the diversified funds at Fidelity rose an average of 163 percent, at Vanguard 139 percent, at T. Rowe Price 148 percent and at 20th Century 201 percent.

But managed funds also have drawbacks. While many top the S&P Index in any given year, far fewer manage to do so significantly and consistently. More often, the winners are either temporary streakers or volatile funds, are riding bandwagon sectors or are just lucky. Even consistent winners come loaded with uncertainty: Their annual returns are less predictable than the 500's and their holdings change constantly. The skill and experience of their managers are absolutely vital. They also must maintain cash reserves—money that's not working for you.

Bottom line, a 500 Index fund probably shouldn't be your only play. It may not even be your best play. But it's an excellent first fund and core holding if you're just getting in, and a solid foundation to build on with more aggressive or conservative funds of your choice. And it enjoys perhaps the single greatest virtue in the world of mutual funds: absolute, brain-dead simplicity.

Final tip: All 500 Index funds are identical, hence no-loads with the lowest expense ratios are the best, period.

ELECTRONICS

(continued from page 141)

larger than a cigar box, yet it houses all control functions, a stereo radio and the world's smallest six-disc CD changer. And Bose's radio-frequency remote control runs the show from anywhere.

TUBE TOPICS

The wall-mountable, flat-screen TV set has almost become a practical reality, thanks to advances in liquid crystal– and plasma-gas–display panels. Fujitsu General plans to introduce a 42-inch wide-screen model in November, priced under $10,000. And NEC, Mitsubishi, Sony and Panasonic have also shown prototype 40-inch flat screens.

Meanwhile, there's an ever-expanding universe of big-screen sets that use traditional display technologies. Sony has entered the 35-inch arena with a made-in-the-U.S.A. Trinitron monitor and receiver. Panasonic's first 35-inch Super Flat is $1800. But Proscan still has a size advantage with its new line of televisions, which includes four 36-inch tabletop models.

To double your pleasure, there's the picture-and-picture feature recently introduced in 1996 TV receivers. A refinement on picture-in-picture, picture-and-picture puts two full-motion, normal-proportion programs side by side on the same screen. (Because your ears can't handle both soundtracks at once, one plays through the speakers, the other through a headphone jack.) Sony now offers P&P in sets ranging in size from 27 inches ($1100) to 61 inches ($5500). Wide-screen (16x9 format) sets, such as JVC's 55-inch rear-projection model with P&P ($4500), are even better suited for side-by-side viewing.

Proton and Sharp stick with PIP on their wide-screen sets. The former offers direct-view models with screens measuring 30 and 34 inches ($2700 and $5000, respectively). Sharp goes for the slender look. Its 43-inch wide-screen projection set (about $4000) measures a trim 15.4 inches deep and uses a flat liquid crystal display rather than projection tubes.

VCR UPDATE

While most people have figured out how to program their VCRs, the problem now is too many shows and not enough time. Sharp's solution is the VC-BF80 VCR (under $800), which can record two programs at once on a single tape for individual or side-by-side playback. This doubled fun is made possible by two tuners that feed signals to a unique split video head system.

Want to watch *60 Minutes* in a half hour—with intelligible audio and a virtually noiseless, normal picture? Then check out JVC's new VHS VCR, which allows you to view recorded programs at double speed (or faster). It also runs clean and clear in slow motion, in both forward and reverse directions, so you can relive that gold-medal dive in the sharpest detail. The price: $500.

Eliminating the flotsam of TV is the mission of Commercial Advance, a feature incorporated in VHS recorders from Hitachi, JVC, Panasonic, Proscan, RCA and Samsung. These VCRs seek out the characteristic frames of black that immediately precede and follow commercial breaks. They then mark the spots on the control track and automatically fast-forward through them during tape playback.

DATELINE DVD

Although the first digital versatile disc products won't reach shelves until September, critics already call DVD one of the most exciting breakthroughs since the compact disc. The same size as a CD, this disc is an extremely high-density storage medium with the potential to replace laser discs, VHS tape, CD-ROMs and audio CDs. The first DVD players (priced upwards of $500 from companies such as Toshiba, RCA, Panasonic and Mitsubishi) will concentrate on movie and music playback. So, unless you've been hanging out at George Lucas' Skywalker Ranch, you can expect DVD's video and surround-sound quality to surpass anything previously experienced via a home medium. DVD's format options also offer you a choice between watching standard 4x3 or letterbox versions of the same film—for both will be accessible on a single, one-sided, 133-minute disc. You'll be able to control the sex and violence in a film just by shifting the player's program-rating setting. For laser-disc loyalists, Pioneer will ease the transition with an introductory player that handles both 12-inch laser and digital versatile discs.

HOME THEATER IN A BOX

These days, it's easy—and affordable—to bring movie magic home. Thanks to companies such as Celestion, Kenwood, Sherwood, Sony and 3M, complete home-theater audio packages (including an array of satellite and subwoofer speakers) that match Dolby Pro Logic Surround decoder-amplifiers can be had for as little as $300.

While not a complete system, Mission's M-time is an elegant starting point. This $4000 unit combines a decoder, powerful amplifiers, a center channel speaker and twin subwoofers. The attractive cabinet doubles as a TV stand for screens up to 35 inches.

For even bigger budgets, there's AC-3, a new six-channel surround system based on the Dolby digital audio reproduction process used in movie theaters. To enjoy AC-3's pinpoint sound-localizing and supercharged bass effects, you'll need a higher grade of receiver with the proper decoder. Yamaha's DSP-A3090 ($2500) provides that (along with the

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company's special digital sound field processor) and can create 30 different surround modes (such as movie theater, nightclub or stadium). Coolest of all is Kenwood's $2500 Stage 3 KC-Z1 tuner-preamp-controller. It features a detachable LCD touch pad that uses radio frequencies, so you can monitor the system from anywhere in your house.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

The Digital Satellite System is one of the most successful launches in the history of consumer electronics, largely because of its superior audio and video. But DSS' other big attraction is its 175 channels, which are always tunable to a movie or sporting event. RCA's new DS7430RA DSS system ($900) and the Proscan PS84360A variant ($950) make surfing the on-screen DSS program guide easier by adding one-button tune-and-record features licensed from Starsight Technology. For easy interfacing with preexisting cable service (still useful for receiving local stations), a Channel Select feature distributes the DSS signal through the cable wiring.

Sony's new top-end DSS system, the SAS-AD1 ($950), offers infrared and radio-frequency signaling. A whole-house distribution system is optional. Other companies betting on DSS this summer with dish and receiver packages are Daewoo, Hitachi, Hughes, Panasonic, Samsung, Toshiba and Uniden.

DIGITAL VIDEO ACTION

Freeze a tape during playback on a digital mini-DV camcorder and the image looks exceptionally clean and clear, demonstrating this new format's potential for double duty as a video-movie and still camera. Panasonic and Sony introduced the first models, priced between $2900 and $4200. But the smallest and most exciting of the mini-DVs are the JVC GR-DV1 and RCA CC900D. For about $2500, you get a slip-in-the-pocket, one-pound wonder with the classic anodized-aluminum look and feel of a Minox spy camera. You'll also get almost every imaginable feature, including 100-times power zoom, image stabilization, color viewfinder, a digital snapshot mode, computer interface and even an option that allows you to zoom and crop during playback. And in May, Sharp will offer the first digital Viewcam with a five-inch monitor ($4600), the biggest LCD screen in any camcorder to date.

VIDEO GAMESMANSHIP

We will never win ultimate control over our lives, but Nintendo promises virtual control of the cyberuniverse with its newly released Ultra 64 game system (under $250). Ultra 64 gets its name and impressive 3-D graphics from the 64-bit computing power of a Silicon Graphics workstation. A unique three-grip controller introduces an extra stick for directing action and controlling the speed of screen characters. And when you've racked major points or reached virgin territory, you won't have to take a Polaroid picture to share the moment. Ultra 64's controller accepts an optional memory card that maintains game position and point standing.

One concern is Ultra 64's cartridge format, which has been maintained for the sake of smoother game play and lower hardware cost but may result in higher-priced software. For example, the premiere title, Super Mario 64, will carry a suggested retail price of $100 when it debuts this month in Japan. However, Ultra 64 has more than 100 times the program storage capacity of the disc-based software used by rival systems such as the red-hot 32-bit Sony Playstation, the Sega Saturn and 3DO. To remain ahead of the game, 3DO plans to introduce a 64-bit Power PC-based upgrade called M-2 Accelerator.

Sega will soon introduce a $100 modem and keyboard package for its Saturn system, which will provide owners with a simple gateway to the Internet. And for joystick jockeys who aren't yet ready to say goodbye to Sonic, Sega is launching the Nomad nationwide. Originally introduced last Christmas in limited quantities, the $180 portable unit features a 3¼" color LCD monitor and accepts all 16-bit Genesis titles.

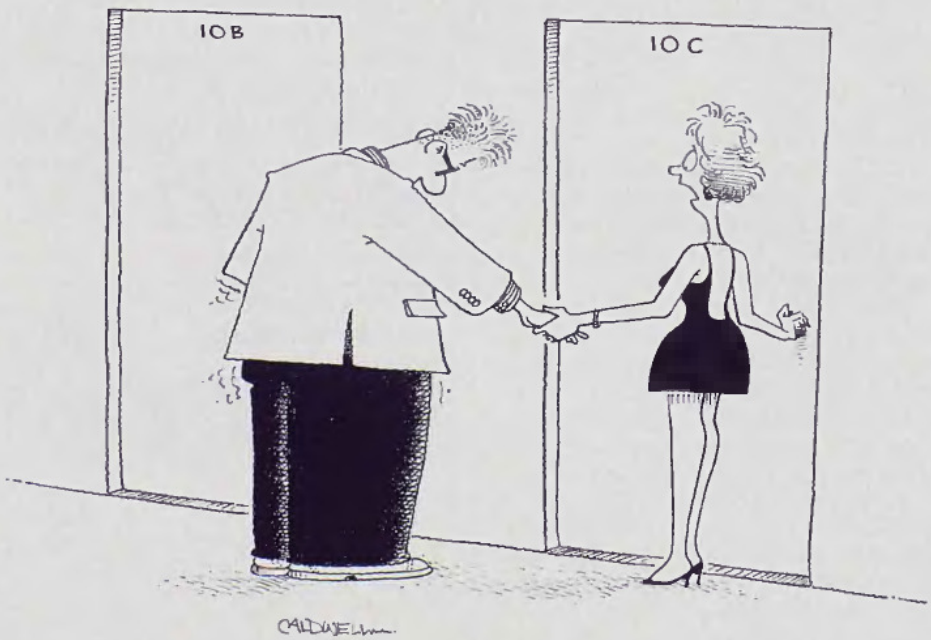
COMPUTER NEWS

Multimedia computers are finally living up to their potential this spring with system turbochargers such as six-speed CD-ROM drives and multidisc changers, two-gigabyte hard disks and 166MHz Pentium chips. But beyond power, Compaq offers two of the coolest new computer features. Built into the keyboard of the Presario 7232 ($2200) is a compact Visioneer scanner with a motor feed that captures text and images from letter-size paper for faxing or easy integration into documents.

About $3000 buys Compaq's (and the world's) first PC featuring a rewritable compact-disc drive (developed by Panasonic). The discs for this machine cost about $50 each, store up to 650 megs of data and can be read and rewritten a half million times. Sorry, the drive can't record discs for your audio CD player, but it will play music titles. It also serves as a conventional CD-ROM spinner. (Panasonic also offers this new technology as an accessory. The price: $500 for one that can be installed internally and $650 for an external model.)

MULTIMEDIA TO GO

Portable PCs used to lag behind desktops in processing power and features, but they don't anymore. This season, Gateway Solo's notebook line reaches parity with deskbound models by offering four-speed CD-ROM drives, 120MHz Pentium processors and 1.2-gig hard drives. In addition to Gateway, other companies with new high-performance Pentium-based multimedia portables include Toshiba, Texas Instruments, Compaq and Sharp. All are priced upwards of about $3000, depending on configuration, and all are fairly lightweight—about five pounds. There are also batteries that can travel for eight hours without a recharge. Now that's efficient!



"Would you like to come in, Ronald, and finish putting on your condom?"

SALMAN RUSHDIE

(continued from page 62)

taken place. It also came in the aftermath of the emergency rule of Mrs. Gandhi, when there were all kinds of atrocities. Once again, afterward a lot of the evidence was destroyed and the experience was denied. If I'm trying to offer a truthful picture of what happened in those times, remembering what happened inevitably becomes politicized. Just writing down the story of the mass graves found in Bangladesh by the liberating army or the people who got their testicles cut off in various prisons around north India brings you into conflict with the authority figures who denied that those things happened.

[*The interview is interrupted with news that Nigerian writer Ken Saro-Wiwa has been executed. Rushdie is silent, near tears, for ten minutes. He then begins speaking again.*]

Writers have been wiped out all over the place, and it is horrifying the way in which nothing much happens as a result. I will be interested to see what happens to Nigeria as a result of this. I suspect a three-letter word that begins with O and ends in L—with I in the middle—might prevent anybody from being too harsh. Yet here is a man who has been killed because he set himself up against the interests of oil. A very brave man, because he didn't write from exile. He wrote from inside the belly of the beast and it was dangerous. Then he gave up his writing to put himself at the head of the democracy movement. He knew the rest of the world was getting to be wishy-washy and nobody was willing to do anything. [*He stops again, collects himself.*] You know, I feel that so much attention has been paid to me while so many other writers have been in danger. I have spoken about other writers because it would be obscene to use this attention and not talk about those others. I wish people would listen more to this.

There were great writers in the Soviet gulag whom we fought for. We smuggled out their work and published it, and gave them voices and fought for them. Now another group of writers is fighting against equivalent tyranny and equivalent injustice, in the Muslim world or out. Because our interests do not dictate it, we ignore them, we let them die, we let them go to jail and rot. We must stop a situation in which writers are getting wiped out every five minutes, in which writers are being exiled, in which Saro-Wiwa can be murdered. China continues to persecute its writers. All over the world, writers are being thrown in jail. They mysteriously die in police custody and they are falsely accused of committing crimes. It is open season on writers and it must stop.

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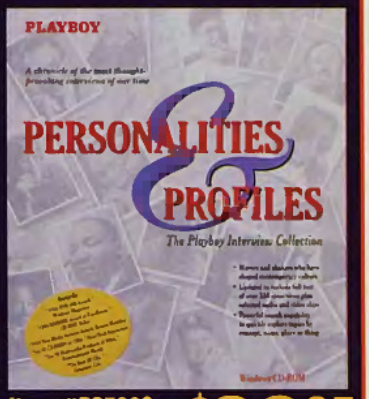

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Passport

(continued from page 120)

around the world. These trips can be thematic (pedal to microbreweries in northern California or to the culinary landmarks of Tuscany), cultural (cruise through Prague and the quiet roads of the Bohemian countryside) or spiritual (explore the Hindu temples of Bali or the trails along the Mae Kok River in Thailand). Backroads' tours travel to dozens of spots in the U.S., as well as to Central and South America (Mexico and Costa Rica, Chile and Argentina), Europe (Turkey and Greece, Spain and Portugal, France, Switzerland, Ireland) and Asia and the Pacific (China, New Zealand and Hawaii). The company also offers walking trips in similar locations. Prices start at $700, including gear, food and lodging at either inns or campsites.

HOLISTIC HOLIDAYS

New Age travel is another hot development for men and women with disposable income and a lot on their minds. It's now possible to vacation while improving your karma, reading your biorhythms, learning yoga, taking a religious retreat, becoming a vegetarian—you name it.

We recently received a publicity letter regarding a gorgeous "environmentally correct" resort called Oberoi on Bali. It read: "Participate in one of our insight vacations that include lifestyle enrichment workshops with an environmental theme such as Diet for a Healthy Planet or the Healthful Workplace." Just what we'd want to do after flying 20 hours to Bali.

We'll take the Iceland girls instead.

"I hope this counts as foreplay!"

LONG HOT SUMMER

(continued from page 108)

also make great tanners. But California Tan makes what is probably the most expensive suntan product in the world. Its two-part tanning routine starts with Mocha, a tanning mousse with a melanin-stimulating hormone and vitamins A, C and E. Once your tan is under way, the next step is Unison, a lotion combined with a pill. The lotion includes a variety of oils and extracts, plus copper dioxide, which supposedly works with the pill to enhance the production of melanin. Mocha sells for about $25. Unison costs $70 for an eight-ounce tube of lotion and the supplement.

The next wave of men's grooming will stress function and versatility. Tommy Hilfiger is adding antiperspirant and bath soap to his recently launched line of grooming products. Calvin Klein's CK One will add a talc, hair gel and conditioning shampoo to its unisex collection. A fragrance that will be big this spring is Navy for Men. Taking the name, but not the formula, of the popular women's perfume, Navy for Men combines wild water mint, tangerine, sage, nutmeg and clove in a sharp, sensual scent that will be available in cologne and aftershave.

The trend will continue toward multipurpose products. And you'll also find special treatments that include antiaging skin creams, shave formulas for particular skin types and products for the older man. Expect more inventive uses of vitamin therapy for skin care and hair care. Watch for fresher fragrances inspired by natural fruit scents, as well as treatment creams designed to combat free radicals.

Men's increased interest in looking good has created a whole new market for day spas. Traditionally thought of as female territory, these bastions of beauty have undergone a makeover. Some spas have designated special days for men, others have redecorated a section of the facility in a masculine motif. But if you've had your fill of the typical salon atmosphere and want to change gears, the Service Station, at 137 Eighth Avenue in New York City, may be more your speed. This new storefront day spa offers pedicures, manicures, haircuts, massages, tanning beds and facials for both sexes. And, though women are welcome, the facility is designed to make men feel comfortable. The staff wears overalls, the walls are lined with gas station signs, the metal floor is reminiscent of a grease rack and car seats serve as sofas. Thus far, the place has gained the favor of men and women alike. If this trend continues, by next year you could be watching the World Series at a spa instead of a sports bar.

GERRY SPENCE *(continued from page 126)*

At 17 Spence left home for the merchant marines. He drank whiskey and visited bordellos in every port.

"Thank you for feeling it," he says. He puts his large hands over his face, with the tips of his fingers over his eyebrows and the palms at his chin, and stretches his skin like a mask, as if he could wipe away the rage.

"You want to know why I'm angry?" he says. "I used to be a Republican. I ran for Congress in 1962 as a Republican. If you'd have read my press clippings, I'd have made Newt Gingrich a great running mate. I hated welfare. But I didn't know anything. I lived in this little state of Wyoming and never experienced the suffering of little people until I started representing them in courts. Then I saw the power of the corporations and how they control Congress and the appointment of judges. You join in that sense of powerlessness.

"In fact, you begin to feel like a black man. I feel like a black man. People will misunderstand that. I feel as if I have been banished along with the poor and the damned and the injured and the forgotten and the hated. They are my clients. If you live with them and suffer with them and care about them and love them every day of your life, you begin to understand."

I can't help but mention that few of the disenfranchised manage to live in such splendor.

"You see this house," he says, "and whatever else I have. It all comes from insurance companies. That's like an Indian hanging out his scalps. These are my fucking scalps."

He's a black man? An Indian? Or is he merely a master manipulator?

To understand anything about this man you have to begin with his parents: with his father, the decent man who taught him by example to live an ethical life, and with his mother, a religious woman whom Spence believes may have died for his sins.

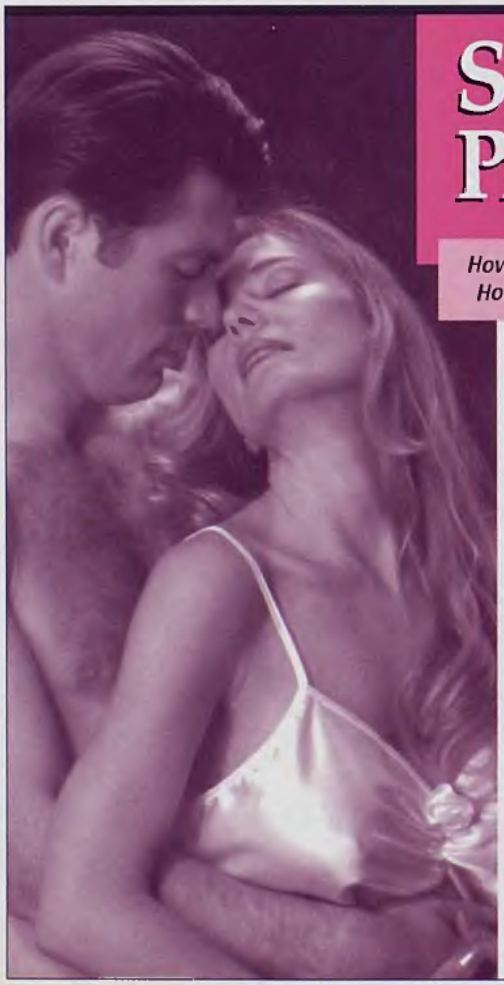
•

Gerry Spence's early life was rugged, Western and wholesome. He was born at home, in Laramie, Wyoming, just after midnight on January 8, 1929, the dawn of the Depression. His father was a chemist who worked in factories and fed the family elk meat and homegrown vegetables. His mother sewed clothes from animal skins and made sure Gerry went to church every Sunday.

Midway through our first interview, as the afternoon light faded from Spence's study, he said, "Come over here. I'll introduce you to my father." He beckoned me to a nook by a window and showed me a 16″x20″ photograph he had taken of his father in 1991, a year before he died at the age of 92. "The greatest man I ever knew," he said.

Before Spence was big enough to hold a rifle, his father would take him into the Bighorn Mountains to stalk deer and elk. Spence was 12 when he killed his first deer, and from that day on he reveled in the "gutting-out process, the blood clear to one's shoulders, the smell of the fresh slaughtered animal warm and good on one's body," as he wrote in one of his books. Spence has quit hunting wild animals, but he still sees himself as a killer when he goes into the courtroom. "You just have to exercise a powerful amount of judgment as to who you kill," he says.

At 17 Spence left his home for a tour in the merchant marines. He drank whiskey and visited bordellos in every port. In Aruba, girls sat in bars naked and went "beach-beachy" with him all night. For the big Westerner, it was the



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blossoming of his swaggering ego, which was about to reach full flower in lawyer Spence.

One day in 1949 Esther Spence, Gerry's mother, took her husband's hunting rifle, walked into the orchard behind her parents' ranch, lay down under an apple tree, put the barrel in her mouth and blew out the back of her head.

Gerry Spence blamed himself for his mother's suicide. He was 20 at the time. When he was four, his younger sister, Peggy, died of cerebral meningitis. Esther feared that her son would contract the disease and die, so she made a biblical deal with God: Spare my son and I'll give him to you. Instead, Gerry Spence turned out to be an unruly rake, "whoring, drinking and gambling," he admits.

He returned to Wyoming, married Anna Wilson and went to law school at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. They had the first of three children. He graduated from law school at the top of his class and flunked the bar exam. Crushed at 23, he picked himself up, passed the exam and moved to Riverton, a tiny town in central Wyoming. He was a failure in private practice, so he ran for and won a job as county attorney, and then as prosecutor. In those two four-year terms, Spence honed his basic trial skills. At first he lost cases to veteran defense attorneys. He yearned to deliver spontaneous oratory but always needed notes. He made up for his weaknesses with dogged preparation.

By 1962 Spence was winning cases and had become so powerful that he decided to run for Congress as a Republican. He won just one precinct, two votes to one. The humiliating defeat sent him into a depression ruled by his mother's ghost, which he claims started visiting him in dreams after her suicide. To exorcise the demons, he tried sensitivity training and found himself at a mountaintop retreat for couples that was sponsored by the Episcopal Church. They took turns explaining why they had come.

"I have come here today, brothers and sisters, for one purpose," Spence said, "and that is to fuck your wives."

Instead, he began to get in touch with his inner self. He conversed with his mother. He returned to Riverton and worked like a man possessed. But he continued to drink heavily and sleep with other women. Then he found the love of his life.

Spence was skiing in Jackson Hole when he spied "an exotically beautiful woman with raven hair and flashing blue eyes." A month later he saw her again in Casper. They started talking by phone and meeting in funky hotels. They drove naked across the prairies and drank whiskey all night. Gerry Spence had fallen madly in love with LaNelle Hampton Peterson Hawks, who was married and had children. He wrote poems to her by day and dreamed poems of her at night.

The name Imaging came to him in a dream. He gave her the name and it stuck.

Spence's first marriage didn't. One day his wife caught Spence and Imaging drinking whiskey and cavorting on the roof of Spence's office in Riverton. Torn between his family and this wild affair, Spence moved with his wife and four children to Mill Valley, California. Finally, he left Anna, drove back to Wyoming, settled in Casper and married Imaging in Lake Tahoe. It was in Casper that Gerry Spence's legal resurrection took place.

•

Spence and Imaging were shopping at the Safeway in Casper when they saw an old man Spence had recently beaten out of an insurance settlement after a woman ran her car into him and left him crippled.

"I'm sorry how your case turned out," Spence said in a moment of uncharacteristic empathy.

"Don't feel bad," the old man replied. "You were just doing your job." He patted Spence on the back and smiled.

Up to that moment, Spence had made good money representing insurance companies. But that chance encounter triggered the transformation of Gerry Spence, the insurance company lawyer, to Brother Spence, attorney for the downtrodden.

"What would have happened," Spence asks, "if he had turned to me and said, 'You motherfucker, you've just cheated me out of my justice'? I'd have said he should have hired a better lawyer. But when he turned to me with love and forgiveness in his eyes and said, 'You were just doing your job,' that brought into question what my job was. I was at the age when I was questioning life. Is it just masturbatory ejaculation? Hedonistic expression of my egotistical self? All of a sudden it became clear: To cheat poor people because I had been given a talent was not my job."

From that day on, Spence championed the underdog. He won a $1.3 million verdict for a secretary who caught gonorrhea from the son of an ambassador. He successfully defended Ed Cantrell, a Wyoming highway patrolman who shot an undercover agent between the eyes. The agent was a key witness in a statewide corruption case, but Spence convinced a jury that Cantrell was acting in self-defense. The Karen Silkwood case in 1979 vaulted Spence to national attention.

It was the beginning of Spence's evangelical stage. He spoke to groups of trial lawyers across the country and pleaded with them to be ethical and moral, to "tell the simple truth" and to speak to jurors from their hearts. After a speech to members of one bar association, a judge and his wife approached him.

"You should have been an actor, Mr. Spence," she said. "No, wrong," the judge broke in. "He is an actor."

"I don't think it's acting," Spence said. "I think it's the opposite. It's being who you are: angry, sad, maybe afraid."

"Don't give us that shit, Gerry," the judge said. Then he laughed and the couple walked off.

•

Now Spence is giving the shit back and laughing all the way to the TV studio. He's hammering home the same themes in books, television and interviews: Lawyers should represent the little guy and return power to the individual. Big corporations and big government are evil. Eat the rich.

"See," he tells me early in the interview, "I don't like rich people. And I'm richer than most of the rich people I don't like."

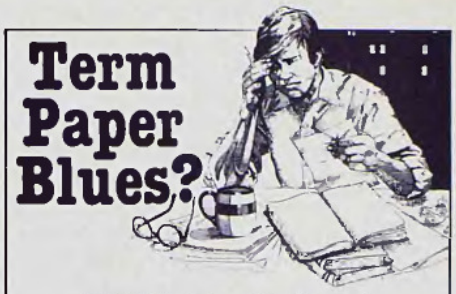
Living in Jackson Hole, a playground for the rich, and working in television, he has plenty of rich friends. Alan Hirshfield, former chairman of Twentieth Century Fox, is his "close friend" in Jackson Hole. Larry King is another wealthy buddy. ("If Spence weren't from Wyoming," says King, "he'd be from Brooklyn.") But Spence says that his everyday buddies are local photographers and the people he defends, not the corporate fat cats.

"I've turned down millions of dollars because I don't want to defend corporate America," he says. "That isn't what I want to do with my life."

In defending the little guy, Spence has done quite well for himself. He has won dozens of big cases, with multimillion-dollar payoffs against McDonald's, Aetna, USX Corp. and others. His books are moneymakers. He owns his land in Jackson Hole, where he moved 18 years ago, and a ranch in Dubois where he conducts the Trial Lawyer College every summer. Whenever he wins a case, gets on *Larry King Live* or talks law on his own show, people clamor for his services.

But as the demand for Spence's legal services increases, he spends less time practicing law. He rises at five A.M., has coffee and a bowl of oatmeal, goes to his study and writes until noon. He naps after lunch, and in the afternoon he does interviews and makes calls. In the evening he takes a walk with Imaging. When does he go to the law office of Spence, Moriarity and Schuster in Jackson Hole, the one with the huge carved eagle over the door? "Never," he says. He selects the few cases he takes from the solitude of his study.

"I wait until I see a case I fall in love with," he says, "because I don't believe a lawyer can represent a client without caring about the client. Caring is a contagious emotion. You can't ask jurors to care about your client if you don't. I have the opportunity to do countless



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cases that I feel need to be done. I try to find cases that have powerful, irresistible influence, where the issues of the case transcend the case itself."

One thing that transcended the Randy Weaver case was that his client was a white supremacist and reputedly a card-carrying member of the Aryan Nation. Spence's friend Alan Hirshfield pointed that out in a letter imploring him not to take the case. Spence wrote back that his sister is married to a black man and his daughter is married to a Jew. Still, many complained that his antigovernment rhetoric and his defense of Weaver made him a hero in the militia movement.

"You and I both could find things about every philosophy we agree with," he says. "But we have our own overriding ideals. I'm so far left of the militia groups that I meet them coming around the other side. It's a strange dichotomy that, as you say, my writing gives comfort to militia groups. But they're not reading carefully what I write."

Spence's critique of American society, a body of thought that he's been developing for more than 20 years, indicts the country's politics, economy and media. But he offers little in the way of remedies. He shies away from revolution and doesn't trust reform. His solution boils down to a belief that people will throw off their bonds when they are given the facts of their enslavement. His job is to get the word out through the media and by example through the cases he takes. So would he, for instance, represent Timothy McVeigh, who allegedly bombed the federal building in Oklahoma City?

"What do I have when I'm finished?" he asks. "When I finished the Randy Weaver case, I had America focused on a problem. When I finished the Imelda Marcos case, I had America focused on a problem. I haven't looked at the Oklahoma case and probably won't. What do I have if I represent McVeigh?"

He pauses. The hatred of the entire nation, perhaps?

"I can't see it," he says.

•

Spence has displayed his healthy ego most of his life. When he moved from Wyoming to Mill Valley in a vain attempt to salvage his marriage, he tried to place an ad in the *American Bar Association Journal*. "Best trial lawyer in America needs work," it read. The journal returned it with his check.

Gerry Spence revels in his ego. "It is I, always not the client, on trial," he wrote in his first book. "The jury accepts or rejects me, not my case. I make the case. I am the director, the producer, its principal actor. It is my courtroom, my judge, my jury." And if the jurors say no, "they are saying no to all of me."

Spence understands exactly how to make the most out of himself. He's a master at self-promotion. Which brings us to the question most asked about him: What's with the fringe? "That's how I became who I am," he tells me. "You have to market yourself a little bit. I wanted to distinguish myself from all of those defense lawyers in New York."

The homespun frontier image has worked well for Spence, but even his friends worry that he's in danger of becoming a caricature.

"Have I already? That's the question," he says. "I think there's a danger all right. Television creates these huge myths. People see me on TV in this status called celebrity. It's nothing but a myth. And it is caricature."

It's hard to separate the caricature from the man and especially difficult to understand how Spence could be both a glib television talker one day and a brilliant lawyer the next. It seems that sooner or later the caricature will cheapen the substance and diminish the brilliance of what Spence does best, which is to serve clients as one of the top trial lawyers in America. At some point he'll have to decide between the greenroom and the courtroom.

A few of his legal brethren are annoyed. "The costume and the aw-shucks act are enough to turn me off," says Sol Linowitz, a respected Washington, D.C. attorney and former ambassador who co-authored *The Betrayed Profession*, a book on legal ethics.

Judged as a lawyer, Spence sometimes has been compared to Clarence Darrow. That's a bit much, he allows, and he doesn't like to be in the same league with Johnnie Cochran and F. Lee Bailey. He relates more favorably to William Kunstler. He believes Ralph Nader is "the greatest man in America."

"I don't know where I fit in," he says. "I'm more thoughtful than most lawyers, other than Nader, and I think my agenda is broader."

•

In ten minutes Spence will be live on CNBC, broadcasting *Gerry Spence* from his living room inside the log castle at Singing Trees.

It's Friday evening, and a truck with antennas and a satellite dish is parked by the side of the house, as it is every week in preparation for the regular broadcast at 7:30 P.M. Eastern time. CNBC is based in Fort Lee, New Jersey and Spence was asked to fly in to broadcast from the studio. No way, he said. You come to me.

The Spence who greets me at the door this time is made for TV. He's sporting the buckskin fringe and a black turtleneck, but he's still wearing the well-worn sweatpants and the Swiss-cheese running shoes. Spence is in a jocular mood, juiced up for the show. We chat about Bill Clinton's visit to Jackson Hole in August, and I ask what he thinks of the president.

"I have doubts about somebody who plays 280 holes of golf in Jackson Hole while the world is in turmoil, babies are starving, families are homeless and men are dying at war. Golf has ruined more

"Mr. Brown, your 3:00 appointment and your 2:55 quickie are here."

good men than whiskey."

It's 60 seconds to showtime. Larry King introduced Spence to the camera when King started his CNN show years ago. Spence was his third guest, after Mario Cuomo and Pat Buchanan. "We knew right away he was special," says King. "He's such a character they should do a sitcom about him, *Spence for the Defense*. He would play himself. No one else could play him."

As Spence is about to go live, Imaging makes her entrance. She's a tiny woman dressed in black. Her hair is jet black and semispiked. Her cheekbones are high, her lips are full, but it's her blue eyes that captivate. Imaging quickly walks over to Spence and applies some rouge to his face. "Perfect, honey, thank you," he says. She takes her seat just to the right of the camera, so that when Spence looks toward the lens, he can focus on Imaging.

As usual, Spence welcomes his viewing audience to his weekly fireside chat with a short homily on the natural wonders of Jackson Hole. He presents his guest, Roy Black, the defense attorney famous for getting William Kennedy Smith acquitted of rape. Black is in Miami and appears on a split screen. He is one of a host of high-priced defense attorneys whom Spence has showcased. Before Black, Spence brought on Albert Krieger, lawyer to mobster John Gotti.

It sometimes seems as if Spence wants to use his show to rehabilitate the entire legal profession. On one segment he asks: "Do you think all defense lawyers are sleazy?" With Roy Black he tries to explain the Simpson verdict as a validation of the American judicial system.

Before every commercial break he puts on a folksy grin, holds his hand up to the camera, slowly bends his thumb up and down and says: "Don't touch that clicker. If you do, I'll be sad."

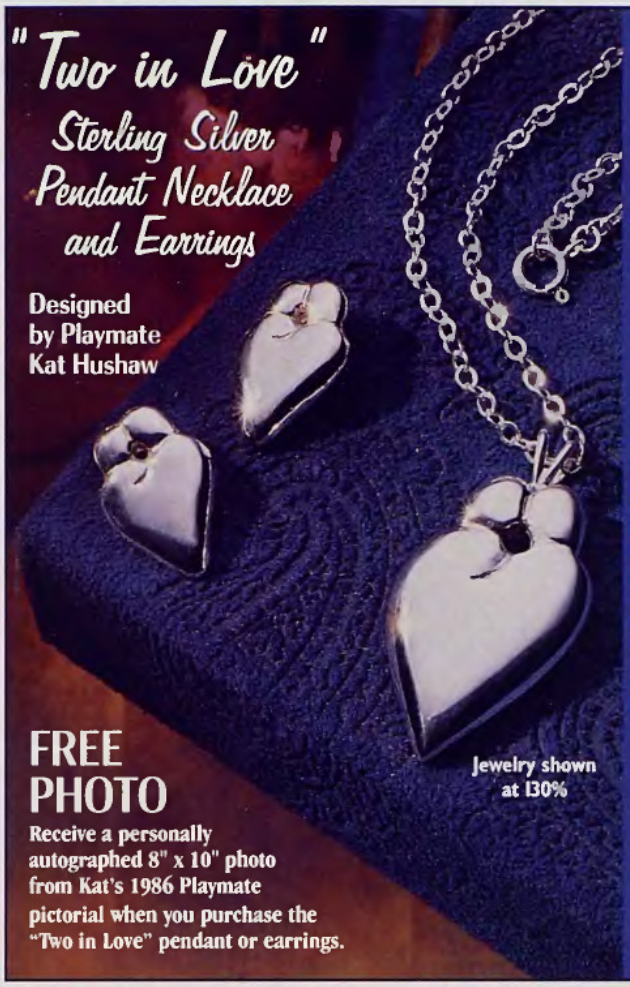
A minute before he goes off the air, Spence bids goodbye to Roy Black and closes with a minisermon. He smiles, the timbre of his voice drops and he delivers a homily on the subject of banishment. He explains how the Indians punished people by banishing them. How horrible it is that "we" have banished entire segments of our society, he says, implying that African Americans, especially, have been banished.

"Don't do it," he begs. "Don't banish your children, don't banish your neighbors. Don't banish the man on the highway. You have the power. That's it for me tonight. Goodbye." Imaging, Spence and I gather for a quick critique. "Do you think I'm preaching?" he asks me.

"Do you want to?" I ask.

"Well, you can't help yourself," says Imaging.

"I guess I am," he says. "Perhaps Mother would be proud."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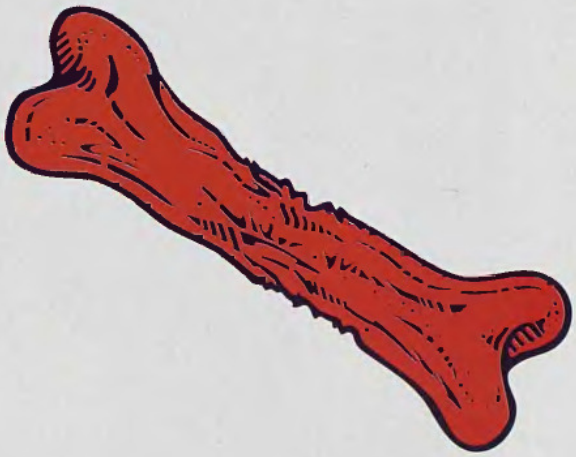

Making my way down the street the other day, minding my own. This mutt comes runnin' up. "Red Dog" he sez, "I know where this real meaty humongous bone's buried." Great I say. When did you bury it? "Well" he sez, "actually wasn't me that buried it, but who cares." My friend, I tell him if you didn't put it in, you don't take it out.

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If you want your exercise to seem more like an amusement park ride, hop aboard the Reebok Sky Walker. This total-body conditioner combines a no-impact walking motion with adjustable upper- and lower-body resistance to optimize your workout. A program console displays workout levels, calories burned and other info. The 380-pound machine even has room for a water bottle, by Sport Specific (about $5000).

RICHARD IZUI

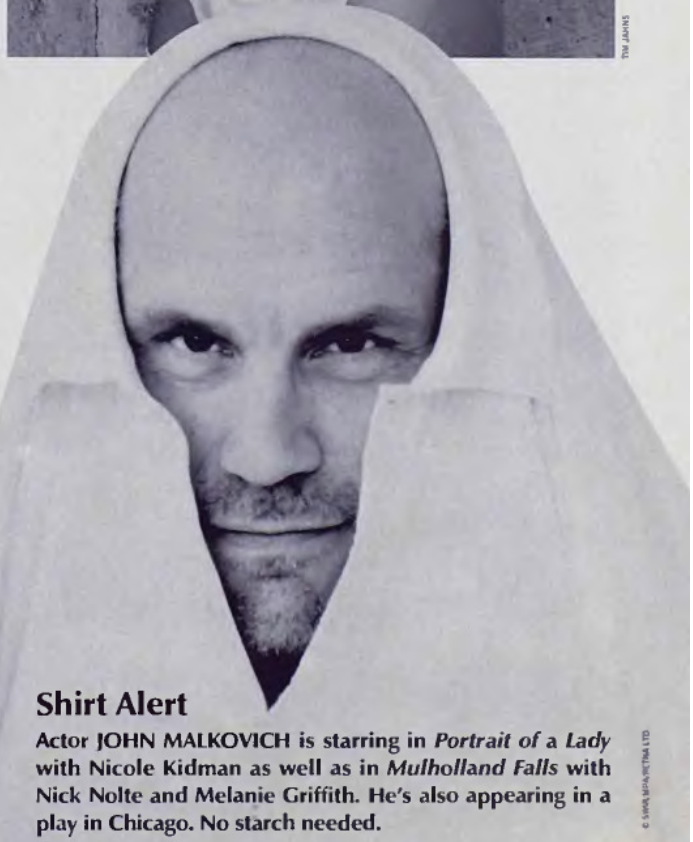
Where & How to Buy on page 155.

We Cheer for Sheer

Actress **PRISCILLA BARNES** is wearing one of our favorite see-through dresses. She's come a long way from the days of *Three's Company*. She first played a lesbian in *Erotique* and more recently she was a stripper in *The Crossing Guard*. Our guard is down.

Ruffles and Flourishes

ANGELIE ALMENDARE is featured in Pamela Anderson's new movie *Barb Wire* (and not surprisingly on *Baywatch* and *Baywatch Nights*) and in *Space Jam* with Michael Jordan. Now Angelie's jamming with us.



Shirt Alert

Actor **JOHN MALKOVICH** is starring in *Portrait of a Lady* with Nicole Kidman as well as in *Mulholland Falls* with Nick Nolte and Melanie Griffith. He's also appearing in a play in Chicago. No starch needed.

Roll Over Beethoven

It's the 40th anniversary of LITTLE RICHARD's *Long Tall Sally*. He's on tour in the U.S. and Europe, celebrating. Havin' some fun tonight.

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The English lads in SUPERGRASS know how to harmonize. If you haven't already checked out *I Should Coco*, do it before their next CD arrives. These boys have done their Beatles homework. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Kelly's Got a Leg Up

KELLY COLLINS has been spotted in a music video for *Tommy Boy*, on *Baywatch* and *Silk Stalkings* and in the movie *Miss Firecracker*. It's really no contest: Kelly is explosive.

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Pole Vault

From JENNIFER MACDONALD's days as a linguist in the Army to her roles in the CD-ROM *Wing Commander III* and her recent movie, *Headless Body in Topless Bar*, she hasn't picked conventional jobs. Amen to that.

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FOUR-WHEEL WHIFT

James Bond would love Griot's Garage. Not only does this mail-order company in Tacoma, Washington stock the same USAG tools that the Ferrari Formula I team uses ($549 for a Rally Driver's Metric Set), but it also is the source for a men's cologne named Motor Oil. (It's $39.95 for a four-ounce bottle with an aluminum shift-knob stopper.) And the set of five 36"x24" Jesse Alexander racing photos gracing the wall behind our model is just $75. In addition, there are deluxe car-care kits and the same fancy storage cabinets used by Team McLaren, plus much more. Call 800-345-5789 to order or to receive a free catalog.

A REAL CORKER

The Cork Ratchet was invented by a Spanish winemaker to eliminate the problem of crumbling and broken corks. Its secret is the jacking mechanism, which pulls the cork straight out of the bottle instead of at an angle. The Cork Ratchet features a foil cutter and a bottle opener—and it fits in your pocket. Price: $20 from Sierra Housewares at 312-522-5600.

ALL ABOARD FOR MADISON COUNTY

The Madison County Zephyr will be pulling out of Chicago every other Monday, May through October, for a five-day trip to the very spots and landscape immortalized by Robert James Waller, Clint Eastwood and Meryl Streep in *The Bridges of Madison County*. Even if visiting a quilt factory isn't your idea of romance, your time aboard the vintage Forties train definitely will be. Sleeping accommodations are Pullman-style. There are cocktails in the club car and candlelit dinners in the diner. Price: $695 per person, including meals on the train, two nights in a Des Moines hotel suite and more. Call 800-543-2846 for additional information. But hurry—the train is booking up fast.

A STICK IN TIME

Francis Monek has cornered the market on walkingsticks: His collection exceeds 5000. The most interesting ones—from antique weapon canes to gadget canes to models made from bulls' penises—are pictured in Monek's *Canes Through the Ages*, a coffee-table book marketed by Schiffer Publishing for $83. If you have an urge to splurge after viewing the hundreds of sticks, there's a list of stores that sell canes. Call 610-593-1777 to order.

COCK OF THE TALK

There are glow-in-the-dark condoms and flavored condoms, so it should come as no surprise that an innovative fellow named Marc Snyder has invented a talking condom. It works like this: Slide your thumbnail down the recorded side of the talking-condom strip and you'll hear the condom say, "You turn me on!" or "Let's have a party" or any of eight alternatives. The price: $5 each or $25 for six, sent to Marc Snyder Co., P.O. Box 10796, Oakland, California 94610.

THOSE FARAWAY PLACES

Original luggage labels are becoming collector's items. Miscellaneous Man, a dealer in original posters and other ephemera, has cornered the market. It offers a set of 50 mint-condition stickers from the Thirties to the Fifties for $105, including a certificate of authenticity. Most are European, but Bolivia, Tangier and Beirut were also represented in the batch we checked. Call 800-647-0069 to order and to ask how to obtain MM's poster catalogs, or write to P.O. Box 1776, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349. Subjects range from vintage films to the world wars. Prices: from $2 to $12.

TEDDY BARES

"Classic Fifties cheesecake with Nineties flair" is how Ted Kimer's airbrush artwork has been described. Now some of his best work is included in *Teddy Girls: The Pin-Up Art of Ted Kimer*, a limited-edition boxed set of 36 collectible trading cards. Jacquelin Smith Designs in St. Petersburg, Florida sells the set for $17. (An included bonus card is a photograph of Kimer's model, Kelly Stevens.) Other limited-edition pin-up sets are available from Smith, too (813-525-1769). Check them out.

YO-YOS GOING UP

Dr. Tom Kuhn has elevated the yo-yo to a higher plane. His SB-2 ball-bearing aluminum model pictured here has recorded a sleep time of 92 seconds and a rim speed of more than 100 mph. Price: $93.50, including a manual full of tricks. Other styles are the No Jive three-in-one yo-yo made of hard maple ($23.50) and the Roller Woody ($43.50), which has been described as "the Stradivarius of yo-yos." Call 800-879-6967 to order. Kuhn's catalog is $1.

VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE

Citroën may have stopped manufacturing its famous 2CV in 1990, but the chance of your finding an ugly duckling is excellent if you contact David Allen. Known worldwide as Mr. 2CV, he specializes in scouring the world for used Deux Chevauxs, which have an average price of about $8000. He charges a finder's fee that begins at $150. (FYI: A 2CV gets about 50 miles per gallon and its top speed isn't much higher.) Call Allen at 770-932-2864 for info.

NEXT MONTH

SUPERMODELS

BOYLE'S TERMINATION

PLAYBOY MUSIC

ELECTRA

MUSIC SPECTACULAR—PUMP UP THE VOLUME FOR OUR COAST-TO-COAST LOWDOWN ON ROCKERS, GADGETS AND TUNES. START WITH THE RESULTS OF PLAYBOY'S 1996 JAZZ & ROCK POLL AND CHECK OUT:

COLLEGE RADIO—IN THE WORLD OF UNDERGROUND FREQUENCIES, THE GUYS WHO USED TO BE CAMPUS NERDS ARE NOW MUSIC KINGPINS. ARE THEY SELLING OR SELLING OUT?—ARTICLE BY **MARK JANNOT**

ALANIS MORISSETTE—THE HOTTEST YOUNG SINGER ON THE ROCK SCENE HAS THE ENERGY OF KUWAIT AND THE GRAMMY NOMINATIONS TO PROVE IT—ARTICLE BY **CHARLES M. YOUNG**

SUPERMODELS—YOU NAME THEM, WE HAVE THEM—CINDY CRAWFORD, ELLE MACPHERSON, CLAUDIA SCHIFFER, KATE MOSS, NAOMI CAMPBELL

PLAYBOY'S BASEBALL PREVIEW—OUR SOOTHSAYER SPOTS THE HITS, CALLS THE FOUL BALLS AND PREDICTS THE SERIES WINNER FOR THE NEW SEASON. YES, BASEBALL IS COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD—BY **KEVIN COOK**

MASTER STORYTELLER **RAY BRADBURY** HAS CONQUERED THE WORLDS OF BOOKS, SHORT STORIES, MOVIES AND TV. ONE OF THE MOST INVENTIVE MINDS IN LITERATURE TELLS THE AMAZING TALES HE CAN'T PUT IN HIS FICTION—ABOUT LIFE, POLITICS, CRIME AND SOCIETY—IN A STARTLING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEN KELLEY**

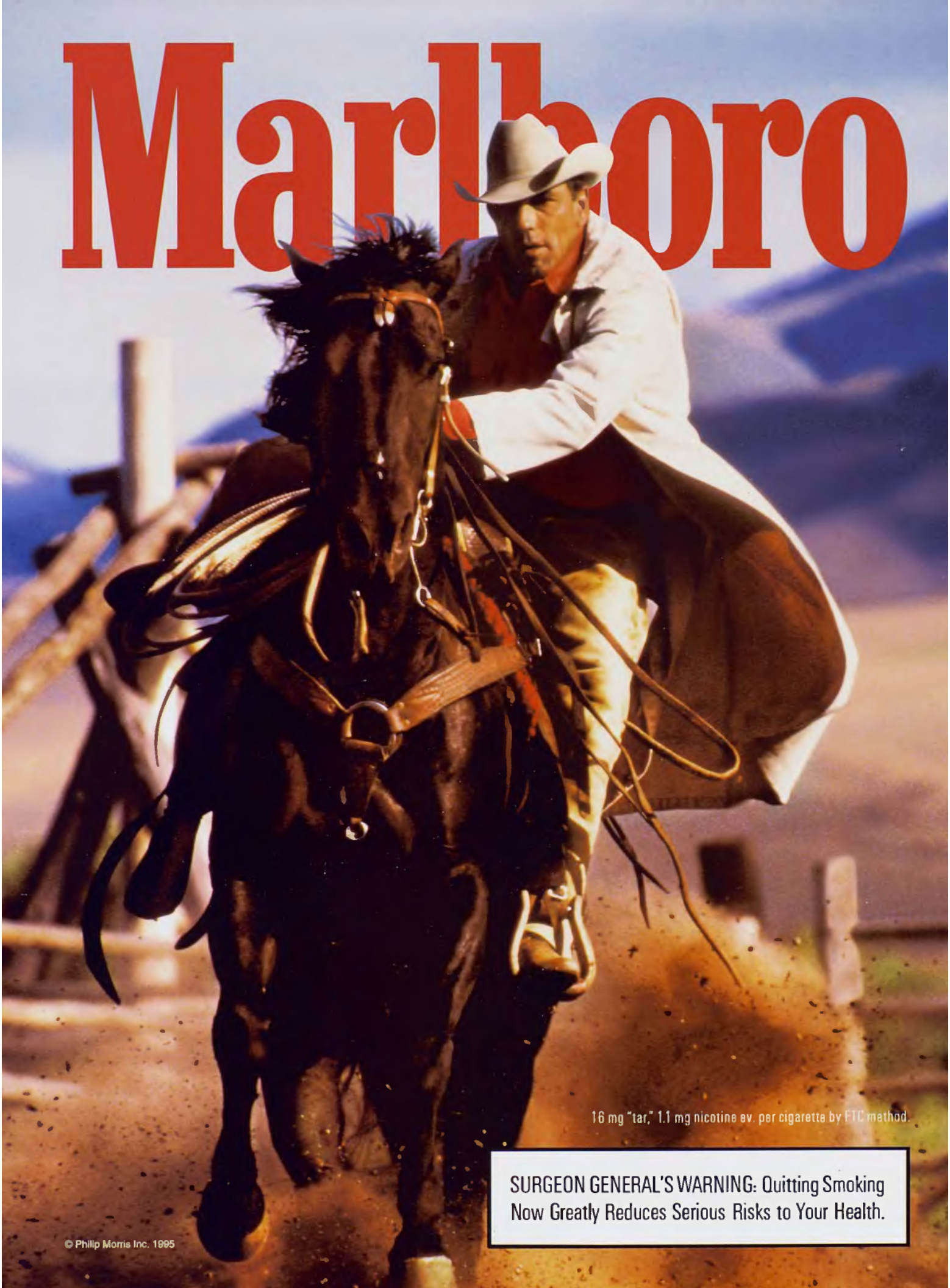
TERMINATION DUST—AUCTIONING OFF WOMEN IN THE ALASKAN BOONDOCKS LEADS TO A MOST UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION—FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

LOU DOBBS—CNN'S FINANCIAL HOST SINGS THE PRAISES OF REPORTING A BULL MARKET, THE PAIN OF PLAYING FOOTBALL FOR HARVARD AND HOW TO TALK TO TED TURNER IN A RIVETING 20Q—BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

ROCK STARS AND SUPERMODELS—BILLY AND CHRISTIE, TOMMY AND PAMELA, RIC AND PAULINA. FIRST IT WAS A FLUKISH MATING OR TWO, THEN IT BECAME A NATIONAL PASTIME. DON'T MISS OUR ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF STAR-CROSSED BLOODLINES BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

PLUS: THE HITMAKERS—THE DISC JOCKEYS AND A&R GUYS WHO BUST THE CHARTS, AUDIO TOYS OF THE STARS, BRINGING BACK THE TURNTABLE (WE DO), **CARMEN ELECTRA** (THE LATEST DISCOVERY OF THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCE), ROCK-AND-ROLL FASHION AND GEARING UP FOR A MAN'S SPRING

WIDE OPEN SPIRIT
GEOFFREY BEENE PARFUMS
Bowling Green


Marlboro
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
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